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WHEELER'S

GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A SIXTH READER

CRANE AND WHEELER

· CHICAGO ·
W·H·WHEELER·&·COMPANY

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GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

The pupils, by constant reference to this Guide to Pronunciation, should learn the sounds of the letters here given, with their phonic symbols. The teacher in addition to this should familiarize herself with the detailed explanations of the sounds as presented in "A Guide to Pronunciation" in Webster's New International Dictionary or in Webster's Secondary-School Dictionary.

In the Guide to Pronunciation here given, pronunciations of words have been indicated, as far as possible, by respelling, thus: **zephyr** (**zĕf'ẽr**).

LETTERS WITH THEIR SYMBOLS OR MARKS AS USED IN RESPELLING WORDS TO INDICATE THEIR PRONUNCIATION

ā as in **fāte**
a̓ as in **sen'a̓te**
â as in **câre**
ă as in **făt**
ȧ as in **gras̈s**
ä as in **färr**
ă̓ unaccented, as in **fl'nă̓l**
ȧ̓ unaccented, as in **so'fȧ̓**

d͡j for **du**, as in **ver'dure**, and **deu**, as in **gran'deur**

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ē as in **ēve**
ẽ̓ as in **crẽ̓-ate'**
ĕ as in **nĕ̓t**
ẽ a
ĕ̓ u

g unmarked (always hard), as in **go**
gz used to indicate **x**, as in **exist** (**egz ist'**)

hw for **wh**, as in **what**

ī as in **īce**
I as in **Ill**

j as in **joke**; also for **g**, as in **engine** (**en'jin**)

k as in **keep**; also for **c**, as in **cat**; and **ch**, as in **cho'rus**
ks used to indicate **x**, as in **vex**
kw for **qu**, as in **queen**

ŋ like **ng**, as in **baŋk**; **single** (**siŋ'g'l**)

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ɴ (small capital) representing nasal tone (as in French) of the preceding vowel, as in **Toulon** (to͞o-lôɴ′)

(The teacher should examine § 60, Note 2, p. xlii, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ō as in **nōte**
o̊ as in **o̊-bey′**
ô as in **lôrd**
ŏ as in **nŏt**
o̊ as in **do̊g**

(This sound is the sound between **o** in **fôr** and **o** in **nŏt**.)

ŏ unaccented, as in **cŏn-nect′**

o͞o as in **fo͞ol**
o͝o as in **fo͝ot**

ou as in **out**; **ow** as in **how**
oi as in **oil**; **oy** as in **boy**

s used for soft **c**, as in **cell**

th as in **thin**
t͟h as in **t͟hen**
t͡ū as in **na′t͡ūre**

(The teacher should examine § 250, p. lvi, Webster's New International Dictionary.)

ū as in **mūte**
u̇ as in **u̇-nite′**
û as in **fûr**
ŭ as in **tŭb**
u̇ unaccented, as in **cir′cu̇s**

zh used for **z**, as in **azure** (**azh′ur**); also for **s**, as in **pleasure** (**plezh′ur**)

(′) to indicate a vowel omitted, as in **evil** (**e′v′l**)

(′) to indicate the principal accent

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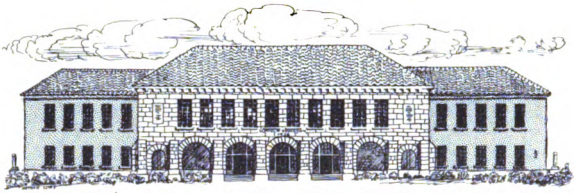

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WHEELER'S GRADED LITERARY READERS

WITH INTERPRETATIONS

A SIXTH READER

BY

WILLIAM ILER CRANE

AND

WILLIAM HENRY WHEELER

CHICAGO

W. H. WHEELER & COMPANY

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INTRODUCTION

It is not possible to do anything rationally without first having in our possession a perfectly clear conception of the purpose for which the thing is done; for the purpose is the only thing that can show how the thing is to be done correctly. Therefore, in the preparation of a series of readers the first thing to be determined is — *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Purpose of Teaching Reading is unquestionably to enable the child to get from a printed page the *Images*, the *Thoughts*, and the *Emotions* of the author who wrote the page.

No good literature has been really *read* unless the reader has been able to attain from the printed page these three things, — the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions of the writer.

The teaching of reading consists in using all of those processes which will lead the child most directly and certainly to the ability to interpret correctly the printed page.

The following explanation will show this idea clearly.

A poet in writing a poem passes through the following steps:

THE POET'S PROCESS

1. The poet sees something and feels an emotion.
2. He feels in some vague way that this thing has a relation to his life.
3. His mental processes change this abstract relation into concrete forms.
4. The poet crystallizes these concrete forms into words.

The following illustration will make this clear. Take Longfellow's familiar poem, " The Rainy Day."

From inside the old Wadsworth House at Portland, Maine, the poet looked out and saw a leaden sky; he saw the rain falling, and the dead leaves loosening their hold and dropping; and he heard the sighing of the wind. This created in him an emotion. This is Step 1.

Then he thought, " Somehow this is like my life." This is Step 2.

Then he said, " This is like my life, because —

a. The wind is like my sighs;

b. The rain is like my tears;

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c. The vine clinging to the moldering wall is like my thoughts clinging to the past;

d. The leaves falling thick in the blast are like my hopes."

Thus he works out the concrete forms of the relation of the rainy day to his life. This is Step 3.

Then he changes the concrete forms into words arranged metrically, and thus he has what is called a poem. This is Step 4.

Thus it will be seen that he has gone through the four steps mentioned, — (1) an emotion, (2) a consciousness of an abstract relation to life, (3) a change of the abstract relation to the concrete forms of that relation, and (4) a crystallization of them into the words of the poem.

THE READER'S PROCESS

Now the person who reads the poem called "The Rainy Day" experiences these four steps, but in exactly the reverse order, as follows:

1. He comes first to — *the words.*

2. He reads through the words and sees the concrete forms of a relation to life, or that the wind is like the poet's sighs, the rain like his tears, the vine clinging to the wall like his thoughts clinging to the past, and the dead leaves falling thick in the blast like his hopes.

3. Then all these things begin to lose their individual identities and to blend or focalize into one impression, — *an abstract relation to life.*

4. If all of this has been done clearly and properly, the reader arrives at — *the emotion with which the poet started.*

The following tabulation will make clear what is meant here:

THE FOUR STEPS

The way the poet takes the steps			*The way the reader takes the steps*
	1. An emotion.	4.	
The poet begins at the top and goes down.	2. An abstract relation to life.	3.	The reader begins at the bottom and goes up.
	3. The concrete forms of the relation to life.	2.	
	4. The words of the poem.	1.	

The reader has not read the poem until he has taken all of these four steps.

We do not mean to say that all poems have a relation to life. But in all cases the reader, if he really reads, must draw from the printed

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words (1) Images, (2) Thoughts, and (3) Emotions. This is true in both poetry and prose.

The poets and the story-tellers live in the imagination, which is a much larger world than that found in the geographies, and into this larger region they often take us. If we wish to follow them, we must train our mental eyesight. We must see the scene, and enter into the thought and the feeling of the story or the poem which we read. The imagination is a wonderful worker if only we trust it. It is as susceptible of improvement by exercise as our judgment or our memory. If there is no imagination, there can be no sympathy. The greatest intellectual training afforded by reading is the training of the imagination. Without this power of mental vision which we call imagination, we can never read well, because we can never understand well. We may have wished for the gifts of the old fairy tale, the magic glass through which one sees distant objects and the magic rug on which one is borne to far-off scenes. But both of these gifts are ours in this wonderful power of imagination.

The Reading Process. — The problem of teaching reading consists in using that set of processes which will enable the child upon taking up a printed page to get easily and correctly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. No matter how beautifully he can vocalize the printed page, he has not *read* the page at all unless he has drawn from the printed words these three things. In reading aloud it is not possible to convey truly the author's Images, Thoughts, and Emotions to a hearer unless there be present in the reader's mind as he uses his voice, the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions of the author; for the presence of these three things in the reader's mind is the only possible cause of such vibrations of the vocal organs as will produce the tones and cadences which will make the hearer see, think, and feel.

There will be little disagreement about *The Purpose of Teaching Reading.*

The Literary Basis Necessary to Produce This Result. —

1. Suitable material.
   - *a.* The reading material chosen should be such as will afford the best training basis to lead children to develop the power and the habit of getting from a printed page the Images, the Thoughts, and the Emotions which the author put into the selection.
   - *b.* The literature used should be such as is interesting to children of the age taught.
   - *c.* There should be proper balance of prose and poetry.
   - *d.* If possible, the literature should be that which an intelligent person is expected to know.

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In selecting the material for these books, no selection has been accepted merely because it is new; and no selection has been rejected merely because it is old. Very many familiar old pieces that have stood the test of time are included in the list. We must not forget that, while these selections are old and familiar to the teacher and the parents, they are just as new to the child who sees them for the first time as they were to the first child who ever read them. They are the songs that will always be sung, and the stories that will always be told. Such selections should be studied for the pleasure that comes from reading beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed. The child who appreciates the vast difference between merely saying a thing and saying it well has the culture insight, which is one of the true ends in reading.

What the Editors and the Teacher Must Do. —

1. When a child studies a selection for the first time, he has in his possession some of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.

2. The editors and the teacher must, in the introduction, questions, definitions, and the assignment of the lesson, furnish the child *the remainder of the information necessary for the interpretation of the selection.*

An illustration of this may be found in the wonderful " readings " of his poems given by James Whitcomb Riley. With intuitive instinct he always prepared his audience by telling them a little story about the poem, which put into their minds the information necessary for its correct interpretation.

Similar help should be given the child.

Is it not strange that so little has been done to help the child to interpret the printed page? In the lower grades, the great stress is very naturally and properly placed on drilling for recognition of words. But in the higher grades, after the fundamental processes of learning to read have been largely mastered, interpretation has been mainly left to chance. In fact the children in these higher grades have been given less help to master the full content of the printed page than has been given to high school pupils. In the high school it is thought necessary for the pupils to have classics which are very carefully edited. Why not in the grammar grades?

The child can interpret only by his own experiences. No matter how simple or primitive such introductions may look in a series of readers, the only introductory helps that are of value are the ones that recall to the child his own personal experiences and not some far-away literary information with which the child's mind cannot possibly function.

The Grading of the Selections. — The selections should be graded or

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arranged in the order of the difficulty of getting from them the series of Images, Thoughts, and Emotions. Simplicity of language does not at all imply simplicity of thought. Formerly George Macdonald's poem beginning,—

> " Where did you come from, baby dear?
> Out of the everywhere into the here,"

was supposed to be a proper selection for the first grade, because *it is about a baby.* But a moment's examination of the thought of this poem shows that it is extremely difficult and profound, and that even eighth grade children would find great difficulty in comprehending it at all, for the molecules making up the little body come, like " The Flower in the Crannied Wall," from almost every source in the universe.

Difficulty of comprehension, and not simplicity of language, is the true measuring unit for grading a set of readers.

In this series of readers, certain selections which usually have been graded lower down have been advanced to higher grades for the reason that their thought is too mature for the lower grades. This is true of such selections as " Maud Muller," " The Bugle Song," " My Heart Leaps Up," and the " Gettysburg Address."

The Definitions. — It has been customary in the school readers *to give the definitions after the child has tried to read the selection.* Now, as these definitions are part of the material which the child must have in order to understand the selection, they should come *before* he has tried to read it, and not after he has tried and failed. Otherwise, the child blunders through the selection without understanding. Then he becomes disgusted, decides that the selection has no interest for him, and finally grows to hate it. Learning the definitions afterwards will not help him, as then he has lost interest and has acquired a settled dislike for the selection. Knowledge of the meanings of the unknown words is part of the material necessary to the child *before* he attempts to read the selection, not afterwards.

Therefore in a series of readers, the " *Helps* " should give, not only an Explanatory Introduction, but the simple meanings of such words and phrases in the selection as the child is not likely to understand. And these should be given and studied *before* the selection is read as part of the material necessary for a reading of the selection with any interest. This seems so true that it is axiomatic.

The Nature of the Definitions. — Great care should be taken that the terms used in defining a word are words which the child already possesses

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and knows the meanings of. A definition is useless if it be as difficult as the word defined.

The definition of a word should not be the general definition given in the dictionary, but it should be simply the meaning of the word in the sense that is used in the selection and it should be given in the child's own vocabulary. Such definitions are not intended to take the place of the dictionary. Generally far too little stress is laid upon the use of the dictionary. The child should be encouraged to use it. But the child must wait for further experience to build up the general definition of a word.

Taking Literature into Life. — The teaching of reading and of literature does not attain its purpose unless the literature becomes a part of the reader's life in such a way that, as he goes about, it constantly rises to help him interpret his life. For example, if a person has read Wordsworth's little poem called "March," and if that poem has not helped him to see more in a March day than he would have seen without the poem, the time spent in reading it has been largely lost.

A poet, or in fact any worth-while writer, is a *seer*, an interpreter. He helps us to see what we cannot see without his aid. The eyes of most persons look at their environment, but do not *see* it. The poet teaches us how and what to see. He who has been properly taught to read should become his own seer, his own interpreter of nature and of life, without the aid of poet or prose writer to see for him and to tell him what it is that he is looking at.

Moral Teaching through Reading. — The greatest moral teaching that is attainable can be arrived at through the right kind of reading. For example, in reading such a selection as "The Blind Men and the Elephant," p. 84, it is not enough that the children be led to see that the six Blind Men failed to get one another's viewpoints. The selection has not really been read at all until the child applies it, not to some neighbor boy or girl, but to his own daily life. The selection, if rightly taught, must of itself force the child to ask, "Am I willing to see the viewpoints of my playmates?" The teaching of the selection has practically failed of its purpose unless it results in simple understanding which passes into self-examination and self-action.

Reading has accomplished its purpose if it has been so taught as to lead the child to self-examination, and therefore to a determination to live better and more nobly, and it has failed unless it has achieved this.

The attempt has been made in these readers to carry the example of life that is in each selection over into the actual individual life of the child.

Accuracy of Information. — There is no need whatever in a series of

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grade school readers for an exhibition of editorial scholarship and erudition. All far-away information, no matter how scholarly, is useless to the child. Only that is of value which is within his grasp and which, added to his own experience, will help him to comprehend the selection.

However, such information as the editors give should be of the most accurate kind. Such information as fails to help the child to interpret is bad pedagogy, and may be pure pedantry. This includes attempts to teach, in a series of grade school readers, the history of English Literature. Extended biographies are out of place here save in a very few exceptional cases where the author's life is directly concerned in the interpretation of the selection from his writings. What is a child profited, if he shall learn all the petty details of the lives of these great writers and all the foolish gossip about them, and lose the information, the pleasure, and the inspiration, that a thorough understanding of their writings would give him? Hamlet said, "The play's the thing." In a series of school readers, the life of the selection, and not the life of the author, is the thing.

Oral and Silent Reading. — In the public schools the aim should be to produce simple, natural, expressive readers, not artistic actors and orators. A sensitive imagination is essential to good reading. Reading is not good unless the hearers can tell how the reader feels by the way he reads. Good reading is good talking. In fact the more the conversational manner is carried over into the reading, especially in reading prose, the better the reading is likely to be. It should be impressed upon the children at all times that they are studying to get the Images, Thoughts, and Emotions that others have expressed in words upon the printed page. They must discover the thoughts behind the words and then express them; that is really all there is to oral reading.

But we must not forget the silent reader. There are probably ten who will wish to increase their ability to interpret the printed page in silence, to one who is especially anxious to learn to read aloud, — ten who will be more anxious to get the correct impression from the printed page than to read it aloud with the correct expression. Fortunately both the silent reader and the oral reader need the same instruction in interpretation.

The pupil may not agree with either the editors' or the teacher's interpretation, and it is not important that he should; but it is important that he have an interpretation and that he be prepared to defend it.

Our Convictions. — We believe that reading is the most important subject taught in the schools; that a teacher is to be judged chiefly by the ease and the intelligence with which his pupils can read; that the human being who is able to read absolutely easily and intelligently holds

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the key to a vast portion of the sum of human knowledge; that the grown man uses but little the technical teachings of his school days, — those of algebra, geography, et cetera, — but that his intellectual growth depends very largely upon his ability to read; and that if a teacher teaches a child to read easily and intelligently, understanding what he is reading, he has conferred one of life's greatest blessings upon that child.

To find pleasure in reading good literature; to learn to love it; to gain power to choose it with discrimination; and to train the imagination, are the final results to be attained by the reading lesson. After we leave school, our information is largely gained from printed matter, and what we get from it is largely determined by our school training. More than we at first suspect we acquire from our reading the style of language we use, the forms of thought we entertain, and to a considerable degree the kind of lives we live. Reading not only informs but forms the mind.

In this age of rush and hurry, that which does not come to us easily as we read is considered hard and beyond our grasp. But if there is one lesson more than another that cannot be hurried it is the reading lesson. The principal question for each teacher to ask is — not how many pages have my pupils read in a month or a year, but how thoroughly have they understood what they have read; not how many selections have they read hurriedly, carelessly, and thoughtlessly, but how many have they read carefully, thoughtfully, and intensively?

The study helps are intended to be only suggestive. It is our earnest and sincere hope, however, that these introductions, questions, and suggestions may be helpful, and that they will lead to many interesting discussions. We hope that the children may enjoy these selections so much that they will learn to interpret others and that they may eventually learn to enjoy what is now far beyond their mental grasp.

William Iler Crane.
William Henry Wheeler.

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Gertrude Spa

SIXTH READER

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

The flag, the Stars and Stripes, is about to go by. The crowds line the sidewalks. Can you hear, —

"A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,"

and can you see down the street above the heads of the crowd something that sets your blood tingling, —

"A flash of color beneath the sky"?

Take your hats off, for, —

"The flag is passing by!"

Here it comes, carried by "our boys," their bayonets gleaming and glittering! How our hearts thrill, for, —

"Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines!"

Yes, —

"Hats off!
The colors before us fly!"

But the poet says, —

"More than the flag is passing by."

What does he mean? Read the third and the fourth stanzas to see what is passing besides the flag. Read the fifth stanza to

see what the flag means. Yes, the colors mean all that the fifth stanza says. Cannon salute it; foreign nations honor it.

Let us always take off our hats and keep them off while —

"The flag is passing by,"

to show to everybody that we love our beautiful country. No truly loyal American boy or man will stand covered while —

"The flag is passing by!"

Study carefully the meanings of the following words before you study the poem:

blare of bugles: a loud, harsh noise of trumpets.
ruffle of drums: a low beat of a drum, not so loud as a roll.
equal justice: the same justice to rich and poor.
equal right: the same right for all citizens, rich and poor.
equal law: laws which give equal protection to all.
stately honor: the solemn, dignified honor that we show to the flag.
reverend awe: a deep and silent respect shown to the flag as the symbol or sign of our country's greatness.
to ward: to guard.
foreign wrong: mistreatment of American citizens when in foreign lands; or attacks upon America by foreign nations.

The Flag Goes By

1

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

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2

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

3

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

4

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

5

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor, — all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

6

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the scene as the soldiers pass up the street with the flag.
2. What do all loyal American men and boys do when "the flag is passing by"?
3. Why do they do this?
4. What is meant by, — "But more than the flag is passing by"? Answer by reading aloud, with spirit, the third and fourth stanzas.
5. Is it easier to see military glory in a flag than it is to see in it the greater glories of years of peace mentioned in stanza 4?
6. What is the flag the sign of? Answer by reading aloud the fifth stanza.
7. What three things stand or fall with the flag?
8. What is "equal justice"?
9. What is equal "right"?
10. What is equal "law"?
11. What is "stately honor"?
12. What is "reverend awe"?
13. Do you know any boys in America who do not take off their hats or caps when —

"The flag is passing by"?

14. How may this poem help you to see more in the flag than you could see before studying it?

Henry Holcomb Bennett, the author of this thrilling poem about "Old Glory," was born at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1863.

There are many flags in many lands,
  There are flags of every hue,
But there is no flag in any land
  Like our own red, white, and blue.

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AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Nearly every country has some song which it calls its " National Hymn " or its " National Anthem." In England the people sing " God Save the King "; in Italy, " The Garibaldi Hymn "; in France, " The Marseillaise " (mär-sĕ-lāz′). In America, we sing " America " or " The Star-Spangled Banner."

Every one is supposed to know the words and the tune of the national hymn or anthem of his country. It is sad to say, but it is true, that only a small part of our hundred million Americans can repeat the words of " America " or of " The Star-Spangled Banner." Every American boy and girl should know them both with their tunes, so as to be able to join in singing them whenever they are sung.

Whenever you hear " America " or " The Star-Spangled Banner " sung or played, you should stand up at once, and all boys and men should at once take off their hats and stand uncovered while the music lasts. This is to show our respect and our love for our dear old flag and for our beautiful country.

"America" was written in 1832 by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith. The tune is a very old one. It was first sung in England about the year 1640. It is also the tune of the English National Hymn, " God Save the King," and of the hymns of other countries. To this tune, Dr. Smith wrote the famous song " America " in less than an hour.

This great song has been sung by many millions of people who have loved the hymn and the beautiful country of which it tells.

Remember that in the first three stanzas you are singing of and also to your own country, but that in the last stanza you are singing

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to the Great God who has done so much to bless and protect your native land.

If you are a good patriotic American boy or girl, you will feel your blood tingle at the words and the music of the great song, and you will at once rise and remain standing till the song is finished. Whether you are a good singer or not, you should join lustily in the singing of the hymn.

Now what does the song mean? What kind of land does the poet call it in the second line?

What is the very first word in the song? Whom does that word mean?

The poet says, — "Land where my fathers died." Find out what he means by this. Do you know of the American Revolution and what it was fought for? Do you know of any other wars in which our "fathers died" to keep our liberties safe?

The poet says, —

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above."

This means that his heart thrills with a rapture like the love that the angels in heaven feel.

Do you also love your country's rocks and rills and templed hills because they are a part of your beautiful country, America? Do you love our beautiful flag because it stands for America and for liberty? Does *your* "heart with rapture thrill" when you see the beautiful flag flying high on a great flagstaff?

Are you trying to get an education so that you will be able to *know* what our country and our flag stand for and so that you can be a good citizen? To sing "America" loudly does not mean much unless you are also willing to work for your country, to be a good, loyal citizen, and to give up your life for your country if she needs it.

A "good citizen" is one who loves his country; who obeys

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her laws and who helps make others obey the laws; who earns his own living and loves his home; who wants his own rights and is always willing to give to others their rights also; who insists on being a free man and demands that others shall be free everywhere; and who is willing to give not only his property, but also his life, if need be, for his country.

Boys and girls, to be good citizens, must be dutiful; they must do their work without shirking; and they must get an education, for unless they do they cannot know what it means to be a good citizen. They must respect the laws of their country. They must love the old flag and all that it stands for, and they must never disgrace the flag by being unmanly or unwomanly.

If they do these things, they are " Good Americans," and they have a right to sing " America."

Dr. Smith wanted to write a poem that would tell how we love our beautiful country, a song that every good American could sing.

Now read the third stanza where he tells that everything, " mortal tongues " (the tongues of living men and women and children), every living, breathing person, should sing it, and then the rocks should echo back " sweet freedom's song."

And then he closed with an earnest prayer: —

" Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light."

Let us study the great song until we understand what every word of it means. Then let us commit it to memory and sing it in class with all our hearts and voices.

Study carefully the meanings of the following words:

rills: small streams.
rapture: the highest form of joy.
mortal tongues: tongues (voices) of human beings.
partake: take part, join in the song.
Let rocks their silence break: echo back the song.
The sound prolong: continue the song by echoes.

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America

1

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
  Let freedom ring.

2

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free, —
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break, —
  The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the very first word in the song? What does "my" mean to you?
2. What is meant by the fourth line?
3. Who were the Pilgrims and what did they do for America? (Your teacher will tell you if you do not know.)
4. What are "templed hills"?
5. By whom and by what should this song be sung? (Stanza 3.) Why?
6. How can "rocks their silence break"?
7. What earnest prayer closes the song?
8. How can you be a good American?
9. Does this country belong to you just as much as it does to any one else? Why?
10. Tell whether freedom means that you are free to do things that will harm others. Why not?

Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America," was a clergyman. He was born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1808, and died in his native city, in 1895.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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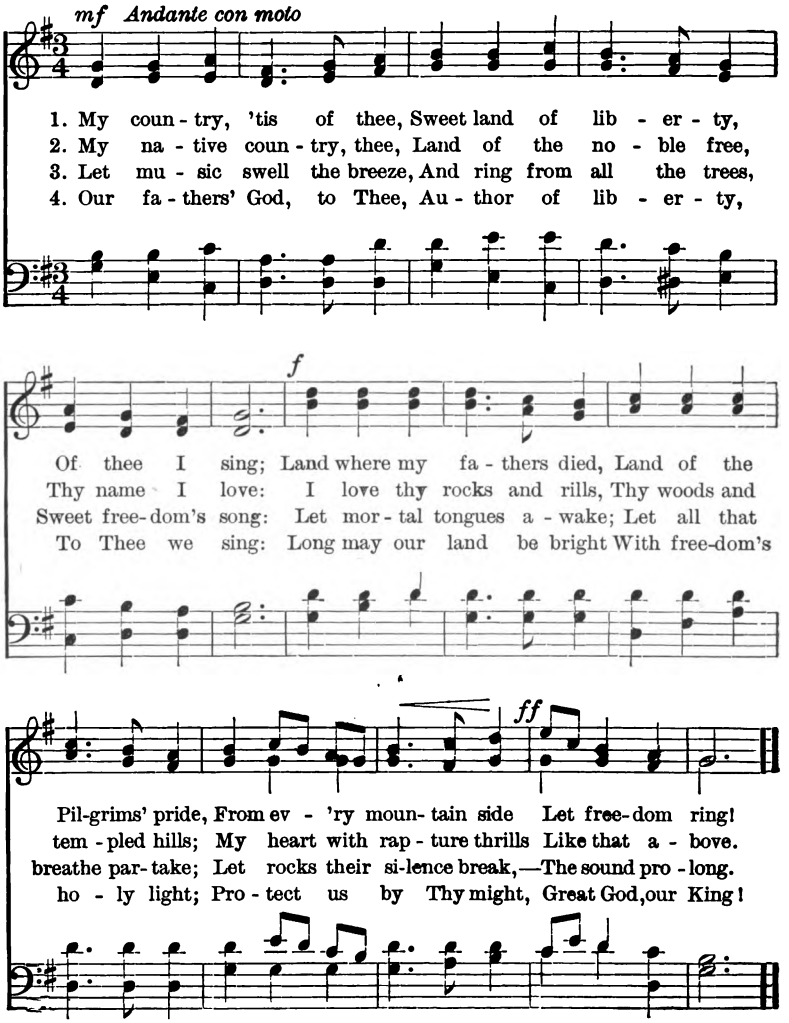
America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey (?)

mf Andante con moto
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
f
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
ff
Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break,—The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

This story, "The Fall of the Alamo," is taken from "The Texan Scouts," a splendid story of the Texan War for Independence, written by Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler. It is one of a series of three fine stories, — "The Texan Star," "The Texan Scouts," and "The Texan Triumph," written by the same author. These three delightful stories cover the entire period of the struggle of Texas to free herself from Mexico. Every American boy and girl should read these three stories of one of the noblest struggles for liberty in all history.

In the 1830's and 1840's, what is now the great state of Texas was owned and held by Mexico, under the bloody and brutal rule of Santa Anna (sän'tä ä'nä), president of Mexico. He was a very able, but cruel and treacherous man. He hated the American colonists in Texas and ruled them like the tyrant that he was.

These Americans were as fine and as brave a people as ever lived, and their fight for liberty forms one of the brightest pages of American history. The Fall of the Alamo, told of in this story, has no parallel in history for sheer heroism.

During the Texan War for Independence, Santa Anna, with a well-trained and well-equipped army of more than 5000 men, surrounded about 140 Texans in an old mission, or church, called "The Alamo," in San Antonio, Texas.

The defenders of the Alamo (ä'lä-mō) could have escaped, but they chose to stay and fight to the death. The fight that ensued has no equal in history. For days, the brave Texans, who were all dead shots, held off the hordes of Mexicans, but one by one they

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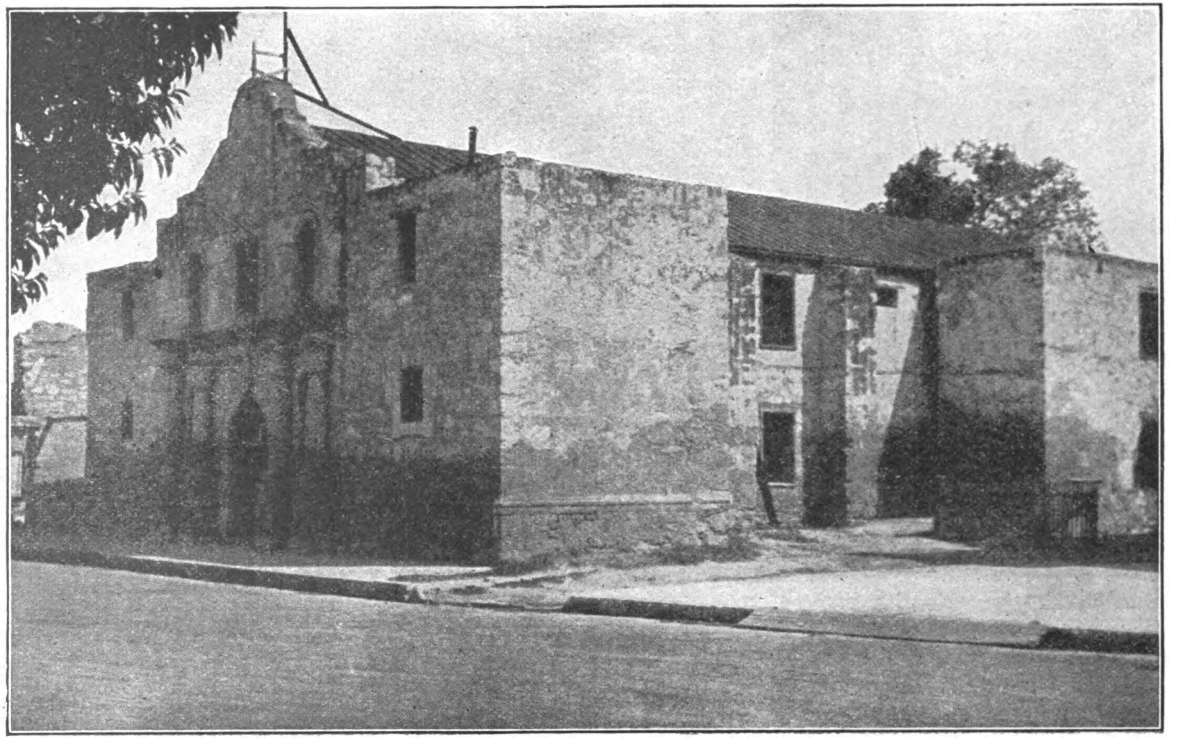

THE ALAMO

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were killed to the very last man. Not one escaped. Every one died fighting. When one knows this heroic story, there is no other spot on earth that so stirs the blood as does this little old gray mission church. Here died the gallant Colonel Travis, Colonel Bonham, James Bowie, David Crockett, and in all about 140 heroes such as the world has rarely seen.

At the old Greek Battle of Thermopylæ (thĕr-mŏp′ĭ-lē) Leonidas and 300 Spartans defended a pass against a vast army of Persians, till every man except one, a messenger sent away, was killed.

This inscription is on the Alamo:

"Thermopylæ had its messenger! The Alamo had none."

In this story, Ned Fulton is a brave lad who is the hero of each of the three Texan stories named above. The names of the Texans and the Mexican officers in the story are their true names, and the story is true to history.

In this selection, the story begins with Ned a prisoner to Santa Anna and with the assault of the Alamo about to begin. Ned watches the attack from a position near Santa Anna.

Before the assault, Santa Anna had hung out on the old church of San Fernando a big red flag, to indicate that all the Texans were to be killed. Not one was to be spared.

The following pronunciations will help you:

Alamo (ä′lä-mō): the old church held by the Texans. The word *alamo* means a poplar tree.

Cos (kōs): a Mexican general.

Santa Anna (sän′tä ä′nä): the cruel Mexican president.

Duque (dōō-kā′): a Mexican colonel.

Morales (mŏ-rä′lās): a Mexican colonel.

Romero (rŏ-mā′rō): a Mexican colonel.

Sesma (sĕs′mȧ): a Mexican general.

Gaona (gä-ō′nȧ): a Mexican general.

Deguelo (dȧ-gā′lō): a Mexican

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band piece meaning "The Cutting of Throats."

Urrea (o͝or-rā′ȧ): a cruel Mexican officer, the "villain" of the story.

Filisola (fē-lē-sō′lȧ): a Mexican officer.

Castrillon (kăs-trēē′yŏn): a Mexican officer.

Tolsa (tŏl′sȧ): a Mexican officer.

Almonte (äl-mōn′tā): a brave and chivalrous Mexican officer.

The Fall of the Alamo

Part I

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

swart general: dark-skinned general.

scaling ladders: ladders for mounting a wall which is to be assaulted.

The gray bar in the east broadened. A thin streak of shining silver cut through it, and touched for a moment the town, the river, the army, and the Alamo. Ned Fulton leaned against an edge of the earthwork, and breathed heavily and painfully. He had not known that his heart could beat so hard.

The same portentous silence prevailed everywhere. The men and women on the roofs of the houses were absolutely still. The cavalry, their line now drawn completely about the mission, were motionless. Ned, straining his eyes toward the Alamo, could see nothing there. Suddenly he put up his hand and wiped his forehead. His fingers came away wet. His blood prickled in his veins like salt. He became impatient,

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angry. If the mine was ready, why did they not set the match? Such waiting was the pitch of cruelty.

"Cos, my brother," said Santa Anna to the swart general, "take your command. It was here that the Texan rebels humiliated you, and it is here that you shall have full vengeance."

Cos saluted, and strode away. He was to lead one of the attacking columns.

"Colonel Duque," said Santa Anna to another officer, "you are one of the bravest of the brave. You are to direct the attack on the northern wall, and may quick success go with you."

Duque glowed at the compliment, and he, too, strode away to the head of his column.

"Colonel Romero," said Santa Anna, "the third column is yours, and the fourth is yours, Colonel Morales. Take your places and, at the signal agreed, the four columns will charge with all their strength. Let us see which will be the first in the Alamo."

The two colonels saluted as the others had done, and joined their columns.

The bar of gray in the east was still broadening, but the sun itself did not yet show. The walls of the Alamo were still dim, and Ned could not see whether any figures were there. Santa Anna had put a pair of powerful glasses to his eyes, but when he took them down he said nothing of what he had seen.

"Are all the columns provided?" he said to General Sesma, who stood beside him.

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"They have everything," replied Sesma, "crowbars, axes, scaling ladders. Sir, they cannot fail!"

"No, they cannot," said Santa Anna exultantly. "These Texan rebels fight like demons, but we have now a net through which they cannot break. General Gaona, see that the bands are ready and direct them to play the Deguelo when the signal for the charge is given."

Ned shivered again. The "Deguelo" meant the "cutting-of-throats," and it, too, was to be the signal of no quarter. He remembered the red flag, and he looked up. It hung, as ever, on the tower of the church of San Fernando, and its scarlet folds moved slowly in the light morning breeze. General Gaona returned.

"The bands are ready, general," he said, "and when the signal is given they will play the air that you have chosen."

A Mexican, trumpet in hand, was standing near. Santa Anna turned and said to him the single word:

"Blow!"

The man lifted the trumpet to his lips, and blew a long note that swelled to its fullest pitch, then died away in a soft echo.

It was the signal. A tremendous cry burst from the vast ring of the thousands, and it was taken up by the shrill voices of the women on the flat roofs of the houses. The great circle of cavalrymen shook their lances and sabers until they glittered.

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When the last echo of the trumpet's dying note was gone the bands began to play with their utmost vigor the murderous tune that Santa Anna had chosen. Then four columns of picked Mexican troops, three thousand strong, rushed toward the Alamo. Santa Anna and the generals around him were tremendously excited. Their manner made no impression upon Ned then, but he recalled the fact afterward.

The boy became quickly unconscious of everything except the charge of the Mexicans and the Alamo. He no longer remembered that he was a prisoner. He no longer remembered anything about himself. The cruel throb of that murderous tune, the Deguelo, beat upon the drums of his ears, and mingled with it came the sound of the charging Mexicans, the beat of their feet, the clank of their arms, and the shouts of their officers.

Whatever may be said of the herded masses of the Mexican troops, the Mexican officers were full of courage. They were always in advance, waving their swords and shouting to their men to come on. Another silver gleam flashed through the gray light of the early morning, ran along the edges of swords and lances, and lingered for a moment over the dark walls of the Alamo.

No sound came from the mission, not a shot, not a cry. Were they asleep? Was it possible that every man, overpowered by fatigue, had fallen into slumber at such a moment? Could such as Crockett and Bowie and Travis be blind to their danger? Such

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painful questions raced through Ned's mind. He felt a chill run down his spine. Yet his breath was like fire to his lips.

"Nothing will stop them!" cried Santa Anna. "The Texans cower before such a splendid force! They will lay down their arms!"

Ned felt his body growing colder and colder, and there was a strange tingling at the roots of his hair. Now the people upon the roofs were shouting their utmost, and the voices of many women united in one shrill, piercing cry. But he never turned to look at them. His eyes were always on the charging host which converged so fast upon the Alamo.

The trumpet blew another signal, and there was a crash so loud that it made Ned jump. All the Mexican batteries had fired at once over the heads of their own troops at the Alamo. While the gunners reloaded the smoke of the discharge drifted away and the Alamo still stood silent. But over it yet hung a banner on which was written in great letters the word, "Texas."

Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

panorama (păn-ō-rä′mȧ): the view spread out before those looking on.

exultant look: a triumphant look; a look of savage joy because Santa Anna felt that he was about to take vengeance on the hated Texans.

dominated: was heard above other sounds.

exultation: joy of victory.

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The Mexican troops were coming close now. The bands playing the Deguelo swelled to greater volume, and the ground shook again as the Mexican artillery fired its second volley. When the smoke drifted away again, the Alamo itself suddenly burst into flame. The Texan cannon at close range poured their shot and shell into the dense ranks of the Mexicans. But piercing through the heavy thud of the cannon came the shriller and more deadly crackle of the rifles. The Texans were there, every one of them, on the walls. He might have known it. Nothing on earth could catch them asleep, nor could anything on earth or under it frighten them into laying down their arms.

Ned began to shout, but only hoarse cries came from a dry throat through dry lips. The great pulses in his throat were leaping again, and he was saying: "The Texans! The Texans! Oh, the brave Texans!"

But nobody heard him, Santa Anna, Filisola, Castrillon, Tolsa, Gaona and the other generals were leaning against the earthwork, absorbed in the tremendous spectacle that was passing before them. The soldiers who were to guard the prisoner forgot him and they, too, were engrossed in the terrible and thrilling panorama of war. Ned might have walked away, no one noticing, but he, too, had but one thought, and that was the Alamo.

He saw the Mexican columns shiver when the first volley was poured upon them from the walls. In a

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single glance aside he beheld the exultant look on the faces of Santa Anna and his generals die away, and he suddenly became conscious that the shrill shouting on the flat roofs of the houses had ceased. But the Mexican cannon still poured a cloud of shot and shell over the heads of their men at the Alamo, and the troops went on.

Ned, keen of ear and so intent that he missed nothing, could now separate the two fires. The crackle of the rifles which came from the Alamo dominated. Rapid, steady, incessant, it beat heavily upon the hearing and nerves. Pyramids and spires of smoke arose, drifted and arose again. In the intervals he saw the walls of the church a sheet of flame, and he saw the Mexicans falling by dozens and scores upon the plain. He knew that at short range the Texan rifles never missed, and that the hail of their bullets was cutting through the Mexican ranks like a fire through dry grass.

"God, how they fight!" he heard one of the generals — he never knew which — exclaim.

Then he saw the officers rushing about, shouting to the men, striking them with the flats of their swords and urging them on. The Mexican army responded to the appeal, lifted itself up and continued its rush. The fire from the Alamo seemed to Ned to increase. The fortress was a living flame. He had not thought that men could fire so fast, but they had three or four rifles apiece.

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The silence which had replaced the shrill shouting in the town continued. All the crash was now in front of them, and where they stood the sound of the human voice would carry. In a dim far-away manner Ned heard the guards talking to one another. Their words showed uneasiness. It was not the swift triumphal rush into the Alamo that they had expected. Great swaths had been cut through the Mexican army. Santa Anna paled more than once when he saw his men falling so fast.

"They cannot recoil! They cannot!" he cried.

But they did. The column led by Colonel Duque, brave man, was now at the northern wall, and the men were rushing forward with the crowbars, axes, and scaling ladders. The Texan rifles, never more deadly, sent down a storm of bullets upon them.

A score of men fell all at once. Among them was Duque, wounded terribly. The whole column broke and reeled away, carrying Duque with them.

Ned saw the face of Santa Anna turn purple with rage. He struck the earthwork furiously with the flat of his sword.

"Go! Go!" he cried to Gaona and Tolsa. "Rally them! See that they do not run!"

The two generals sprang from the battery and rushed to their task. The Mexican cannon had ceased firing, for fear of shooting down their own men, and the smoke was drifting away from the field. The morning was also growing much lighter. The gray dawn

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had turned to silver, and the sun's red rim was just showing above the eastern horizon.

The Texan cannon were silent, too. The rifles were now doing all the work. The volume of their fire never diminished. Ned saw the field covered with slain, and many wounded were drifting back to the shelter of the earthworks and the town.

Duque's column was rallied, but the column on the east and the column on the west were also driven back, and Santa Anna rushed messenger after messenger, hurrying up fresh men, still driving the whole Mexican army against the Alamo. He shouted orders incessantly, although he remained safe in the rear.

Ned felt an immense joy. He had seen the attack beaten off at three points. A force of twenty to one had been compelled to recoil. His heart swelled with pride in those friends of his. But they were so few in number! Even now the Mexican masses were reforming. The officers were among them, driving them forward with threats and blows. The great ring of Mexican cavalry, intended to keep any of the Texans from escaping, also closed in, driving their own infantry forward to the assault.

Ned's heart sank as the whole Mexican army, gathering now at the northern or lower wall, rushed straight at the barrier. But the deadly fire of the rifles flashed from it and their front line went down. Again they recoiled, and again the cavalry closed in, holding them to the task.

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There was a pause of a few moments. The town had been silent for a long time, and the Mexican soldiers themselves ceased to shout. Clouds of smoke eddied and drifted about the buildings. The light of the morning, first gray, then silver, turned to gold. The sun, now high above the earth's rim, poured down a flood of rays.

Everything stood out sharp and clear. Ned saw the buildings of the Alamo dark against the sun, and he saw men on the walls. He saw the Mexican columns pressed together in one great force, and he even saw the still faces of many who lay silent on the plain.

He knew that the Mexicans were about to charge again, and his feeling of exultation passed. He no longer had hope that the defenders of the Alamo could beat back so many. He thought again how few, how very few, were the Texans.

Part III

Learn the meanings of the following words before reading Part III:

redoubt (rē-dout'): the space inside the wall around the Alamo.

sally port: a gateway in a wall out of which defenders may rush to make an attack on those making an assault.

convent yard: a part of the open space near the Alamo inside the protecting wall.

culminating moment: the time of greatest danger to the defenders of the Alamo.

the great tragedy (trăj'ē-dĭ): the killing of all the defenders.

inferno: the scene of the fighting, which, with its flame and smoke from guns, resembled the infernal regions.

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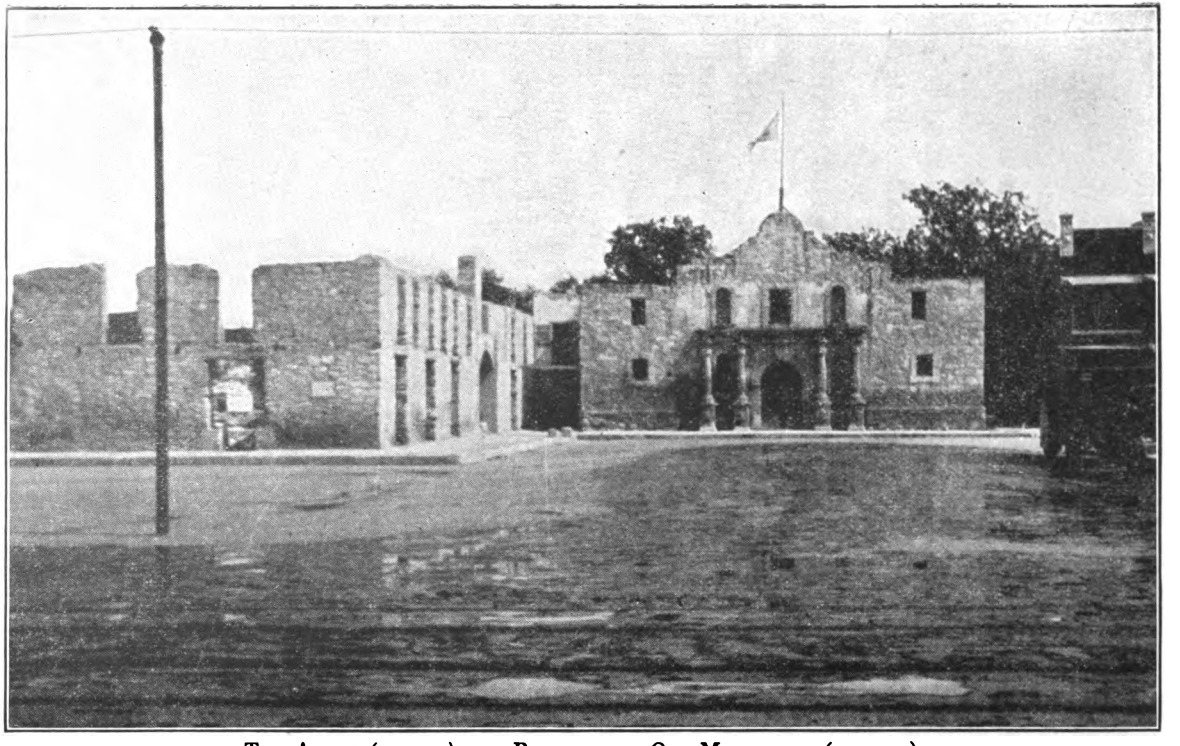

THE ALAMO (CENTER) AND PART OF THE OLD MONASTERY (AT LEFT)

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magazine (măg-ȧ-zēn′) : the room where the gunpowder was kept.

Mrs. Dickinson : the only woman in the Alamo during the fight. She lived for many years in San Antonio after the battle.

seven score : a score is twenty; therefore, one hundred and forty persons.

The silence endured but a moment or two. Then the Mexicans rushed forward in a mighty mass at the low northern wall, the front lines firing as they went. Flame burst from the wall, and Ned heard once more the deadly crackle of the Texan rifles. The ground was littered by the trail of the Mexican fallen, but driven by their officers, they went on.

Ned saw them reach the wall and plant the scaling ladders, many of them. Scores of men swarmed up the ladders and over the wall. A heavy division forced its way into the redoubt through the sally port, and as Ned saw it he uttered a deep gasp. He knew that the Alamo was doomed. And the Mexicans knew it, too. The shrill screaming of the women began again from the flat roofs of the houses, and shouts burst from the army also.

"We have them! We have them!" cried Santa Anna, exultant and excited.

Sheets of flame still burst from the Alamo, and the rifles still poured bullets on the swarming Mexican forces, but the breach had been made. The Mexicans went over the low wall in an unbroken stream, and they crowded through the sally port by hundreds. They were inside now, rushing with the overwhelming

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weight of twenty to one upon the little garrison. They seized the Texan guns, cutting down the gunners with lances and sabers, and they turned the captured cannon upon the defenders.

Some of the buildings inside the walls were of adobe, and they were soon shattered by the cannon balls. The Texans, covered with smoke and dust and the sweat of battle, were forced back by the press of numbers into the convent yard, and then into the church and hospital. Here the cannon and rifles in hundreds were turned upon them, but they still fought. Often, with no time to reload their rifles, they clubbed them, and drove back the Mexican rush.

The Alamo was a huge volcano of fire and smoke, of shouting and death. Those who looked on became silent again, appalled at the sights and sound. The smoke rose far above the mission, and caught by a light wind drifted away to the east. The Mexican generals brought up fresh forces and drove them at the fortress. A heavy column, attacking on the south side, where no defenders were now left, poured over a stockade and crowded into the mission. The circle of cavalry about the Alamo again drew closer, lest any Texan should escape. But it was a useless precaution. None sought flight.

In very truth, the last hope of the Alamo was gone, and perhaps there was none among the defenders who did not know it. There were a few wild and desperate characters of the border, whom nothing in life became

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so much as their manner of leaving it. In the culminating moment of the great tragedy they bore themselves as well as the best.

Travis, the commander, and Bonham stood in the long room of the hospital with a little group around them, most of them wounded, the faces of all black with powder smoke. But they fought on. Whenever a Mexican appeared at the door an unerring rifle bullet struck him down. Fifty fell at that single spot before the rifles, yet they succeeded in dragging up a cannon, thrust its muzzle in at the door, and fired it twice, loaded with grape shot, into the room.

The Texans were cut down by the shower of missiles, and the whole place was filled with smoke. Then the Mexicans rushed in and the few Texans who had survived the grape shot fell fighting to the last with their clubbed rifles. Here lay Travis of the white soul and beside him fell the brave Bonham, who had gone out for help, and who had returned to die with his comrades. The Texans who had defended the room against so many were only fifteen in number, and they were all silent now.

Now the whole attack converged on the church, the strongest part of the Alamo, where the Texans were making their last stand. The place was seething with fire and smoke, but above it still floated the banner upon which was written in great letters the word, "Texas."

The Mexicans, pressing forward in dense masses,

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poured in cannon balls and musket balls at every opening. Half the Texans were gone, but the others never ceased to fire with their rifles. Within that raging inferno they could hardly see one another for the smoke, but they were all animated by the same purpose, to fight to the death and to carry as many of their foes with them as they could.

Evans, who had commanded the cannon, rushed for the magazine to blow up the building. They had agreed that if all hope were lost he should do so, but he was killed on his way by a bullet, and the others went on with the combat.

Near the entrance to the church stood a great figure swinging a clubbed rifle. His raccoon skin cap was lost, and his eyes burned like coals of fire in his swarthy face. It was Crockett, gone mad with battle, and the Mexicans who pressed in recoiled before the deadly sweep of the clubbed rifle. Some were awed by the terrific figure, dripping blood, and wholly unconscious of danger.

"Forward!" cried a Mexican officer, and one of his men went down with a shattered skull. The others shrank back again, but a new figure pressed into the ring. It was that of the younger Urrea. At the last moment he had left the cavalry and joined in the assault.

"Don't come within reach of his blows!" he cried. "Shoot him! Shoot him!"

He snatched a double-barreled pistol from his own

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belt and fired twice straight at Crockett's breast. The great Tennesseean staggered, dropped his rifle, and the flame died from his eyes. With a howl of triumph his foes rushed upon him, plunged their swords and bayonets into his body, and he fell dead with a heap of the Mexican slain about him.

A bullet whistled past Urrea's face and killed a man beyond him. He sprang back. Bowie, still suffering severe injuries from a fall from a platform, was lying on a cot in the arched room to the left of the entrance. Unable to walk, he had received at his request two pistols, and now he was firing them as fast as he could pull the triggers and reload.

"Shoot him! Shoot him at once!" cried Urrea.

His own pistol was empty now, but a dozen musket balls were fired into the room. Bowie, hit twice, nevertheless raised himself upon his elbow, aimed a pistol with a clear eye and a steady hand, and pulled the trigger. A Mexican fell, shot through the heart, but another volley of musket balls was discharged at the Georgian. Struck in both head and heart he suddenly straightened out and lay still upon the cot. Thus died the famous Bowie.

Mrs. Dickinson and her baby had been hidden in the arched room on the other side for protection. The Mexicans killed a Texan named Walters at the entrance, and, wild with ferocity, raised his body upon a half dozen bayonets while the blood ran down in a dreadful stream upon those who held it aloft.

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Urrea rushed into the room and found the cowering woman and her baby. The Mexicans followed, and were about to slay them, too, when a gallant figure rushed between. It was the brave and humane Almonte. Sword in hand, he faced the savage horde. He uttered words that made Urrea turn dark with shame and leave the room. The soldiers were glad to follow.

At the far end of the church a few Texans were left, still fighting with clubbed rifles. The Mexicans drew back a little, raised their muskets and fired an immense shattering volley. When the smoke cleared away not a single Texan was standing, and then the troops rushed in with sword and bayonet.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the Alamo had fallen. The defenders were only seven score, and they had died to the last man. A messenger rushed away at once to Santa Anna with the news of the triumph, and he came from the shelter, glorying, exulting and crying that he had destroyed the Texans.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was the War for Texan Independence?
2. Who was Santa Anna? Where is San Antonio?
3. What is the Alamo? Tell the story of the battle of the Alamo.
4. Tell the story of Thermopylæ. What does the inscription on the Alamo mean?
5. Name some of the heroes who fell at the Alamo.
6. Find out what you can about David Crockett, James Bowie, and Colonel Travis, and tell it in class.

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OUT TO OLD AUNT MARY'S

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

This poem tells a story that every boy has lived if he ever had a grandmother or a kind old aunt living on a farm near his home.

To see the pictures in this story as we read it, we shall have to begin as follows:

Let us shut our eyes and see a man sitting at a table writing. The man is about fifty years of age, and his head is bald. As he writes, his face shows that his thoughts are very far away. Sometimes he smiles, and at other times his face grows sad, and his eyes fill with tears.

What is he writing? He is writing a letter to his brother who is an old gray-haired man and who lives, let us imagine, away out in California. In the letter, the man is recalling to his brother, "so far away," the days of their boyhood, when they coaxed their mother to let them go to spend Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night with their dear Old Aunt Mary in her cabin home perhaps a mile or two away. Yes, their mother would let them go, that is, if they would do all of their Saturday's chores first and get Sunday's supply of wood into the kitchen, too.

Now read the story silently, being careful first to see the man who is writing, and then to see the pictures that he is writing about to his far-away brother. Read slowly, seeing every picture.

What do you think the chores were? Can you hear the wood crashing into the old woodbox?

And then, when the chores are all done, can you see the boys as they hurry out "by the barn-lot," and "down the lane" running —

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" As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's "?

Now can you see them as they cross a pasture field? Here they pass an old dead poplar tree, where woodpeckers " hopped awry," and peeked out at them around the trunk of the tree. Now they come to a " clearing," or a place where the trees have been cut down and the brush has been made ready for burning, and here a buzzard flops up from the ground and after rising in the sky, " lolls and circles " as the boys go by.

Then they come out to the road again, where they meet farmers driving plodding teams with the heavy, rattling farm wagons.

Now they " raise a cloud of dust " by dragging their toes in the dust in the road. They have no cares, for their hearts are ahead, " out to Old Aunt Mary's," and they know what good things await them when they get there.

Now watch the boys! They are almost there! They see the cabin, with the gourd vines running up the wall and over the clapboard roof. And there, in the open door, is dear Old Aunt Mary, waiting for them!

" And her face — ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's? "

Aunt Mary knew that boys are always hungry, and we feel sure that the very first thing she did was to get them something to eat. Just read in stanza 6 what they had to eat! And what they thought, —

" The more we ate was the more to spare! "

Do you think that Old Aunt Mary thought so, too, after feeding these two hungry boys?

And then the fun! And especially the " old spring-house," where a cool stream from the spring ran right through it, and

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where the crocks of milk stood in the cold water as it gurgled around them. What fun it was!

We must not forget that the man at the table is really writing this letter to tell his brother, "so far away," that Old Aunt Mary died that morning. But he knows how sad this will make his gray haired brother and he dreads to write it. So he begins by reminding his brother of —

"Those old days of the lost sunshine of youth,"

when they were little boys and went "visiting out to Old Aunt Mary's," and of the many happy times that they had together there. But he can delay the sad tidings no longer, and he now has to tell his brother that Aunt Mary "fell asleep this morning," and that as she was dying, her mind, like his own, went wandering, and she thought that they were little boys again, and that she was waiting for them to come, and that she died whispering, "*Tell — the — boys — to come!*"

As you read the poem, try to see all of this just as the man did who wrote the letter and remember that this poem really *is* the letter.

Study carefully the meanings of the following words:

languor (lăŋ'gẽr): a state of listless dreaminess.

awry (*à*-rī'): turned or twisted toward one side.

tremulous ecstasies (ĕk'stà-sĭz): so happy that they were trembling with great joy.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's

1

Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
In those old days of the lost sunshine
Of youth — when the Saturday's chores were through,
And the "Sunday's wood" in the kitchen, too,

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And we went visiting, "me and you,"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

2

It all comes back so clear to-day!
Though I am as bald as you are gray, —
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

3

We cross the pasture, and through the wood,
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,
Where the hammering "red-heads" hopped awry,
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clearing"-sky
And lolled and circled, as we went by
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

4

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met, and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

5

Why, I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er

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The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's? —

6

The jelly — the jam and the marmalade,
And the cherry- and quince-"preserves" she made!
And the sweet-sour pickles of peach and pear,
With cinnamon in 'em, and all things rare! —
And the more we ate was the more to spare,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

7

Ah! was there, ever, so kind a face
And gentle as hers, or such a grace
Of welcoming, as she cut the cake
Or the juicy pies that she joyed to make
Just for the visiting children's sake —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

8

The honey, too, in its amber comb
One finds only in an old farm-home;
And the coffee, fragrant and sweet, and ho!
So hot that we gloried to drink it so,
With spangles of tears in our eyes, you know —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

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9

And the romps we took, in our glad unrest! —
Was it the lawn that we loved the best,
With its swooping swing in the locust trees,
Or was it the grove, with its leafy breeze,
Or the dim hay-mow, with its fragrancies —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

10

And then, in the garden, — near the side
Where the bee-hives were and the path was wide, -
The apple-house — like a fairy cell —
With the little square door we knew so well,
And the wealth inside but our tongues could tell —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

11

And the old spring-house, in the cool green gloom
Of the willow trees, — and the cooler room
Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kep
Where the cream in a golden languor slept,
While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept —
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

12

And as many a time have you and I —
Barefoot boys in the days gone by —
Knelt, and in tremulous ecstasies
Dipped our lips into sweets like these, —
Memory now is on her knees
Out to Old Aunt Mary's. —

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13

For, O my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you — she waits *to-day*
To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come" . . . And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Whom must we imagine to be writing this story? To whom is he writing? How old are the brothers now? Describe them as you think they look now, or when the poem was written.
2. What is the first brother writing about? Tell what he is writing by reading aloud the story. Try to see all the pictures of what the boys did just as if you were the brother who is writing, and read it to the class as if you were actually telling the story to them.
3. What do the boys do in stanza 1? In stanza 2? In stanza 3? In stanza 4? What do they see in stanza 5? What did Aunt Mary give them to eat?
4. Explain the words, "in our glad unrest."
5. Describe the old spring-house.
6. Explain "the cream in a golden languor slept."
7. In stanza 11 what three things do the waters do?
8. Tell whether you ever went on such a visit to your grandmother or an aunt like Old Aunt Mary, and, if so, what happened during your visit.
9. What is the meaning of "Memory now is on her knees"?
10. What caused the brother to write the letter?

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11. What was the most important message in the brother's letter?

12. What did Aunt Mary whisper as she was dying?

James Whitcomb Riley, the beloved American poet, was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1853. As a boy he cared little for the study of books, but his mind absorbed nature and the life around him as a basis for the future poems that have made his name a household word in America. Mr. Riley wrote many volumes of poems. His poems are held in the memories of millions of Americans. He had a great love for children, and wrote many sweet poems about them and for them. He died at Indianapolis in 1916.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,
Within its inmost core,
Some fond remembrance hidden deep,
Of days that are no more ?

ELLEN C. HOWARTH

When time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.

THOMAS MOORE

Oh, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart!

ELIZA COOK

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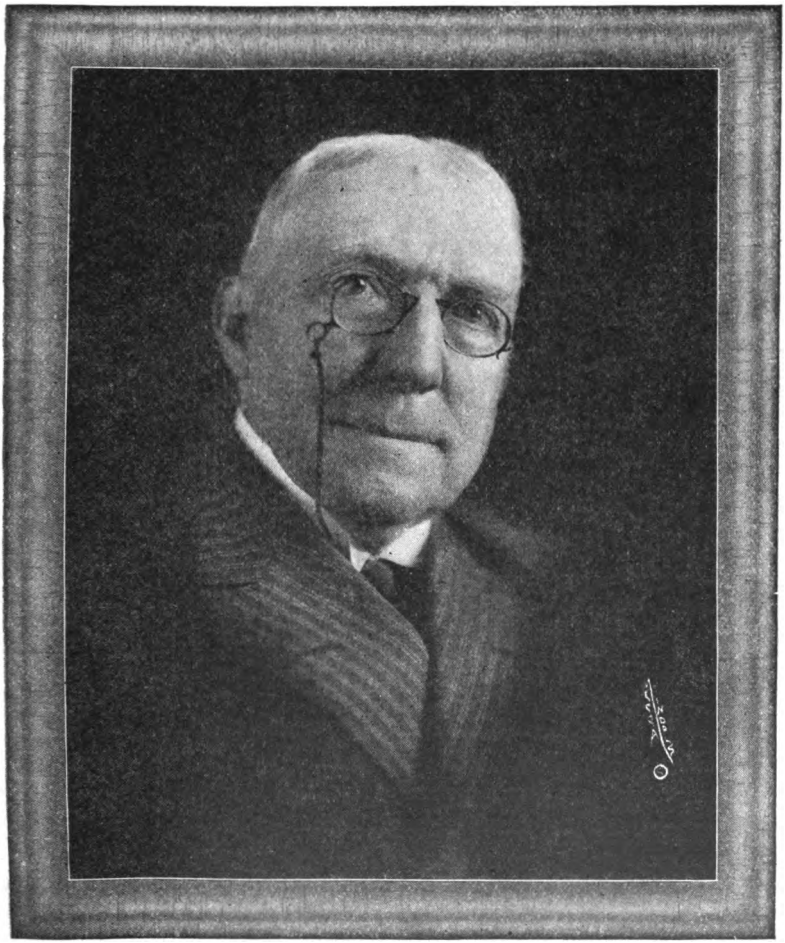

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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WHEN THE COWS COME HOME

AGNES E. MITCHELL

If you have ever heard the " ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle " of cowbells as " the cows are coming home," you will surely enjoy this fine poem.

Agnes E. Mitchell, who wrote this poem, tries to make the words sound exactly like the sound of the cowbells as the cows are coming home from the pasture at milking time. If you try, you can tell from the sound of the bells when the cows stop by the side of the path to get one more bite of tender grass.

Now try to hear the cowbells. Read the first stanza silently and very slowly. Can you hear the cowbells? They are very faint, for the cows are now in a little ravine or " dingle," and the sound is shut out from us. Can you hear their " ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle " ?

Now the cows come up on the hill, and the sound is clearer. The bells go,—"ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle."

When you grow older, you will know how the sound of the cowbells brings back childhood days as told in the last four lines of the first stanza.

Now read each stanza in its turn silently and slowly, stopping and shutting your eyes and trying to hear the bells and to see whether they sound like the words. *Can you see the cows and hear the bells now?* If not, you are not reading the story; you are only seeing the print.

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Can you see the color of the air as the poet describes it? Can you see the maples? The sinking sun?

Watch the cows as they come on in stanza 4, and be sure to see what is described in each line. Read slowly.

See each cow as she is named. Note how they step so lazily among the lilies of the stream.

Think hard to find the meanings of the last four lines of each stanza.

Can you hear the cows *loo-oo*, and *moo-oo* in stanza 5?

Can you hear the whip-poor-will?

Can you see the *evening star* above the *poplars* and the *silent mill?*

Now you let down the bars and let the cows go into the barnyard, one by one, their hoofs clicking against the lowest bar. Can you hear them?

But the last four lines of the last stanza mean also the letting down of other bars than those of the barnyard. Can we, when far away, let down Memory's bars, and let into our minds the memory of the cowbells, the coming home of the cows, and the dear old times? Are you not doing this as you bring back to memory, while you are reading this, the sound of cowbells that you have heard and the cows that you have seen " coming home "?

Study carefully the meanings of the following words before you read the poem:

dingle: a small hidden ravine.

chimings: the soft mellow sound of church bells ringing a simple tune.

wordless psalm: the cowbells' joyous jingle likened to a song of praise without words.

periwinkle: a small trailing plant with single blue or white flowers.

checkered stream: a stream whose surface is checkered or cross-barred by shadows.

the crescent of the silver queen: the new moon.

Venus: the evening star.

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When the Cows Come Home

1

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home.
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow.
Ko-kling, ko-klang, koklinglelingle,
'Way down the dark'ning dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

2

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home.
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue —
Across the fields I hear her *loo-oo*,
And clang her silver bell.

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Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

3

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm;
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

4

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;

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A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun's rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream.
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

5

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a *loo-oo*, and *moo-oo*, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will;
The dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What sounds and sights is the poet trying to get us to hear and see in this poem?
2. What other bells do the cowbells sound like? (Stanza 1.)
3. Can you really hear the bells and see the cows in your mind as you read? Try now.
4. Tell what memories came back to the poet in the last four lines of each of the first four stanzas, taking them in their order.
5. A "psalm" is a song of praise. Why is the sound of the cowbells a "wordless psalm"? (Stanza 3.) What does it suggest that should make us feel grateful for favors?
6. Can you see the "sheen" or shimmer of the water in the brook? (Stanza 4.) What is the "crescent of the silver queen"?
7. Explain the last four lines of each stanza of the poem. Give special attention to the last four lines of the last stanza.

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored.

JEAN INGELOW

Now came still evening on; and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.

JOHN MILTON

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DILLY BAL

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Joel Chandler Harris was an American story-writer whose books of negro folklore are full of interest and entertainment. These stories, however, did not originate with the man who first wrote them. No one knows who first told these odd stories. Story-teller after story-teller, adding here a little and there a little, made these stories better and better. In the cabins of the cotton field and the canebrake, old and young alike listened with rolling eyes and open mouth to the wonderful way of hare and fox, and bear, buzzard, and terrapin. But for years no one thought of writing out these wonderful stories.

One day Mr. Harris wrote down some of the stories which the negroes had told him when he was a little boy on the plantation. People begged for others, and Mr. Harris made book after book, so that there are now several books of the " Uncle Remus " stories.

These stories opened up a new and very rich literary field. They are written just as we may think the old Southern negro, Uncle Remus, told them to a little boy. How many other boys and girls have enjoyed these wonderful stories!

Mr. Harris occupies the field of negro folk stories almost alone; but he has done much fine work outside of it in short stories of Southern life. " Gabriel Tolliver," the novel from which this selection is taken, is a perfect picture of the brighter side of life in the South in the period following the Civil War.

Mr. Harris was born in Georgia, in 1848, and died in 1908. His cozy home was in the beautiful city of Atlanta, Georgia. When asked why he called his home " The Sign of the Wren's Nest,"

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he said, " Why, that's the old mail box at the gate. A wise little wren that didn't care for Uncle Sam or Uncle Remus, built her nest in it, and I gave her clear title." Some day you may go to the city of Atlanta, and see the rose garden and the trees where mocking birds spend the winter.

All children, old and young, like to play " make-believe." This beautiful story is a " make-believe " tale of how the stars are hung in the sky at night. You have probably watched them appear, at first, one by one, then faster and faster, till the blue sky was hung full of them.

Maybe you have repeated slowly, as you watched them twinkling so far away, —

" Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

Now this story tells you how Dilly Bal hangs them there, and especially why he hangs the beautiful " evening star " up first.

The next clear evening, go out early and watch Dilly Bal as he hangs out the stars.

But before you read the story, be sure to read over carefully the meanings of these words, so that you will miss none of the story:

transported: carried.
jungle: large tracts where trees and brush grow thickly.
operations: various kinds of things done.
smut: blackening made by smoke or other dirty substance.
soot: the black dust formed in a chimney.
Lucindy or Patience: negro servants.
pitch: a very sticky substance like tar; here, meaning crude black petroleum, from which coal oil and gasoline are made.
Bermuda: islands belonging to Great Britain off the eastern coast of the United States.

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Dilly Bal

If the reader, seated on the magic cloak of some competent story-teller, were transported to the heart of Africa, where the mountains, with their feet in the jungle, reach up and touch the moon, or to China, or to the Islands of the Sea, the hero of the tale would be the same. His name is Dilly Bal, and he carries on his operations wherever there are stars in the sky. He is a restless and a roving creature, flitting to and fro between all points of the compass.

When King Sun crawls into his trundle-bed and begins to snore, Dilly Bal creeps forth from Somewhere, or maybe from Nowhere, which is just on the other side, bringing with him a long broom, which he swishes about to such purpose that the katydids hear it and become frightened; they hide under the leaves and are heard no more that night. This is why you never hear them crying and disputing when you chance to be awake after midnight.

But Dilly Bal knows nothing of the katydids; he has his own duties to perform and his own affairs to attend to; and these, as you will presently see, are very pressing. It is his business, as well as his pleasure, to be the Housekeeper of the Sky, which he dusts and tidies and puts in order. It is a part of his duty to see that the stars are safely put away just before old King Sun shall emerge from his tent, and begin his march over the world. And then, in the dusk of the

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evening, Dilly Bal must take each star from the bag in which he carries it, polish it bright, and put it in its proper place.

Sometimes, as you may have observed, a star will fall while Dilly Bal is handling it. This happens when he is nervous for fear that King Sun, instead of going to bed in his tent, has crept back and is watching from behind the cloud mountains. Sometimes, a star falls quite by accident, as when Lucindy or Patience drops a plate in the kitchen. You will be sure to know Dilly Bal when you see him, for, in handling the stars and dusting the sky, his clothes get full of yellow cobwebs, which he never bothers himself to brush off.

But Dilly Bal's most difficult job is with the Moon. Regularly the Moon blackens her face in a vain effort to hide from King Sun. If she used smut or soot, Dilly Bal's task would not be so difficult; but she has found a lake of pitch somewhere in Africa, and in this lake she smears her face till it is so black her best friends wouldn't know her. The pitch is such sticky stuff that it is days and days before it can be rubbed off. The truth is, Dilly Bal never does succeed in getting all the pitch off. At her brightest, the Moon shows signs of it. So said Tasma Tid, and so we all firmly believed.

Yes, indeed! Dilly Bal was so real to all of us that we used to wander out to the old Bermuda fields almost every fine afternoon, and sit there until the light had faded from the sky, watching him hanging the stars

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Edouard Bisson

THE GUIDING STAR

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on their pegs. The Evening Star was such a large and heavy one that Dilly Bal always replaced it before dark, so as to be sure not to drop it.

Once when we stayed out in the Bermuda fields later than usual, a big star fell from its place, and went flying across the sky, leaving a long and brilliant streamer behind it. At first, Nan thought that Dilly Bal had tried to hang the Evening Star on the wrong peg, but when she looked in the west, there was the big star winking at her and at all of us as hard as it could.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of the author of "Dilly Bal." What other stories by him have you read?
2. Who is Dilly Bal?
3. What is his task?
4. Where does he live?
5. What makes the insects go to bed so early?
6. Why do we sometimes see "falling" or "shooting" stars?
7. What troubles does Dilly Bal have with the moon? What does this mean?
8. Why does Dilly Bal hang out the evening star first?
9. Do you notice that Dilly Bal while at work, gets his clothing "full of yellow cobwebs"? Now the day is *white*. The night is *black*. What color is evening? Now who is Dilly Bal? And how does he seem to come from "Somewhere or maybe from Nowhere"? Do you think he is the twilight?

Night drew her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.

M'Donald Clarke

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THE CORN SONG

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Corn, or maize (māz), seems to an American child to be a very common thing, not worthy of a song by a great poet. He thinks this because corn is so plentiful around him that he has not thought much about it at all. But Whittier says, —

"No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!"

And this is true. Have you ever thought how many uses corn has in your own life? A little girl once searched out *one hundred and twenty-one different ways* in which corn was useful to her. Let us name a few.

Have you ever thought that possibly a part of the juicy steak or the delicious brown roast on your dinner table was once corn and was changed into flesh after the cattle ate the corn? That pork chops and ham and bacon were once corn? That the hair mattress you sleep on and the cushion you sit on are stuffed with the hair of animals that were probably fed on corn? That the glue which holds your furniture together is made from the hoofs of pigs and cattle and was once partly corn? You know, of course, how delicious good corn bread and corn pone and corn cakes are. They come directly from corn. A cornstarch pudding was once corn. Let us try to make a list of the many ways in which corn enters into our lives. If a team of horses which hauled your coal to the house had been fed with corn, did the corn help to haul the

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coal? You will be surprised at the usefulness of corn if you try to make a list of its uses. See which of you can make the largest list.

Note that while other poets sing of daffodils and sandpipers, Whittier thinks that corn, common corn, because of its many uses in our lives, deserves a song in its honor. So he wrote the "Corn Song," which is now a famous poem.

In order to prove how important Whittier thought corn is to our lives, he shows in stanza 12, —

1. That if the earth should refuse to produce all root crops such as potatoes and turnips;
2. That if the mildew should ruin the rye crop;
3. That if worms should destroy all the fruits;
4. And that if the Hessian fly should destroy the entire wheat crop, —

the "good old crop," corn, would still afford food to sustain man's life.

Try to see all the pictures as you study the poem, (1) the plowing, (2) the harrowing, (3) the planting, (4) the cultivating, (5) the green waving corn in full tassel, (6) the ripening corn, (7) the husking, (8) the full cribs of golden or white ears, and then think of the many uses of corn in our lives. Then you will understand why Whittier thought corn worthy of a great song. Tell in class how each of the above things is done.

Before you try to read the poem, you should learn the meanings of some new words, so that when you come to them, you will not have your pleasure in the song spoiled by not knowing them. Here they are:

hoard (hōrd): a piled-up treasure.

lavish (lăv'ĭsh): plentiful.

horn: the old Greeks imagined a horn from which the possessor could pour out anything that he wished. Have you ever seen a picture of Autumn represented as a woman pouring out from a

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large, twisted horn, apples, pears, corn, grapes, and other fruits and grains?

exulting (ĕg-zŭlt'ĭng): with great joyousness.

cluster (klŭs'tĕr): a bunch of grapes.

hardy (här'dĭ): not easily injured by the weather, as some other plants are.

vales (vālz): valleys.

meads (mēdz): fields, meadows.

knead (nēd): to mix or "work" dough, usually with the hands.

vapid (văp'ĭd): vain, idle, foolish.

board: dining table.

samp: an Indian dish made of corn.

mildew (mĭl'dū): a plant disease that attacks rye.

blight (blīt): to kill, to wither.

adorn (*à*-dôrn'): make beautiful.

apple from the pine: the pineapple.

The Corn Song

1

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

2

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

3

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

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4

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
  Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

5

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

6

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

7

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

8

There, when the snows about us drift,
  And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
  And knead its meal of gold.

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9

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

10

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

11

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

12

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

13

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is "the farmer's wintry hoard"?
2. What is the corn's "soft and yellow hair"?
3. What are some of the other "gifts that Autumn pours from out her lavish horn"?
4. What is meant by "the apple from the pine"? "The cluster from the vine"?
5. Why is corn a "hardy gift"?
6. Why is April said to be "changeful"?
7. Tell the different ways in which corn is planted. How did they plant it in Whittier's time?
8. Why does the poet call the crows "robbers"?
9. Why does he say "frosted leaves"?
10. Make a list of ways in which corn is useful to you.
11. What other crops might be destroyed and corn alone sustain the life of man? Stanza 12.
12. Do you now think that corn is worthy of being the subject of a great poem? Why do you think so?

John Greenleaf Whittier, often called the "Quaker Poet," was born in 1807, near Haverhill, Massachusetts. His boyhood home was a busy, economical one. He was familiar with poverty and hard work.

Young Whittier worked all of one winter making slippers at eight cents a pair, to pay his next term's school dues. He calculated so closely every item of expense that he knew before the beginning of the term that he would have twenty-five cents remaining at its close, and he actually had just that amount left.

While he was still "a barefoot boy," a copy of the poems of Robert Burns fell into his hands, and, inspired by the verse of the plowboy of Scotland, he resolved to become a poet. "Snow-Bound" is his best poem descriptive of country life, and it is the best poem of this type written in America.

Whittier never married. He died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1892, in his eighty-fifth year.

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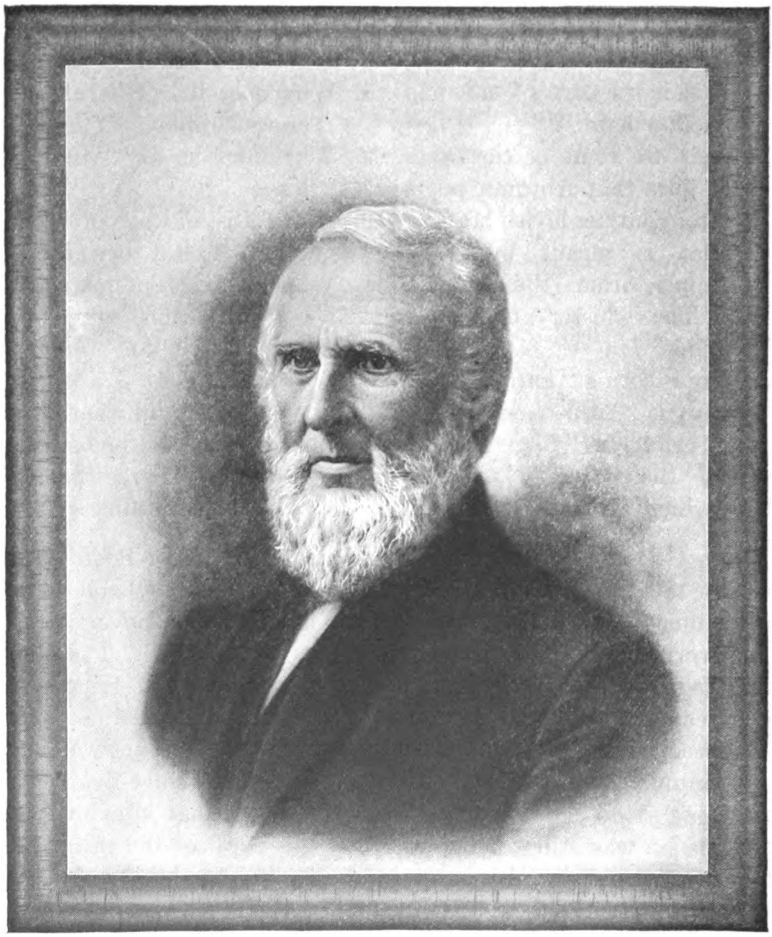

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

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INDIAN SUMMER

F. P. IRVINE

After the first early frosts, usually in October, or a little later, we often have a calm, hazy, short " second summer." This wonderful season often lasts for several weeks and is called Indian Summer. Indian Summer is noted for the beautiful dawns and the dreamy, tawny dusks of its many perfect days. You probably have seen such seasons.

In studying this poem which we hope you may read in the Indian Summer time, try to find out whether Mr. Irvine really describes it accurately.

Now turn to the poem. The poet says, " The toil-encumbered days are over." What does this mean? What about the harvests, the corn-cutting and husking, and the fall plowing?

Study each line, stopping to think whether the line is a true picture of the time as you have seen it. For example, are the " airs of noon as mellow as the morn "? Are " the blooms upon the seeding clover brown," and so on?

As you read, think whether the line presents a true picture, for you have surely seen it yourself. But you probably never thought that what you saw was worthy of a poem.

Count the eye- and ear-pictures in the poem, and try to see and to hear every one of them and to hang them on the walls of your own memory. Remember that you must stop, shut your eyes and think if you really read this poem, for it is nothing but a set of pictures.

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encumbered: burdened with.
gossamer: very fine, shining threads.
indolence: sleepy laziness.
covert: a hiding place.
a-gambol: running about playfully, as lambs do.
yonder beech trunk sheer: a dead trunk of a tree without limbs. Try to imagine such a tree.
upland glades: meadows in the high hills.
sterile: dead or not bearing beechnuts. (Last stanza.)
staccato barking (stȧ-kä'tō): the distinct, separate sounds made by a squirrel when barking.

Indian Summer

1

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

2

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,
So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

3

And mute the farms along the purple valley,
The full barns muffled to the beams with sheaves;
You hear no more the noisy rout and rally
Amongst the tenant-masons of the eaves.

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4

A single quail, upstarting from the stubble,
Darts whirring past and quick alighting down
Is lost, as breaks and disappears a bubble,
Amid the covert of the leafy brown.

5

The upland glades are flecked afar in dapples
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;
The orchards bend beneath the weight of apples,
And groves are bright in crimson and in gold.

6

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The water murmur from a distant dell;
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming;
The far, faint tinkling tenor of a bell.

7

And now from yonder beech trunk sheer and sterile,
The rat-tat-tat of the woodpecker's bill;
The sharp staccato barking of a squirrel,
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by "the toil-encumbered days are over"?
2. What are the "mellow airs"?
3. What is the color of clover blooms and corn silks at this time of the year?
4. Is Indian Summer a quiet, or a noisy season? Answer

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by reading aloud stanzas 2 and 3.

5. Try hard to hear and see the quail in stanza 4. Shut your eyes in trying to do so.
6. See and name the three pictures in stanza 5.
7. What four pictures for eye and ear are in stanza 6?
8. Shut your eyes and try to hear the sounds mentioned in stanza 7, in the last two lines. Can you see the squirrel and the woodpecker? Did you ever watch a woodpecker rapidly on the bark old dead tree, the his head and see listen? He *is* lis He has been pound wake up some b worm under the ba to make it move so locate it. Then he out a hole and ge insect. It is grea to watch a wood when you know wh is doing.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.

SARAH HELEN WHITI

The Indian Summer, the dead Summer's soul.

MARY CLEMI

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THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

In the great city of New York, which has almost seven million inhabitants, incidents like that which is described in the following true and beautiful story may be seen every day by any one who has his eyes open. There are in New York many thousands of children who have never seen a cow. There are thousands of others who have never seen a patch of green grass. There are other thousands of children there like "The Little Boy in the Balcony." But the millions of hurrying workers in the great city do not see them. They rush to and fro to their daily work, too busy making a living to notice lonely children. They are too familiar with them even to notice them, as Henry Woodfin Grady did, much less to hunt out such a lonely little fellow and take him for a day to Coney Island, the wonder pleasure place at the southern end of the city. What a big, tender, noble heart Mr. Grady, one of the busiest men in the world, must have had, to take this lonely little boy out for a day of joy! And what a day of joy both must have had!

In reading the story, try to imagine it all, the author watching the windows and porches from the car on the elevated railroad in New York City; the little boy with his stick in the balcony; the wave of the hand to the boy by Mr. Grady; Mr. Grady's thoughts about the boy; his going to visit the little fellow; the trip to Coney Island; and the day spent in that place of wonders. See the man and his little friend as they wander hand in hand in and out among the booths, and the tents, and the hubbub of Coney Island.

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Then try to see whether, each day, you cannot get your eyes a little more open to see things as this noble-hearted man saw them. There are all around you if you can only see them, sights, not just the same, but just as sad as that of the little boy in the balcony.

Let this story teach you to see the great world of love and suffering around you, as Mr. Grady did. Try to learn to see into the hearts of those whose faces bear evidence of inner sorrows.

The following meanings of words will help you:

balcony: here, a tiny porch extending out from a building beside the elevated railroad in New York City.

kaleidoscope (kȧ-lī′dŏ-skōp): here, an ever-changing scene.

remorse: sorrow for something done or neglected.

petulance (pĕt′ū-lăns): peevishness, ill humor.

betokened: showed or indicated.

a desolate mite: a very sad, lonely little being.

ceaseless tumult: the never ending confusion and noise.

Coney Island: a wonderful place of amusement just south of New York City. On hot summer days hundreds of thousands of people may be found enjoying themselves at Coney Island.

robust lunch: a hearty lunch.

booths: stalls or little shops where things are sold at fairs.

hubbub: noise and confusion.

emulate: to rival or to equal.

The Little Boy in the Balcony

My special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people, hurrying this way or that on the same errands, doing the same shopping or eating at the same restaurants. It is a kaleidoscope

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with infinite combinations, but with the same effects. You see it to-day, and it is the same as yesterday. Occasionally, in the multitude you hit upon an odd detail, such as a prim little dog that sits upright all day and holds in its mouth a cup for pennies for its blind master, or an old bookseller with a grand head and the deliberate motions of a scholar moldering in a stall; but the general effect is one of sameness and soon tires and bewilders.

Once on the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of the houses, and, running never too swiftly to allow observation, disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, bringing to view people and things never dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In a course of several months' pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street, which is the station for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to Rector, which overlooks Wall Street, I have made many acquaintances along the route; and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf.

One of these is a boy about six years of age, — a youngster that is very precious to me. I first saw this boy in a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over the railing, his white, thoughtful head just clearing the top, holding a short round stick in his hand. The little fellow made a

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pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate; and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent. Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with a short stick in his hand. Occasionally, he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything that he had. But he was never without it. His little hand always held it, and I pictured him every morning when he awoke from his joyless sleep, picking up his plaything and going out to his balcony, as other boys go to play. Or perhaps he slept with it, as little ones do with dolls and whip-tops.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw any one in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have had no ventilation. Once I missed the boy from the balcony, but saw his white head, moving about slowly in the dusk of the room. Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him, and becoming troubled with that remorse that thoughtful people feel even for suffering for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible. Not that I had even seen any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance.

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What thoughts filled that young head, what complaint or questioning were living behind that white face, no one could guess. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed, I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him, and his pale lips trembled into a smile, but a smile that was soberness itself. Wherever I went that day, that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony, — joyless, hopeless, friendless, — a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets, now lifting his wistful face to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other. At length — but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother had been bed-ridden from his birth, that his sister pasted labels in a drug house, and that he had been thus left to himself all day? It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp ocean breezes; that I watched the bathers and the children; listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach; ate a robust lunch on the pier; wandered in and out among the booths,

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tents, and hubbub; and that through all these manifold pleasures I had a companion that enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching; and that as I came back in the boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the foredeck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, opened-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short, battered stick. And finally that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed little friend who lives there.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell about him.
2. Tell about the crowds in New York. Tell about the lives of the poor children in large cities. Why do the majority of people in large cities fail to see the loneliness and the suffering all around them?
3. Tell the story of the little boy as Mr. Grady saw him on his tiny balcony.
4. What is the meaning of "His pale face came between me and my business many a time that day"? Lines 2–3, p. 80.
5. What is the meaning of "Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me"? Lines 23–24, p. 80.
6. What is the meaning of "Wherever I went that day, that smile went with me"? Lines 10–11, p. 81.
7. Tell how Mr. Grady became acquainted with him.
8. Tell of the trip to Coney Island.

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9. What kind of man do you think Mr. Grady must have been?

10. Do you ever try to see things as Mr. Grady did, or do you just wander about, seeing nothing?

Henry Woodfin Grady, the great-hearted man who wrote "The Little Boy in the Balcony," was born at Athens, Georgia, May 24, 1851. While still a young man, he grew famous as an orator and as editor of the "Constitution," a great newspaper of Atlanta, Georgia. When Mr. Grady was a boy, he often sent home to his mother a hungry child with a note which read: "Dear Mother: Please give this child something to eat. He looks so hungry." At Christmas time he was never happy until he knew that every poor family of Atlanta was provided with a good Christmas dinner. Mr. Grady died December 23, 1889, aged thirty-eight years, beloved and lamented by the entire nation.

For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart;
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

N. P. Willis

How truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.

Washington Irving

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THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

JOHN GODFREY SAXE

Let us suppose that a farmhouse is standing in a valley between two high hills and that a boy is standing on each of these hills and looking at this farmhouse. One of the boys is looking at the front of the house and the other is looking at the rear of it. They are looking at the same house but they are getting entirely different views of it.

Then let us suppose that these two boys meet at some other place and tell each other how this farmhouse in the valley looks. Do you think that they would agree? Would it not be very foolish for them to quarrel about it? But many persons do just such foolish things.

The trouble is that each boy " viewed " or looked at this farmhouse from a different point. So we say that they had different " viewpoints " or places for looking at the house.

Now all quarrels come about because people have different viewpoints. If each of these two boys had looked at this farmhouse from *both* hills and had seen it from *both* sides, they would have agreed. There would really be few quarrels if each person should try hard to look at any possible cause of trouble from the other person's viewpoint as well as from his own. That is, if each should put himself in the place of the other as well as in his own place.

Before having a dispute with any one, it is a splendid and noble thing to stop and think, " How should I feel if I were in his place? " This course would settle nearly all disputes at once and result in making friends instead of enemies.

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This is what John Godfrey Saxe is trying to tell us in this poem, "The Blind Men and the Elephant."

Six *blind* men went to *see* an elephant. The poem will tell you what happened. The poet is not finding fault because men who are *really* blind do not see all that they could see if they had their sight. By *blind* men he means, of course, those who are merely *unwilling* to see the elephant as others see it. He means those whose "minds are blinded" and who quarrel simply because they are too stubborn to look at the cause of the quarrel from one another's viewpoint. "There are none so *blind* as those *who will not see.*"

Try to see these six "blind men" as they stumble around the elephant, seeing really only a part of it, but feeling very sure that they have seen all of it and that they know all about it. It is a very funny story.

But the story of men who have eyes, but see not, because their minds are blinded, is a funnier story. Remember that the poet means *you* if you are too stubborn to see all sides of a question. He means all who quarrel because they will not try to see the other side of the quarrel.

Learn these words:

Indostan (ĭn-dŏ-stän′): India.

observation (ŏb-zĕr-vā′shŭn): careful looking at.

The Blind Men and the Elephant

A HINDOO FABLE

1

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),

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That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

2

The *First* approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

3

The *Second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho, what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

4

The *Third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

5

The *Fourth* reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.

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"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

6

The *Fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

7

The *Sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

8

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by one's "viewpoint"? Try to make up a story of your own to illustrate your explanation.
2. Show how two persons quarrel because they are unwilling to see each other's viewpoint.
3. What may "the elephant" mean besides an elephant?
4. What did the first man say about the elephant? Why did he say it?
5. Tell the same about each blind man in turn.
6. Why did they quarrel?
7. How could the quarrel have been avoided?
8. How does this story apply to others than "the blind men of Indostan"?
9. Can you think of school-ground troubles in which you were "blind men of Indostan"? Tell of one.
10. What should we try to learn and practice about viewpoints?

John Godfrey Saxe, an American humorous poet, was born at Highgate, Vermont, in 1816. He died in Albany, New York, in 1887. He was a newspaper editor and a writer for magazines. He is now remembered chiefly by his "The Blind Men and the Elephant."

Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

PART I

The beloved Quaker poet Whittier was born in an old farmhouse built by his ancestors in a lonely place in the East Parish of Haverhill, in the valley of the Merrimac River in northeastern Massachusetts. The place is so lonely that it is said that the wild deer yet steal out to drink at the stream which flows near it. Not a neighboring roof was in sight in Whittier's time. The old place is shown on page 90 just as it looked when the Whittier family lived there.

In this old farmhouse and on the surrounding farm, Whittier spent his boyhood. And in his beautiful poem, "Snow-Bound", he tells us how, by a great snowstorm, the Whittier family was shut in for two days while the storm roared around.

The poet himself wrote in explanation of "Snow-bound": —

"The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried.

"In my boyhood, in our lonely farmhouse, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the almanac. Under such circumstances story telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and, it must

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W. L. Haskell

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

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be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors."

Before we try to read the story, let us know something of those who were " snow-bound."

First, as Whittier tells us, there was the boy's father, John Whittier, a fine, stern old Quaker.

There was Whittier's good mother, a born story-teller, who remembered many tales of Indian raids against her ancestors in New Hampshire.

There was Whittier's uncle, Moses, a simple-minded man without education, but full of good stories of hunting and fishing.

There was the poet's aunt, a quiet, gentle, kindly woman.

There were his elder sister Martha, a very noble woman, and his beloved younger sister Elizabeth; also his brother Matthew, who outlived all the rest of the family except the poet himself.

There were two other persons " snow-bound " in the Whittier home, the teacher of the neighborhood school, a young college student named George Haskell, and a Miss Harriet Livermore, but they will not concern the story as you will read it here.

Now look at the picture on page 90, and try to think of a darkening gray sky and the beginning of the great snowstorm. Then turn to Part I and read it over silently, slowly, and carefully, trying hard to see all the wonderful pictures which the poem gives of, —

1. The signs that foretold the coming of the storm.
2. The doing of the " chores."
   a. The bringing in of the wood.
   b. The feeding of the farm animals.
3. The beginning of the great snowstorm.

Read slowly, giving yourself time to hear the wood rattling as it falls into the great woodbox. Hear the whinnying of the

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horses, and the clashing of the horns of the cattle, as the animals waited impatiently to be fed. See and hear the ol as he scolded from his perch. Then see the whirling snow, the growing darkness, and the world turned white snow.

Then think of yourself as waking in the morning and fin storm continuing, and see each object outside so strangely by its covering of snow.

Try to think of the snow falling all day. Then of the tions for the second night of the storm.

See the preparations for the evening fire in the great w place. See the fire blaze up, —

> " Until the old, rude-furnished room
> Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom."

And see the reflection of the fire through the window on th drifts outside.

Then around the fireplace, see the family " snow-boun safe from the roaring storm without, while the great fire and, —

> " The great throat of the chimney laughed."

The family and the guests are safe and comfortable ins house in spite of the storm raging outside. They will joyous evening telling stories, eating apples, and crackin eating nuts.

> " What matter how the night behaved?
> What matter how the north-wind raved?
> Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
> Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

When you have read Part I over carefully and slowly to s wonderful pictures, go over it again, and this time you will b to see the pictures more clearly, and you will enjoy them

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and more. Try to think that they make a moving picture, which you are seeing on the screen of your mind.

At a moving picture show, have you not often wished that you knew the meanings of all the words in the "sub-titles," or printed parts of the picture, because they would have helped you so much to understand and enjoy the picture? Now the meanings of the words that you do not know are the same as the "sub-titles." If you do not know them before you begin to read, you miss many of the "pictures" in the story, or poem.

So, before reading all these lines, you will find it helpful to learn the meanings of certain words, or else you will miss some fine pictures. Here they are:

ominous prophecy (prŏf'ē-sĭ): a foretelling of a bad storm.

portent (pôr'tĕnt): something that warns of possible danger.

littered the stalls: scattered straw under the cattle and horses for their beds.

stanchion rows: devices for fastening cattle in their stalls.

querulous challenge (kwĕr'ŏŏ-lŭs): a questioning, somewhat ill-tempered challenge. (Do these words well describe the cock's challenge?)

firmament: the sky.

sty: a pen or shed where hogs are kept.

bridle-post: a hitching post.

high cocked hat: a hat the brim of which is turned up to the crown on three sides.

Pisa's (pē'sä) **leaning miracle**: a tower at Pisa, Italy, which leans from the usual straight up-and-down line.

backstick and forestick: good-sized logs placed at the back and the front of a fireplace to hold in the smaller wood placed between them.

clean-winged hearth (härth): In Whittier's time, the wing of a turkey was used to brush into the fireplace any ashes on the hearth.

tropic heat: heat like that of the countries under the equator, or in the "tropics."

roaring draught (dräft): the loud rush of heated air and flame up the great chimney.

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Snow-Bound

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
The coming of the snow-storm told.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,

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A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

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All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank.
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back, —
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became.
For such a world and such a night,
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,

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Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head.
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote "Snow-Bound"?
2. Tell what you know of his life.
3. Tell what you know of the house and the farm where he was born.
4. What does "snow-bound" mean?
5. What were the "signs" of the coming storm?
6. Read aloud now the lines that tell of the chores which the boys did. Can you *see* and *hear* what the lines describe? Try it.
7. Read aloud the lines (lines 1–8, p. 95) that describe the snowstorm the first night. Can you see it?
8. Tell how the different things

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around the house looked on the second morning. Can you see each one?

9. Read five lines describing how the sun looked.
10. Tell how the "night fire" was made.
11. When the great pile of wood in the fireplace was lighted, how did it light up the room? Find and read two lines to answer this. Find and read two lines to show the effect of the fire on the snow-drift outside. Can you see this?
12. What is meant by "the frost-line"? Line 4, p. 97.
13. How did the great fire answer "a louder blast" of the wind? Lines 5–8, p. 97.
14. What different things stood on the hearth to furnish part of the evening's entertainment?
15. Why could not the storm make the Whittier family unhappy?
16. Read aloud again the last twenty lines of Part I.
17. Does the description of the preparations for the evening make you wish that you could have been there? Why?

Part II

Before beginning to read Part II, recall to your minds the living room in the Whittier house, each of the persons present, and try to see them gathered around the great fireplace, with its roaring fire. Supper is over, the evening work and chores are all done, and now, with the great storm roaring outside, the family is settled for the evening. See the dog lying on the hearth with his head on his paws, a cat sitting near, the mug of cider "simmering" in the heat, the apples "sputtering" as they are toasted before the fire, and the basket of nuts waiting to be cracked and eaten.

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No matter how lonely the Whittier homestead, no matter how far from neighbors, such a fire, such a fine old room, such good things to eat and to drink, and such a family promised a delightful evening, no matter what the storm was doing outside.

What wonder that Whittier says of it, —

> " What matter how the night behaved?
> What matter how the north-wind raved?
> Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
> Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

And now, let us imagine the family eating toasted apples, drinking cider, and cracking and eating nuts, playing simple games, and telling stories in the old room lighted by the great fireplace.

John Whittier, the father, naturally tells the first story. Try to hear him tell it. While the rest listen, he tells them how he once rode through the great forest on the shores of Lake Memphremagog (mĕm-frē-mā'gŏg), a large lake lying partly in Vermont and partly in Canada, and what he saw on his ride. He tells of eating moose meat and samp (corn pounded into coarse meal, boiled and seasoned) in the camps of Indians and in the huts of trappers. He tells of attending a village dance in Canada; of harvesting wild hay on the marshes of the seashore; of fishing off the coast of New Hampshire near the Isles of Shoals — the same islands where Celia Thaxter, when a little girl, played with the " Sandpiper "; of broiling over the coals of a campfire the fish called the " hake "; of making clam-chowder and of eating it with the clam-shells for spoons.

Now as you read John Whittier's story, just imagine yourself one of the party around the fire, listening to the good old Quaker farmer as he tells his tale.

Then Whittier's mother, as she knits a stocking or turns her spinning wheel, — for women then never wasted an evening in idleness, — tells a story of a raid of savage Indians upon the town of

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Cochecho (kō-chē′kō, now Dover, New Hampshire) and how her great-uncle was scalped by the savages, but recovered and could show his "cruel scalp mark" when eighty years of age. She tells of interesting bird calls she had heard when a girl; of trout fishing; of gathering nuts; of great flocks of wild geese and wild ducks, — the children listening in open-eyed wonder, and wishing to have seen and heard it all.

Then Whittier's Uncle Moses, a dear, simple-minded old man who knew little of books, but who knew the woods, the animals and their habits, tells hunting and fishing stories and tales of adventure in the wild woods such as all boys love to hear. You should try to fill out his story with imaginary details as you read it.

Then Whittier's aunt, a very dear elderly woman, who, like Uncle Moses, never married, tells stories of her girlhood memories of husking bees and apple-paring bees, of sleigh rides and trips in sail boats. You should also fill out her story by trying to imagine the details.

There were as guests of the Whittier family when "snow-bound" the neighborhood school-teacher, a young college student named George Haskell, and also a Miss Harriet Livermore, who contributed to the evening's entertainment, but we do not give their part here. However, you should try to imagine them as among the persons around the fireplace.

Two others you should try to imagine as present, but keeping silent, — Whittier's elder sister Martha who, Whittier hints, had had a great secret sorrow, and who had a heart of gold. He tells of her in lines 26–27, p. 104, and lines 1–6, p. 105.

And last and best loved of all, Whittier's little sister Elizabeth, the youngest of the family, sat in silent and big-eyed wonder on the "motley-braided mat" in front of the fireplace. You will read about her in Part III.

In his story of the evening around the fireplace, Whittier tells us only *about* the stories that were told, — he does not tell the

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actual stories. But he expects us to try to imagine and to fill out the stories as they were told.

In reading Part II, the most important thing is to imagine, as perfectly as possible, the old room, the fireplace, and the great fire; each of the persons present; the storm roaring outside; the eating of apples and nuts, and the drinking of cider; the laughter, the fun, and the stories. And do not forget the silent ones of the party.

The conclusion of the description of the evening will be told in Part III.

Before reading Part II, be sure to learn the meanings and pronunciations of the following words to help you see all the pictures:

wrought puzzles out (rôt): worked out or solved puzzles.

grandam (grăn'dăm): an old woman; a grandmother.

swaths (swôths): lines of grass cut and thrown together by a scythe in mowing.

chowder: a dish made of fresh fish or clams, and potatoes, biscuit, onions, etc., cooked together.

hordes (hōrdz): large numbers, crowds.

loon: a large, fish-eating, diving bird. The loon sometimes sends out a far-reaching cry which sounds like the wild laugh of an insane person.

sheltered cove: a small portion of a lake or sea extending into the land, which almost surrounds it.

duck's black squadron (skwŏd' rŭn): a large flock of wild ducks resting on the water and likened to a fleet of ships.

lore: learning, knowledge.

guileless (gīl'lĕs): innocent, without cunning or deception.

teal: a small wild duck.

feats (fēts): difficult or wonderful things done.

prodigies (prŏd'ĭ-jĭz): marvelous or wonderful feats or exploits.

the partridge drummed: the male partridge makes with his wings a sound similar to that of a muffled drum.

hermit: a person or animal who

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chooses to live apart from others.

tier by tier (tēr): layer upon layer.

shagbark: a rough-barked hickory tree yielding the best hickory nuts.

the grizzled squirrel: the gray squirrel.

homespun warp of circumstance: the "warp" of cloth consists of the threads running lengthwise of the piece. The "woof" consists of the threads that run crosswise and which "fill" the warp. He likens the aunt's rather uninteresting story to "homespun cloth," with a "warp" of facts, but filled out with a "woof-thread" of things which were imagined.

low green tent: the grassy covering over a grave.

We sped the time with stories old,
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp.
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea.

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We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.

Our mother, while she turned her wheel
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
We heard the hawks at twilight play,
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook, knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down;
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began:

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He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got;
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold,
The bitter wind unheeded blew,
From ripening corn the pigeons flew,
The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink;
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear,
Called up her girlhood memories, —
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance,
A golden woof-thread of romance.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;

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O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who told the first story of the evening? Why is his story given first?
2. What different incidents did he relate?
3. What are the following: samp; grandam; "low green prairies of the sea"; hake-broil; chowder?
4. Try to imagine or "fill out" the father's story?
5. What things did the mother relate in her story? Try to imagine the parts not told by Whittier.
6. What are the following: loon; cove; "ducks' black squadron"?
7. Describe Whittier's Uncle Moses. Find, read aloud, and explain four lines describing him.
8. What does Uncle Moses tell about? In order to learn how to "fill out" one of the stories, try to tell, as you think Uncle Moses told it, "how the eagle's eggs he got." Can you imagine his description of how he shot a loon? Try, also, to "fill out" some of the other incidents.
9. What are the following: lore; teal; feats; prodigies; shagbark?
10. Try to imagine or "fill out" Uncle Moses's description of the way in which the muskrat builds his home.
11. What was the aunt's story about?
12. Describe a "husking." An "apple-bee."
13. What part did the elder sister take in the evening's entertainment?

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14. What lines indicate that she had a great sorrow hidden in her heart?
15. What lines tell of her goodness to the poor?
16. What is meant by "the low green tent whose curtain never outward swings"?

Part III

We now come to the poet's story of the person whom he loved best of all in the world, his younger sister Elizabeth. She herself was a poet. She lived with her brother for many years in Amesbury, dying, as this story will tell you, only a year before the poem "Snow-Bound," was written.

She was her brother's beloved and constant companion.

The lines that describe her must seem to you very beautiful if you understand them.

Study the picture of the large "living room" in the old Whittier home (p. 107), and the "motley-braided mat" (many-colored mat) before the fireplace. Imagine the little sister, the pet of the household, as she sat on this mat, listening big-eyed to the tales, very wonderful to her.

When Whittier wrote "Snow-Bound," all the members of his family, — father, mother, uncle, aunt, his sisters Martha and Elizabeth, — all except his brother Matthew, — were dead. In "Snow-Bound" he writes, —

> "O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
> As was my sire's that winter day,
> How strange it seems, with so much gone
> Of life and love, to still live on!
> Ah, brother! only I and thou
> Are left of all that circle now, —
> The dear home faces whereupon
> That fitful firelight paled and shone.

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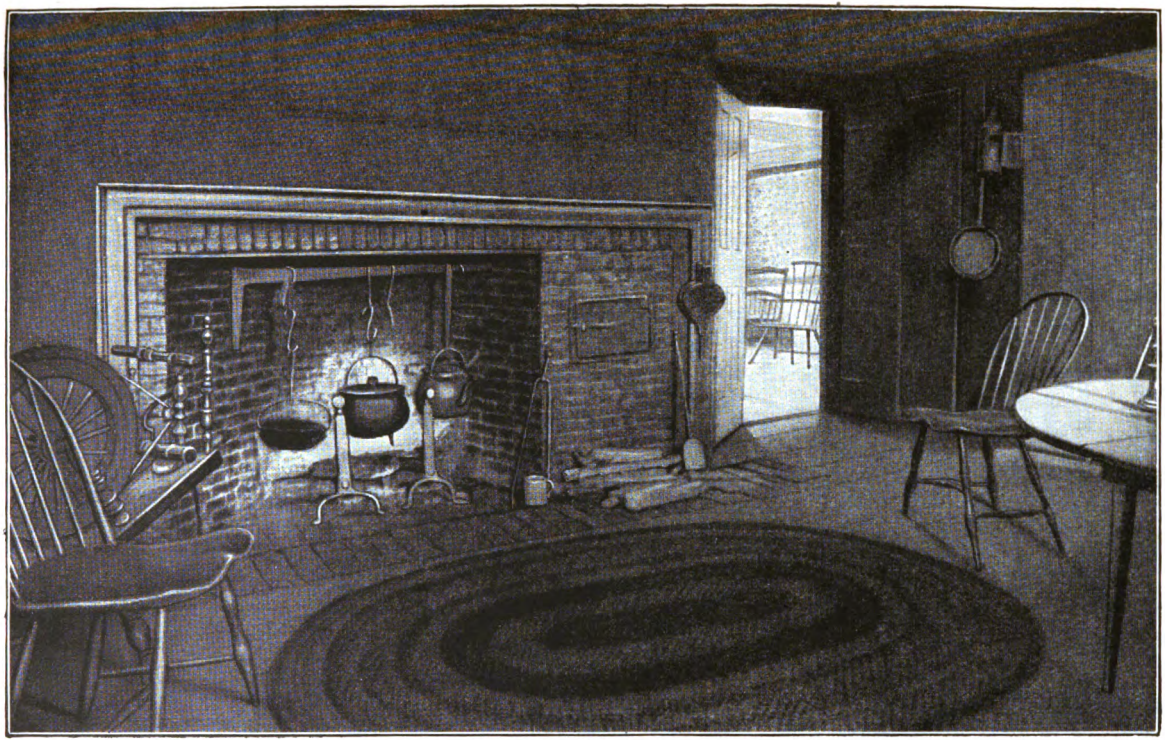

INTERIOR OF WHITTIER'S HOME

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Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more."

Elizabeth Whittier, the youngest of the Whittier family, was only a little girl at the time when the family were "snow-bound." Like every "youngest" in a family, she was the "pet" of all the rest, and she deserved to be, for she must have been a very dear and lovely girl. Whittier, as you will see, speaks of her —

"As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean."

That is, she was a part of all the life of the Whittier home, and she loved all the others.

You will easily place her in the picture of the evening when the family were snow-bound, for —

"Upon the motley-braided mat,
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,"

to this one or that as each told his story.

He tells us how in after years, in her illness, he would gather wild flowers for her, as she was too frail and weak to gather them for herself, and how her "dark eyes, full of love's content," would follow him about. But those loving eyes, when he wrote "Snow-Bound," were —

"— bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise."

He says she was —

"With me one little year ago: —
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;

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And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths *we* trod."

That is, he walks alone now, for she is dead. And although all nature is glad, he is lonely, for he says, —

" But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh, —
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings,"

for without her, they were not the same.

And yet he feels that nothing can take away from him his precious memories of his beloved little sister. She is safe in Heaven, and nothing can deprive him of the " pearl and gold " her life and her love have " left in trust " with him.

And then he is sure that his parting from her is only for a short time, for he says, —

" And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand? "

Before you study what Whittier says of his little sister Elizabeth, learn the meanings of the following words, so that you may miss none of the thoughts in the beautiful lines:

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fadeless green: unfading green. Heaven is pictured as having no death, not even of vegetation; therefore "fadeless green."

Paradise: heaven.

asking eyes: questioning eyes.

nigh (nī): near, close at hand.

immortality: everlasting life.

the wealth I hold: the memories of his sister.

mar the pearl and gold: injure the memory of her love for him.

life's late afternoon: old age; the time when death is near.

where cool and long the shadows grow: where the sun of old age gets so low in the sky of life that the shadows grow very long in the cool of life's evening.

I walk to meet the night: I walk toward death, the "night" of life's day.

the sunset gates: the gates which open when life's sun sets, — the gates of heaven.

thy beckoning hand: his sister's hand, *beckoning*, or motioning to him, as he passes through "the sunset gates," to join her in heaven.

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
  Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
O, looking from some heavenly hill,
  Or from the shade of saintly palms,
  Or silver reach of river calms,

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Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago: —
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh, —
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,

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I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name over the persons who were "snow-bound."
2. Who was the youngest of them?
3. Describe her.
4. Where did she sit on the night described in the story?
5. What is a "motley-braided mat"?
6. When "Snow-Bound" was written, who were still alive of all the Whittier family?
7. How long had Elizabeth been dead when "Snow-Bound" was written?
8. With whom did she live after the old home was broken up?
9. Tell of the loving companionship of the poet and his sister Elizabeth.
10. Find and read aloud three lines that tell why little Elizabeth was so much beloved by the Whittier family.
11. Read aloud the lines which tell how long Elizabeth had been dead when this poem was written.
12. Find and read aloud the lines in which Whittier tells of pleasant wanderings out-of-doors with his sister.
13. Find and read aloud the lines that tell of his loneliness in the same places after her death.
14. What did he find missing in nature when he wandered alone? Why were things not the same then?
15. Find, read aloud, and explain the lines that tell why, despite his loss of

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his sister, he "was richer than of old."

16. What precious things had she left with him at her death?
17. What is meant by "life's late afternoon"?
18. By "Where cool and long the shadows grow"?
19. By "I walk to meet the night," etc.?
20. What are "the sunset gates"?
21. When "the sunset gates" were unbarred, what did Whittier expect to see "white against the evening star"?
22. What does "thy beckoning hand" mean?

Part IV

And now, after these beautiful lines to his beloved little sister, let us read how the evening around the fireplace in the old Whittier home closed.

The stories have been told; the games have been played; the nuts and apples have been eaten; the great fire has burned low; and the bull's-eye watch hanging on the wall shows that the hour is *nine o'clock!* It is time to go to bed. Uncle Moses knocks the ashes out of his pipe and lays it "tenderly away." Then he covers up the remaining fire with ashes so that it will keep till morning.

The mother puts away her work. Then she says a simple and heartfelt prayer, thanking God —

> "For food and shelter, warmth and health,
> And love's contentment more than wealth."

And in the loving kindness of her heart, remembering others, she prays, —

> "That none might lack, that bitter night,
> For bread and clothing, warmth and light."

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Then with loving "good-nights," the family and the guests go to their beds.

The storm roars on. The snow sifts in upon their coverlets.

> "But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
> When hearts are light and life is new;
> Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
> Till in the summer-land of dreams,
> They softened to the sound of streams,
> Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
> And lapsing waves on quiet shores."

Now learn the meanings of these words before you read the closing lines of the story:

bull's-eye watch: an old-fashioned watch, very thick, so called because it was supposed to resemble the eye of a bull.

mutely-warning sign: the silent sign of the watch's hands that it was nine o'clock, and time to go to bed.

the refuse gray (rĕf'ūs): the ashes left in a pipe after the tobacco has burned.

the dull red brands: the remaining fire in the fireplace.

love's contentment more than wealth: meaning that the quiet happiness of being beloved is of more value than riches.

prayers which no fulfillment seek: prayers that are only words, and which the one who prays does not help to fulfill or expect to be fulfilled.

the gables: the ends of the house, from the level of the eaves to the ridge of the sloping roof, covering a "half-story."

loosened clapboards: large split shingles used for the roof, and sometimes for the siding of a building.

lapsing waves: waves that grow less and less in power and noise.

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At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.

And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,

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With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the lightsifted snowflakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams,
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What things told the family that it was time to go to bed?
2. How did Uncle Moses prepare to end the evening? Can you see him do these two things? Try it now.
3. Who said the evening prayer? What did she express gratitude for?
4. What kind of prayer did she not offer?
5. For what did she pray for those who were outside her own household?
6. What things did the family hear after they had gone to bed?
7. Read aloud and explain the last seven lines, which tell how they slowly sank into slumber. Have you ever gone to sleep in that way?
8. Tell whether you have been able to understand "Snow-Bound" and whether you have enjoyed it.

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"THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'"

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

This charming story of Christmas Eve, and a young farmer, his young wife, their little curly-headed boy, and his little stocking was written by Joseph C. Lincoln, a story writer and a poet of the present time.

Let us try now to *see* the story. First, we must see a moonlit Christmas Eve, the Christmas holly shining on the hill, a farm house with its old fireplace, a little stocking hanging on the mantel, a little trundle bed in the attic, and a little sleepy, curly head full of happy Christmas dreams. We must hear sleigh bells jingle and Christmas laughter ring.

Then we must see a hopeful little curly-headed boy standing on a chair to hang his stocking on the mantel, and then hurrying away to bed to dream of Old Santy and his sleigh and his reindeer and the pretty Christmas toys they will bring him.

Then we must see a young farmer and his young wife standing before the old fireplace touched to tears at the sight of that little faded stocking and the thought that they have so little with which to buy toys for their little, hopeful, and trustful boy.

Then you must imagine you hear the father saying that even if the crops fail and the mortgage is a heavy load for them, and the bills seem to take all their money, that so long as they have a dime left at Christmas time they will use it to keep that little fellow from finding an empty stocking on Christmas morning and to keep alive his childish faith in Santa Claus.

This whole poem is just what the father said to the mother and you must try to say it as you imagine he said it.

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Learn the meanings of the following words:

flue (flo͞o): a chimney.
reely (rē'lĭ): really.
mortgage (môr'gâj): a claim against a piece of property as security for the payment of a debt. If the debt be not paid, the property is taken from the owner to pay the debt.

"The Little Feller's Stockin'"

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill;
And the Christmas sleigh bells jingle, and the Christmas laughter rings,
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home the Christmas things;
And up yonder in the attic there's a little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head;
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once agin fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much for show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe;
And its color's kinder faded, and its sorter worn and old,
But it reely is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold;

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And the little hand that hung it by the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santy won't forgit it, though it isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all knocked ter smash,
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash,
But whenever comes the season, jest so long's we've got a dime,
There'll be somethin' in that stockin' — won't there, Mary? — every time.
And if in amongst our sunshine there's a shower or two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely, smilin', and we'll try not ter complain,
Long as Christmas comes and finds us here together, me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the scene of this poem.
2. Who speaks in the poem?
3. Tell in your own words what he is saying.
4. Now read aloud the story just as if you were the father and were saying it.

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RED FOX

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

It has not been very many years since naturalists began to tell us about the real lives and feelings of animals. Long ago animals were " just animals." But now many men and women are studying the lives, habits, and feelings of the different animals in such a way as to know that these animals have very interesting habits, feelings, and what may almost be called " thoughts."

This fine story of " Red Fox " tells us how a poor red fox, captured to be the sport of man, felt, acted, and at last, by his cunning, escaped from his captors.

Do you know what a " Hunt Club " is? It is a set of fine gentlemen and ladies who engage in the following sport:

On an appointed day, a large number of rich men and women, handsomely dressed in riding suits, gather at a beautiful Club House for a day of sport.

Each one is riding a fine horse, which is trained to " follow the hounds."

A man called " The Master of the Hounds " brings out a large pack of beautiful and excited dogs, which have been trained to chase foxes.

A poor little fox, captured, as " Red Fox " was captured in this story, has been turned loose some days before in the fields near the Club House.

And now the ladies and the gentlemen have gathered to ride after the hounds as they chase the fox to his death.

The hounds find the scent of the fox, and away goes everybody, at breakneck speed following the baying hounds over ditches, fences, and streams.

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At last the dogs overtake the fox and kill him. The first lady " in at the death " gets the " brush " or the bushy tail of the fox as a trophy for her brave riding. A trophy is anything taken from an opponent and kept as an evidence of victory or success.

But, you see, in all this "sport," as it is called, no one considers how the little animal feels or what he thinks.

What do you think of the " sport "?

In this story, Mr. Roberts tells us Red Fox's side of the story. He wishes us to see this famous sport from the viewpoint of the fox and not from the viewpoint of the hunters. You will surely like to know how Red Fox felt as he was chased by the baying pack of hounds and the crowds of fine gentlemen and ladies, and you will be glad to know how he escaped from his tormentors.

If you get out all the pleasure that is in this story, you will need to read over very carefully the meanings of the following words:

elated: joyous over Red Fox's capture.
devices: ways of doing things.
slack: with muscles limp.
gibes: jokes about the fox's being dead.
panic: a fear so great that one does not know the right thing to do.
haunches: hind legs and hips.
pondered: thought deeply.
disdain: deep dislike that one shows by not paying attention to the thing disliked.
ignored: paid no attention to.
monotonous: wearisome; " nothing happening."
uncompromisingly: unwilling to "make up" with his captor.
Ringwaak (rĭng-wäk): a district in eastern Canada.
attitude: the boy's fear that Red Fox might be badly treated if sold.
zoölogical gardens (zō-ŏ-lŏj'ĭ-kăl): places in cities where many kinds of animals are kept in cages in beautiful parks.
indignation: anger mingled with resentment.
coverts (kŭv'ẽrts): hiding places.
phenomenal: remarkable, wonderful, unusual.
bewildering tumult: a great noise that frightened Red Fox " out of his wits."

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The complete story of "Red Fox" traces the career of a fox of the backwoods districts of eastern Canada. After many very interesting and thrilling experiences, the hero of the story, Red Fox, is finally captured by a backwoodsman and a young boy who take him to the boy's home, hoping to tame him.

Red Fox

Part I

Securely wrapped up in an oat sack, with just the black tip of his nose sticking out, Red Fox showed never a sign of life during the long journey to the home of the boy. But if the elated victors had taken it into their heads to peer suddenly into the end of the roll of sacking, past the black nose tip, they would have caught a shrewd and watchful eye wide open. Helpless as he was for the moment, he knew that he could not be carried in that way forever. There must come some change; he was full of devices; and he had no idea of counting the great game lost.

When the boy had unrolled him, had chained him to a staple in the corner of a large box stall in the barn, and had undone the bonds that fettered his legs, Red Fox still lay limp, so utterly slack in every sinew that the backwoodsman was more than ever assured that he was dead. To all gibes, however, the boy answered, merely, "Come back in the morning and see!"

From a small window, the moonlight came pouring in, lighting the center of the stall brilliantly and leaving

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the corners in deep shadow. The moment Red Fox knew that he was alone, he gave a sharp leap, which tested the soundness of the chain. He felt himself jerked backwards and thrown off his feet, which convinced him that the chain was strong. Having assured himself as to its strength and also as to its length (which was about six feet), he now began to test it minutely with nose and teeth, holding it down between his forepaws and going over every link right up to the staple in the wall. Finding no flaw nor weakness anywhere in the cold steel, which hurt his teeth, he next set himself to the task of pulling the collar off over his head. Backing away, he strained and tugged with all his might, but succeeded only in choking himself till his eyes and tongue stuck out. As soon as he had recovered from this touch of panic and had fully regained his breath, he was seized with a new idea. In the corner of the stall was a heap of chaff and fine straw. In this he carefully buried the slack section of the chain; and when the work was done, he crept away, trusting to leave his tormentor behind. But when he saw the snaky thing emerge from its hiding, and felt it once more tug at his neck, he seemed to realize the folly of his choice. For a few minutes, he sat up on his haunches, and pondered; then, seeing that for the time there was nothing else to be done, he curled himself up in a corner and went to sleep.

When, somewhat early in the morning, the boy came to the stall with a dish of water and a tempting piece

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of fresh meat, Red Fox gave him one long look of disdain, retreated with dignity to his corner, and ignored the visit. He was hungry and very thirsty; but in the visitor's hated presence, he scorned to show either of these needs. When the boy approached him too closely, he would show his white teeth, and a deep green color would come into his eyes. This was a signal meaning "Keep off!" and the boy, understanding it very well, obeyed. As soon as he was gone, Red Fox lapped up the water greedily, and fell upon the raw beef. He had no intention of starving himself, but he was not going to give the boy the satisfaction of watching him eat.

And now began, for the unhappy captive, four weeks of monotonous vain longing. Twice a day, in the early morning and in the first of the twilight, he would go through his efforts to escape, testing the chain link by link, and then hopefully burying it in the chaff. Meanwhile, the boy tried to win the confidence of the splendid captive. Dainties to eat, fresh water twice a day, gentle conversation, quiet, gradual advances, — all were faithfully tried, but all in vain. At the end of the month, the scorn in Red Fox's eyes was as clear and uncompromising as ever, whenever his jailer came too near. Then, reluctantly, but on his father's advice, the boy made up his mind that the tameless captive must be sold.

About this time, — for the fame of Red Fox and the story of his capture had spread far beyond the Ring-

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waak neighborhood, — a well-dressed stranger appeared at the settlement and asked to see the fox. The visitor presently made an offer to buy him.

"What do you want him for?" asked the boy, doubtfully.

The stranger eyed him with care before replying, and understood something of his attitude.

"To sell to some big zoölogical gardens," he replied, easily, "where he'll be thoroughly appreciated."

Much relieved, the boy agreed at once, and pocketed a price beyond his wildest hopes. Had he known, however, the buyer's real purpose, he would have rejected any price with indignation. Red Fox was destined, not for a brilliant "zoo," where he would be pampered and admired, but for the coverts of a Hunt Club in one of the great states, where his strength and cunning might be expected to give phenomenal sport before the hounds should finally tear him to pieces.

Red Fox, in his strong-barred crate, was glad of any change that meant getting away from the gloomy box stall in the barn. He was carried in an open express wagon some fifteen miles to the nearest railway station. At last, after an hour's wait, the train came roaring and clattering down the rails; and Red Fox, in his crate on the platform, shrank back against the bars with starting eyeballs, imagining that the end of all things had come upon the world. When the loud monster had passed him and had come to a stop, and he found himself still alive, he was trembling so that

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he could hardly stand up; and it seemed a matter of small importance when his crate was thrust into what was evidently a part of the monster, and he was whirled away with sickening motion and bewildering tumult.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is told in the earlier part of the story of Red Fox that is not given here?
2. In what way was he taken to his captor's home?
3. How did Red Fox "pretend" while he was being carried away?
4. What intelligent things did he do to escape from his chain?
5. How did he bravely refuse to be tamed?
6. How do men and women follow the hounds after a fox? What do you think of the sport?
7. For what did the stranger want Red Fox?
8. Why did he have to lie to the boy in order to buy Red Fox?
9. Describe Red Fox's trip to the Hunt Club.
10. Why was Red Fox so frightened when he heard the train roaring and clattering down the track?

PART II

Study carefully the meanings of the following words before you read Part II:

wonted courage: usual courage.
nerve: here the word means courage.
plenitude: plentifulness, or very many.
knoll (nōl): a small round hill.
girdle of civilization: many people and houses about Red Fox.
apprehension: fear of danger.
emergency: a situation requiring quick thought and action.
marveled: wondered.
agility: ability to run and leap.
amazement: great wonder.

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disaster: here the word means a dangerous fall.
majority: more than half of the riders.
revelation: something not known before.
dejection: hopelessness of escape.
doubled: a trick or backward turn in running to escape pursuers.

Not till he had been traveling for nearly a day could he bring himself to eat or drink. Then, little by little, seeing that men lived and seemed to have no dread whatever of the monster, he resumed his wonted courage. But just as he was finding himself master of the situation, the train came to a long stop, and his crate was lifted from the car. Once more he was put into a wagon and taken for a drive. Presently, the wagon stopped in front of a low, wide-winged, imposing red structure, where men lounged on the large porch, and saddled horses stood before the steps. Here the crate was lifted down, and the stranger began pointing out Red Fox's beauties to a knot of men who had come forward to inspect the prize.

"He'll give us the neatest run the 'Merry-brooks' have ever had," said one.

"Look at that cool and cunning eye!" said another. "He's got brains. He'll give us more than one run, I'm thinking, before that mighty brush hangs on the wall!"

"I could find it in my heart to wish he might fool us altogether!" cried a third.

In the middle of the lawn before the clubhouse, the

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crate was set on its side and the cover removed. On the very instant, as if shot out by a spring, Red Fox leaped forth. On the other side of the clubhouse, he had noted a stretch of wild land, wooded and brushy. The moment his feet touched solid earth, he doubled straight back toward the spectators, darted fairly between the legs of one, under the nearest horse, behind a clump of bushes, and vanished before any one had time to more than look around.

The stranger, who had brought Red Fox so far, glowed with pride.

"Did you ever see such speed?" cried one.

"And such nerve?" cried another.

"He's all right, Mack!" exclaimed several at once.

The new land in which Red Fox now found himself was greatly to his taste, and his blood ran wildly in the sweetness of recovered freedom. Here were dense coverts, patches of swamp, long, though narrow, stretches of woodland, and bright green meadows inclosed with stone walls. Here and there a steep, rocky knoll, set thick with trees, arose out of the levels; and here and there a much-meandering brook, narrow but deepish, spread out into a pond, which suggested to him a plenitude of wild ducks. From a rock on the crest of the highest knoll, he saw that this pleasant, new range of his was almost completely surrounded by settlements and smoky villages; but beyond these, to the north and west, ran a purple barrier of mountains, as wild-looking as his own Ringwaak. He had

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Thomas Blinks

AWAY WENT THE SPLENDID PACK IN LOUD CHORUS

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half a mind to set out for these mountains at once, not quite liking the girdle of civilization which he saw drawn about him; but that was only a passing whim. He had no other fault to find with his present domain. Game was abundant, and the more he explored these coverts, the more content with them he became. Before he had been three days in possession, he knew them thoroughly. There seemed to be no active enemies about, and the men whom he saw lounging on the clubhouse porches appeared unlikely to give him any annoyance.

On the morning of the fourth day, however, he was surprised to note a great bustle and stir before the clubhouse. From the top of his knoll, he wondered at the scarlet-coated riders, who were gathering quickly, with here and there among them a slenderer, dark figure, which seemed to stick mysteriously upon one side of her horse. His interest, however, turned speedily to apprehension when he saw a pack of dogs, perhaps ten or twelve in number (he did not know how to count), coming up over a rise beyond the clubhouse. He understood now certain baying voices, which he had heard several times in the distance; and he realized in a second that now was an old game about to be played in a new way. He himself it was, and none other, that all this fuss was about. For a moment his heart sank, and his brush dropped. Then confidence returned. He sat up with sprightly cocked ears and head to one side, as was his ancient custom, and eyed

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the elaborate preparations which were being made against him. Then he slipped down from his watch-tower, and betook himself to the center of the most difficult patch of swamp.

There was one thing, however, which Red Fox, shrewd as he was, did not realize; and that was that the master of the hounds knew a lot about foxes. He knew that that rock on the top of the knoll was just the sort of place which a strange fox, if a cunning one, would be likely to choose as a lookout when anything unusual was afoot. He led the way thither, therefore, and put the pack straight at it, rather expecting an immediate find. The steaming scent, of course, was picked up almost at once; and away went the splendid pack in loud chorus, heads up, taking the scent in the air, straight for the swamp, and the whole field following.

The deep, bell-like chorus that now fell upon Red Fox's ears warned him that the emergency confronting him was something quite new and altogether trying. In order to deal with it, he felt that he must know more about it than he did. Without waiting to leave any tangles in the swamp for the hounds to unravel, he slipped out on the farther side, ran hard for about a mile and a half straight away through the roughest kind of country, then doubled back on a loop and mounted another knoll to take observations.

So remarkable had been his speed that he was in time to see, below him and across a stretch of meadow,

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W. L. Haskell

He Mounted a Knoll to Take Observations

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the pack just emerging from the swamp, and the gay-colored field just closing upon them around the edge of the swamp. With intense interest he watched it all. He marveled, not without a pang, at the speed of those black-and-tan dogs, who ran so close together and seemed to know so well what they were about. He marveled still more at the man-creatures on horseback who followed the pack so wildly. He had taken pains to put every possible obstacle in the path, — every high stone wall, every crooked fence, every ditch and bog, every coil of the brook. These, to his light and tough agility, were nothing; but it filled him with amazement to see the way in which the man-creatures, — those slim, dark ones on the sides of their horses as well as the red ones that rode in the usual fashion, — went boldly over the obstacles. Some, to be sure, went down in disaster; and some turned aside to rejoin the hunt later on; but the majority kept straight ahead with the pack. Red Fox got so absorbed in satisfying his curiosity that he almost forgot the important part which he himself was playing in the drama; and before he knew it, the baying pack was almost upon him. He darted down the densest side of the knoll and ran with all his might across the open, but he was not quite in time to escape being sighted. A great shout of triumph went up from the hunters; and the pack was sent across the field, cutting into the trail and saving a vast expenditure of time and breath. The burst of speed which Red Fox now put on was a

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revelation to all who were so fortunate as to see it; but, softened as he was from his long weeks of captivity, it cost him too much. He kept right on through the next covert, and across the next open, and through a wide belt of alder swamp; but when he next showed himself, had there been any one near to see, it would have been observed that his brush drooped in dejection, and his bright, dapper coat was dark with wet. He halted for a moment or two, to recover his breath a little; then he set himself to try some of his old tricks.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe Red Fox's arrival at the Hunt Club.
2. Why was he let out into the wild land around the Club some days before the hunt?
3. Did any one in the Hunt Club think of Red Fox's side of the question?
4. Tell how Red Fox got acquainted with his new home.
5. Tell how he saw the hunt begin.
6. Tell how Red Fox led the chase in the beginning.
7. Of what only were the hunters thinking?

PART III

Read over carefully the following meanings of words before reading Part III:

sapling: a small young tree.
elaborate tactics: his many careful tricks to escape the dogs.
massive: large, heavy, strong.
indecision: failure to "make up one's mind."
babble: everybody talking at once.

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baleful voices: voices that mean danger and trouble.
jutting cape of rock: a large point of rock extending out from a hill or cliff.
rugged turbulence of hills: rough, tumbled appearance of the country.
at fault: unable to find the scent and continue the chase.

On a fallen sapling he crossed the brook, and ran some twenty yards upstream. Then, though he hated wetting his feet, he retraced his steps in the water, close alongshore, to a distance of perhaps fifty yards downstream. This, he calculated, should give him plenty of time to recover his breath and begin the game as good as new; but that bell-mouthed baying was once more close behind him. He trotted to the farthest point of the alder swamp, saving himself shrewdly for a quick and secret dart across the meadows to the next covert, and slipped out boldly; but, to his terror, there stood a group of the scarlet-coated men on horseback, apparently awaiting him. As their terrible shout arose, he knew that all those elaborate tactics of his had gone for naught, — had been so much precious time wasted. For an instant, he hesitated, thinking to turn back; but the baying of his pursuers was already in the alder swamp. Taking a grip on his nerve, he dashed straight through the group of horsemen, who applauded with a volley of terrifying sounds, and ran for the next patch of woods.

When he got there, and the kindly shadows once more shielded him for a little, he knew that he must not stop, though his heart was threatening to burst.

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Thomas Blinks

THE PACK JUST EMERGING FROM THE SWAMP

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He feared to try any more of his old devices against these new and too numerous foes; he simply ran straight on, trusting to find some novel way out of his trouble. The hounds were less noisy now, having no breath to spare for music; and this encouraged him a little. Through the thickets he raced, and through a little pasture which offered no suggestion of escape. The pasture was bounded on the farther side by a massive stone wall, extending as far as he could see in each direction. What there might be on the other side of that wall he had no idea; but, whatever there was, it could not be worse than what there was on this side. With hardly strength enough left for the leap, he sprang to the top of the wall, and dropped down the other side.

It was in a dusty road winding between stone walls and stiff rows of trees on each side that Red Fox now found himself. For perhaps twenty yards, he ran on, down the middle of the road, where he knew the dry, hard earth would not hold his scent. Then the jog trot and jangle of a team approaching caught his ear, and he hid himself in a clump of tall woods to let it go by. His tongue was hanging far out. He heard the voices of the pack in the woods just across the pasture.

The approaching team, as it came around a turn of the road, proved to be a big farm wagon, drawn by two horses, with the driver half asleep on the seat. The roomy body of the wagon was filled with boxes

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and a barrel, several bags of feed, a bundle of dry salt codfish, and a bale of some kind of coarse cloth. The sight reminded Red Fox of the things which had accompanied his crate on the journey from the settlement to the station. In that wagon he had been safe. Why not so in this one? There was no time for indecision; the voices of the pack were already loud in the open pasture. One noiseless leap as the wagon passed, and he had climbed in softly, and had curled himself down out of sight behind a bag of feed.

Not two minutes later, the pack arrived, and came tumbling over the wall into the road. Fifty yards away in his hiding place, Red Fox heard the sudden change in their voices as they found themselves at fault. Around and around, up and down, and over the wall on the other side, they quested for the lost trail, whimpering in bewildered disappointment. Here was the trail, faint but unmistakable, right in the middle of the road, and here it ended, as if Red Fox had grown wings and had sprung into the air. The pack, being very wise in the wiles of foxes, now scattered, some running in one direction, and some in the other, along the tops of both walls. In this way, they felt sure of picking up the trail, and, failing in this, they were overwhelmed with confusion. Presently, the field came hurrying up, all excitement; and the babble and wonder grew. But Red Fox, meanwhile, curled up small behind the bag of feed, was being carried farther and farther away from the fate that had so

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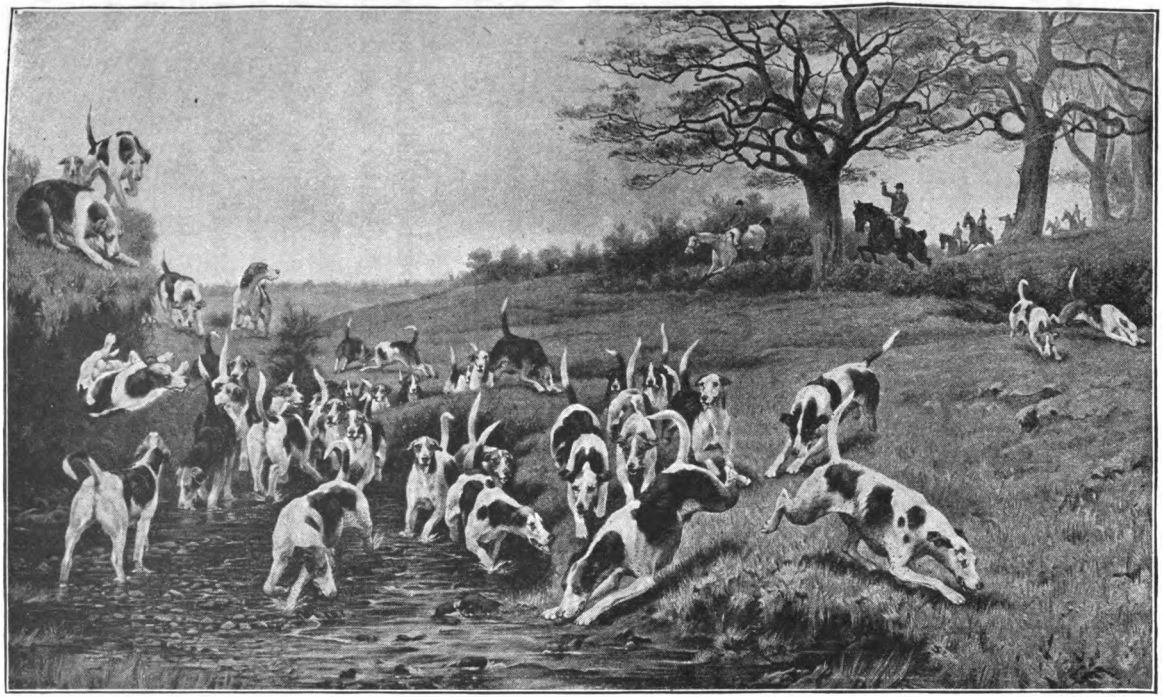

Thomas Blinks

THE PACK, BEING WISE IN THE WILES OF FOXES, NOW SCATTERED

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nearly clutched him; and at last the baleful voices died upon his ears. Once more his destiny and his wits had worked together to save him.

For hours the big wagon rumbled and jolted on, in no haste; and all the time Red Fox lay quite still, recovering his strength. He wanted to be carried as far as possible from the skilled pack and those terrible scarlet hunters. At last, however, the wagon stopped, and the driver heavily dismounted. Red Fox peered forth and found the wagon standing in the middle of a well-kept barnyard. About twenty paces away, however, was a garden thick with shrubbery, — and beyond the garden he saw a patch of woods; noiselessly he dropped from the wagon. The driver, a big fellow, with a wide straw hat, happening to turn his head at the moment, was astonished to see what passenger he had been carrying. In the next instant, Red Fox had disappeared.

Darting through the currant bushes and tall hollyhock clumps of the garden, he presently gained the trees, which proved to be but a narrow belt of woodland. Beyond the woodland was an open pasture field, full of hillocks and knolls, and dotted with red cattle feeding peacefully. Very near, however, and straight ahead across the pasture, he saw the mountains. They were rough with rocky shoulders, and dark with pine, — very dark and safe-looking; and there, said his heart, was where he must be.

Then he pressed on, ever climbing, till he came out

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upon a jutting cape of rock, and found himself in a wilderness to his heart's desire, — a rugged turbulence of hills and ravines where the pack and the scarlet hunters could not come.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What trick did Red Fox perform to throw the hounds off the scent?
2. Why did it fail to bring about his escape?
3. How did the fox finally escape from his bloodthirsty pursuers?
4. What is the meaning of "The hounds were less noisy now, having no breath to spare for music"?
5. Were you glad or sorry when Red Fox escaped? Why?
6. What good thing has Mr. Roberts done in telling the story of Red Fox?
7. What should this story make us think about "the other side of the case" when we are about to engage in some cruel sport?

Charles George Douglas Roberts, the author of "Red Fox," is a Canadian poet and writer of fine stories of animals. He was born in Douglas, New Brunswick, Canada, in 1860. Mr. Roberts is also the author of an excellent history of Canada.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

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THE SONG OF STEAM

GEORGE W. CUTTER

This song was written by George W. Cutter, an American poet who was born in Massachusetts in 1801, and who died in 1865. Steam is the great power that runs most of the machinery of the world to-day and which does nearly all of our work, and the poet imagines that it sings this song.

The Steam tells how for ages it lay hidden from man, and that it hid away and laughed at man's puny strength. The power of steam had always existed, but man did not know it. Many men had tried to put a harness on Steam, but it remained for a Scotchman named James Watt to conquer and harness this great power. It must not be thought that James Watt was the first man who ever made an engine that would run by steam. There were others before him. But his engine was the first really successful one. It is said that when Watt was a boy, he noticed the steam lifting the lid of his mother's teakettle. It made him think that if so small a kettle of steam had so much power, a great boiler would have power enough to do very heavy work if he could only harness the steam in it. The mighty engines that run our railroad trains and drive the great ships are the result of his invention. He harnessed and made a willing slave of the giant that had laughed at man for centuries.

To read the story, you must imagine that you are the Spirit of Steam, long ago, hiding from men and laughing at man's boast of power. Think how you laughed at armies marching so slowly and bragging that they had marched fifteen miles a day when you could have taken them three hundred miles in the same time!

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How you laughed at the slow sailing ships that men thought fast! At the little work men could do in a day with their hands!

Think of how you laughed at men's idea of speed, knowing all the time how you could drive a car or a ship if you were only given a chance!

But finally they found you! How you rushed to your "throne" (the cylinder of the engine) and gloated when you showed men what you could do!

You showed men that "time — space" yield to your power. For you crowded into five days the weary weeks that it took a sailing ship to cross the Atlantic. You crowded into four days the months of snail-like crawling that it took to cross the United States. The world was yours! You were master of man's work!

The whales and the sharks ran from you, afraid. You went down into deep mines, shoved the men aside, and showed them how to do real work. You brought water from afar and distributed it everywhere to the thirsty millions in the city. (Think of this the next time you turn a water faucet to get a drink.)

You blew the bellows, you hammered the ore, and forged the steel. You did everything that man had to do by hand before he harnessed you.

You never tired, for you had no muscles to grow weary, no brain to waste away.

And at last, you hope to become so perfect in your power and your work that man —

> ". . . may 'go and play,'
> While you manage this world yourself."

The next time you see a great locomotive pulling a long, heavy train, think of this story, and play that you are *Steam* — roaring along in your power.

Learn the meaning of the following words before studying the poem:

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puny: small, weak.
wayward breeze: the breeze that might choose to blow in any direction, perhaps the wrong one.
tardy wheel: a slow, lazy wheel always behind time in the work it might do in stronger hands.
panting courser: a panting, tired riding horse.
courier dove: a carrier pigeon bearing a message.
orient floods: the eastern seas.

The Song of Steam

1

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

2

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar; —

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3

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove —
As he bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love —
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying oar.

4

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

5

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain's steep decline,
Time — space — have yielded to my power —
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers, the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine:

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6

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his god-like mind,
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

7

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

8

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

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9

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who is singing this song?
2. At what did Steam laugh till he was harnessed?
3. What is meant by "the thunder-blast" that he gave when he mounted his "throne"?
4. What wondrous changes came with Steam? Make a list of those you know.
5. What things (stanza 5) yielded to the power of Steam?
6. What evidences of the power of Steam are mentioned in stanza 6?
7. How does Steam dig out coal and metals for man?
8. What things that Steam does are mentioned in stanza 8?
9. Does he now wait till Saturday night to put in print all of his doings? Why not?
10. Why does Steam never get tired?
11. What does Steam at last expect to do? What does he mean by this, and how can he do it? Have you ever seen a great press print daily papers? Could the workman who runs it start it and go away for an hour and let Steam run it alone?
12. Why does he repeat the caution about the harness of iron bands, the curb, and the rein? Why is Steam a dangerous power if not properly controlled?

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SILAS MARNER AND LITTLE EPPIE

GEORGE ELIOT

Have you ever thought that only a century and a half ago, all kinds of cloth, now made in great factories and with hardly the touch of a hand, were made on hand looms and wholly by "hand"? Even the cloth in the robes of kings and queens was woven by hand on these small looms. In all European countries, there were many thousands of weavers who, on such looms in their homes, wove cloth for the markets of the world; but the invention of the steam engine (1769), the spinning jenny (1767), and the power loom changed all that, and the poor weaver of cloth, with his hand loom, had to "go out of business."

The following selection is taken from the long story, "Silas Marner," which was written by George Eliot, an English novelist. To understand the selection, you should know something of the longer story.

Silas Marner, according to George Eliot's story, was a poor young English weaver in the days when all kinds of cloth were made on hand looms. There came to him a sorrow so great that he wanted to go away from every one he had ever known. So he left his native village, and in an old stone cottage near the village of Raveloe, he set up his loom and began again his life as a weaver.

In his lonely cottage, his heart full of bitterness towards all the world because of his sorrow, he toiled day and night at his loom. He spoke to no one unless it was necessary. He brooded over his wrongs and hated everything except the shining gold and silver for which he sold the cloth that he wove.

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Every one must have something to love; and as Silas Marner hated the world, his heart turned to his money. This he loved as only a miser loves his yellow gold. Under his loom, he removed some bricks and beneath it made a hiding place for his treasure. At night, with doors closed and windows darkened, he would get out his bags of yellow coins and count them over and over and gloat over them as only a true miser can.

But one night while Silas was in the village, a thief broke into the stone cottage, and the weaver came home to find his treasure stolen. The savings of a lifetime were gone.

The discovery of his loss almost unbalanced his mind. When he realized that his precious treasure was gone, he screamed in agony. From that time on, he thought only of his lost yellow gold.

A few weeks after Silas Marner's treasure was stolen, a poor woman carrying in her arms her little golden-haired daughter was lost in a great storm and perished in the snow near Silas's cottage. But the little girl, seeing the light in the cottage, toddled towards it. Into the cottage she went, and sat down on the hearth before the warm fire, where she fell asleep.

Silas, dreaming of his lost gold, had not heard her enter. Finally he walked over to his fireplace. There on the hearth, to his astonishment, he saw the yellow of his lost gold. He stooped to run his hands through it, but found instead the golden ringlets of Little Eppie, the tiny girl who had wandered in from her mother, dead in the snow.

The story that you are about to read will tell you how Silas Marner, in Eppie's golden hair, found his lost yellow gold, and how in his care of her and his love for her, he found again his lost joy of living.

As you read the story, try hard to see all that it tells you.

Try to see Silas Marner as he works at his loom, as he broods over his sorrow, and as he counts over his yellow gold.

Picture the poor mother in the storm and Little Eppie as she

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wanders through the snow and into the cottage, and imagine how her yellow hair on the hearth looked like the miser's lost gold.

Imagine Silas Marner when he sees her and mistakes her hair for his lost treasure.

You cannot fail to see the picture of Silas Marner, the weaver who had lost his treasure and found it again in the little golden-haired girl, playing with her among the wild flowers of the meadow, listening to a bird's song and pretending that they are keeping still lest the bird may not sing again, while the little girl straightens her small back and laughs and gurgles when it does sing.

Read over these names and words with their meanings first, so that you may not miss any of the story:

Raveloe (răv'ē-lō): the town where Silas Marner lived.
pallid: pale.
solitude: loneliness; absence of other persons.
pulsation: here, meaning that he did not really *live*, but that his heart beat on with no desire but for gold.
guineas (gĭn'ĭz): English pieces of gold money worth $5.11.
half-crowns: English pieces of silver money worth 60.8 cents each.
torpor: unconsciousness.
trance: partial unconsciousness.
automatically: done from force of habit.
instinctive: without thought or reasoning.

Silas Marner and Little Eppie

Part I

In the days when the spinning wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses, and when even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning wheels of polished oak, there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the

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hills, certain scattered linen weavers, pallid, undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race.

In the early years of this century, such a linen weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone pit. And Raveloe was a village which lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England. But it was nestled in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach horn or of public opinion.

When Silas Marner first came to Raveloe, he was simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted brown eyes; but he had known disappointment and he still walked in the shadow of a great sorrow. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship towards the strangers he had come among, and the future was all dark. Thought was arrested by utter bewilderment, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom, and he went on with this, never asking himself why he worked far on into the night after he came to Raveloe. He seemed to weave like a spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. His hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye

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with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort.

At last the table linen was finished, and Silas was paid in gold. Now, for the first time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; no man expected a share of them, and he loved no man that he should offer him a share. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and to look at their bright faces, which were all his own. The weaver's hand had known the touch of hard-won money even before the palm had grown to its full breadth, and now as he walked homeward across the fields in the twilight, he drew out the money and thought it was brighter in the gathering gloom.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns, grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving — looking towards the end of his pattern, or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money

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had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and color were like the satisfying of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. Strangely, Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing, which was very small, like tiny grains, and for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him "Old Master Marner."

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This is the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouth! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing the shillings and the sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver, — the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half earned by the work in his loom — thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life,

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which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving.

One dark, rainy night, when a thief closed the door of the weaver's cottage, and stepped forward into the darkness carrying in his hands two thick leather bags filled with gold, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat, and with a lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease. What thief would find his way to the stone-pits on such a night as this? And why should he come on this particular night, when he had not come through all the fifteen years before?

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. He opened his door, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The

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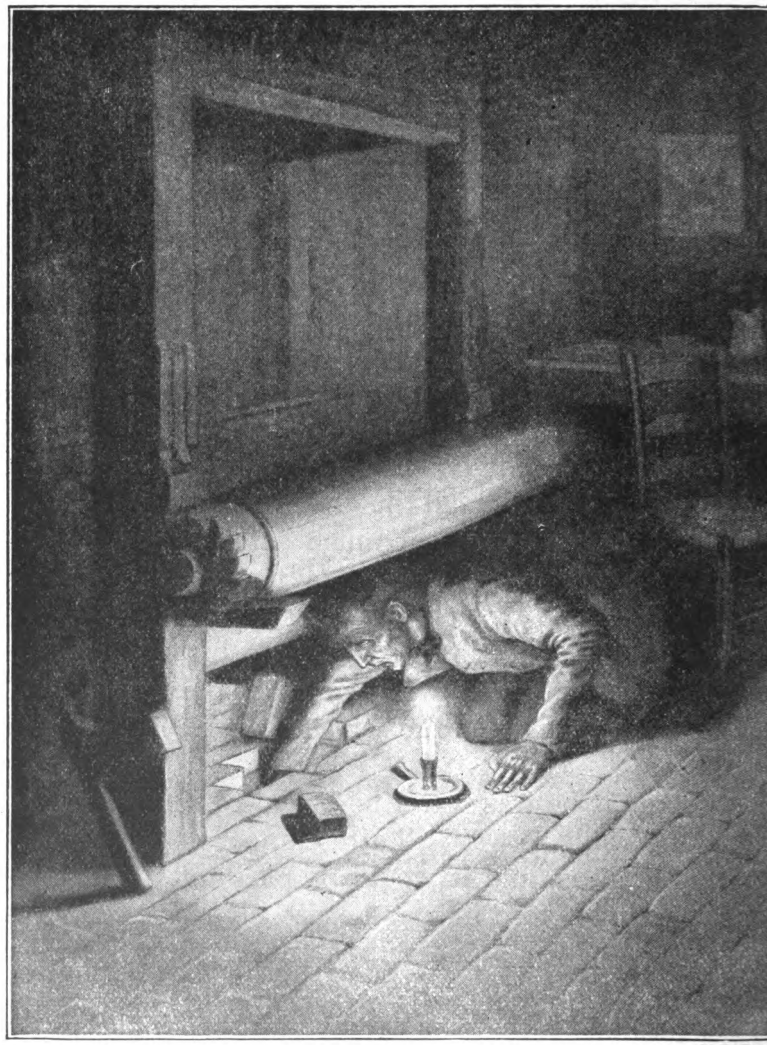

C. E. Brock

HE PLACED HIS CANDLE UNSUSPECTINGLY ON THE FLOOR AND REMOVED THE BRICKS

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sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once — only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let the candle fall, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over and shook it; he looked in his brick-oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him, — looked all round his dwelling, seemed to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage, and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, a cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry

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had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

Part II

One dark stormy night a few weeks after Silas Marner's money was stolen, a young wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms. She walked on and on under the breaking clouds, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing to lie down and sleep. She sank down against a bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and she did not heed whether the child would awake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last; the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little

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peevish cry of "Mamma" and an effort to regain the pillowing arm; but Mamma's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running towards it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back — toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little

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golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate, half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his house? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the stone pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only their friendly way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only

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to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while — there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide, trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it, but he did not close it: he stood in a trance, like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or the evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he closed his door unaware of any change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push the logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger be-

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neath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell down on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. Was it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed the logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision — it only lighted up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge?

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into cries of "Mamma." Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

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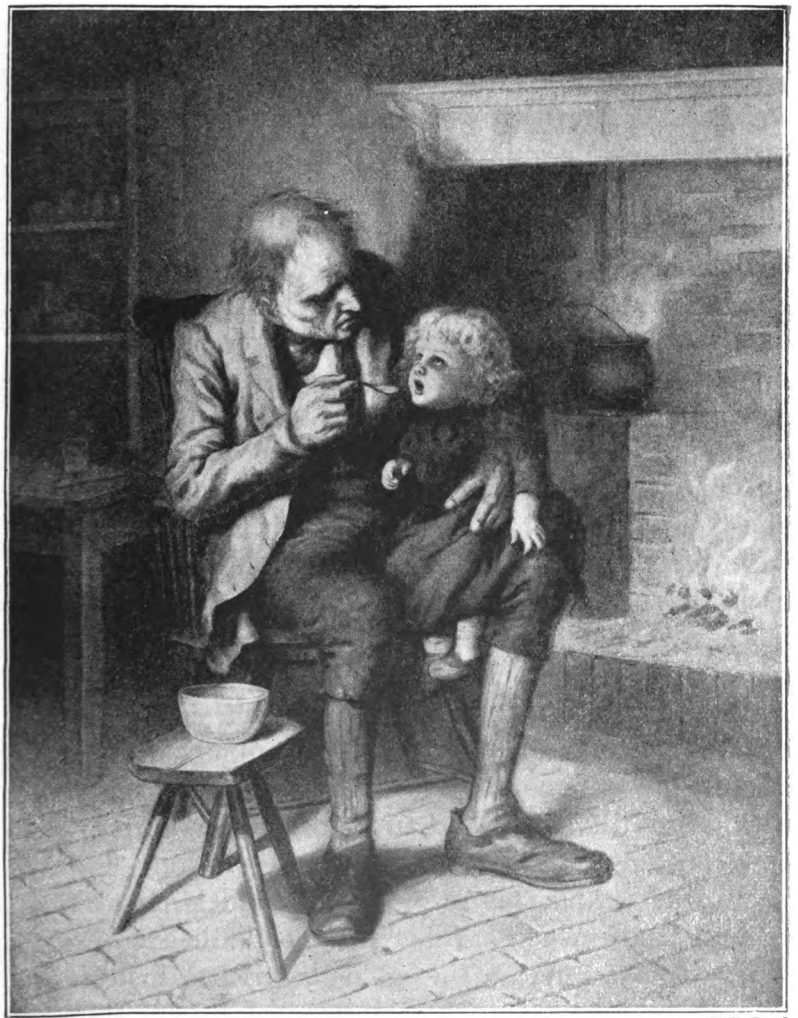

C. E. Brock

THE PORRIDGE MADE HER LIFT HER BLUE EYES WITH A WIDE QUIET GAZE AT SILAS, AS HE PUT THE SPOON INTO HER MOUTH

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He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knees again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and Baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery, too.

And Silas Marner was trembling with an emotion, mysterious to him, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance he could only have said: "My money is gone, I don't know where, and this pretty little child is come from I don't know where. This little child has come instead of the gold — the gold has turned into the child."

But Silas soon learned the terrible truth; the little girl's mother was dead, frozen to death in the cold white

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snow. When Silas learned this, he said: "I shall keep her till some one shows that he has a right to take her away from me." So Silas kept the little girl and called her Eppie, lavishing on her the affection he had formerly given only to his gold. As the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually. Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds and living movements, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the midday, or the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the stone pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where they could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling Daddy's attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again, so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know of her.
2. How was cloth made in olden times? What inventions changed all this? Tell how cloth is made now.
3. Who was Silas Marner?
4. Into what kind of man had sorrow changed him? What only did he love?
5. What became of his gold?
6. What other gold came in its place?
7. Tell how Eppie took the place of the lost gold in the heart of Silas Marner.
8. Read aloud the description of the vain search for the gold.
9. Was Silas Marner fortunate or unfortunate when he lost his gold and found Eppie? Give reasons for your answer.

Mary Ann Evans was born in the Midlands of England in 1819. She did not begin writing for the public until she was over thirty years old. Her pen name was George Eliot. Charles Dickens was the first to guess the new writer to be a woman. Her "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "Romola" are remarkably interesting. Her books are for older readers but all children enjoy the story of Little Eppie. She died in London in 1880.

The sunset was gilding his low little room
When the weaver awoke from his dream at the loom,
And close at his knee saw a dear little head
Alight with long curls, — she was living, not dead, —
His pride and his treasure.

ALICE CARY

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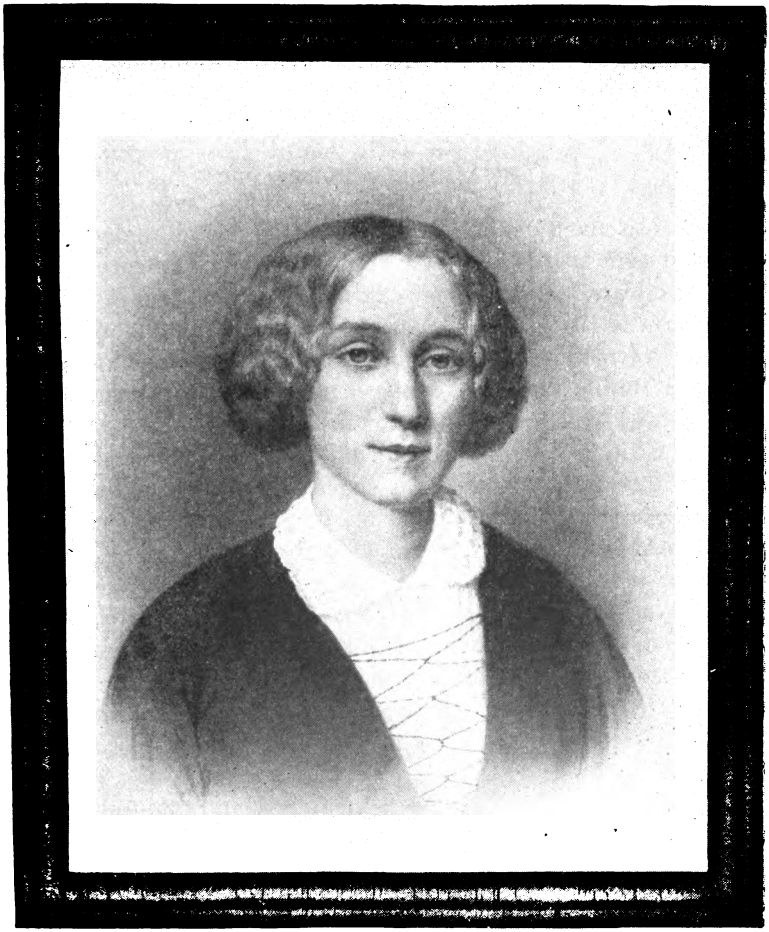

GEORGE ELIOT

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CUDDLE DOON

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

There is so much delightful reading in the Scotch dialect, if we may call it such, that it will pay you to learn to read a Scotch poem. Unless you learn to read to some extent the Scotch dialect, or the Scotch form of the English language, you will be deprived always of the joy of reading and of understanding the wonderful poems of Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet. Robert Burns is the only poet who ever wrote in the English language whose birthday (January 25th) is celebrated in all large cities all over the world wherever the English language is spoken. So you see that, if so many people love to read his poems, it must be worth while to learn to read the Scotch dialect in which he wrote.

You know what "cuddle" means. And you will at once see that "doon" means *down*. So you see that the Scotch words are very like the English words of the same meaning.

This poem tells a sweet story of a good Scotch mother who is putting to bed her three little boys, her "bairnies," which means babies or little children. They are named Jamie, Rab (Robert), and Tam (Tom).

Jamie, Rab, and Tam have been put to bed, and told to "cuddle doon." They are like all small boys who sleep together, and they refuse to go to sleep, but instead indulge in "mickle faucht and din," which just means much playful fighting and noise. You have often done the same thing yourselves.

The mother, to quiet the "waukrife rogues," or wakeful rascals, threatens them with their father's coming. But boy-like, they pay no attention. Then she tries to "froon" (frown)

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at them, but the little rascals are so cunning that she " haps them up," or gathers them into her loving arms, hugs them, covers them up, and again begs them to " cuddle doon."

Just at this time, Jamie remembers that he is hungry, and calls out, " I want a piece ! " Then the other boys join in and also want " a piece." The good mother " rins " (runs) and brings them " pieces " and drinks. The pieces " stap awee " (stop a bit) the " soun' " (sound or noise). Then she again begs them to " cuddle doon," and go to sleep.

But after a silence of five minutes, " wee Rab " (little Rob) demands that she make Tam " gie ower kittlin' wi' his taes " (quit tickling with his toes). She makes Tam, who is very mischievous, quit tickling Rab with his toes, and again for a time all is quiet.

Then the rascals hear their father's " fit " (footstep), and turn their faces to the wall and pretend to be sound asleep.

The tired father comes in and asks, " Hae a' the weans been gude? " (Have all the children been good?)

The good mother, always ready to find excuses for them when they are in trouble, but well knowing that the mischievous rascals are only pretending to be asleep, tells him that —

" The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

The father " pits aff his shoon " (puts or takes off his shoes), and the parents prepare for bed. But before they go to bed themselves, they go to take a last good-night look at the " bairnies." Despite all their fighting and disputing, the children are now really asleep with their arms around each other.

The fond mother " straiks each croon " (strokes lovingly each head), and with tears of love whispers, " O, bairnies, cuddle doon ! "

Then she thinks that her dear babies who " cuddled doon at nicht " (night) will soon grow up to be men and have to meet

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the " big warl's cark and care " (the big world's worry and care), which will " quaten doon (quiet down) their glee." And as she herself goes to bed, she prays that " He who sits aboon " (above) will, when life is over for her dear boys, whisper gently to them, who are also His children, —

" O, bairnies, cuddle doon ! "

The meanings of the following Scotch words are easy to understand and remember because most of them are very like the English words:

bairnies: babies, little children.
cuddle doon: lie down and go to sleep.
waukrife rogues: mischievously wakeful rascals.
gie a froon: give a frown.
hap them up: " tucks them in," covers them up.
curley heid: curly head.
wa': wall.
rin: run.
weanies: little ones.
wee: little.
oot: out.
frae: from.
claes: clothes.
mither: mother.
gie ower at ance: quit at once.
kittlin' wi' his taes: tickling with his toes.
toon: town.
aye: always.
fit: foot or footsteps.
steeks the door: shuts the door.
awee: a little while.
hae: have.
a': all.
pits aff his shoon: puts off his shoes.
lang: long
bed oursels: go to bed ourselves.
oor: our.
airm: arm.
straik each croon: stroke each crown or head.
nicht: night.
big warl's cark and care: big world's worry and care.
quaten doon their glee: quiet down their glee.
ilka ane: every one.
aboon: above.
pows be bauld: heads (or polls) be bald.

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Cuddle Doon

1

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
  Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
  Your faither's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak:
  I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

2

Wee Jamie wi' the curley heid —
  He aye sleeps next the wa' —
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece";
  The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
  They stop awee the soun',
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
  "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

3

But, ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
  Cries oot, frae' 'neath the claes,
"Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance
  He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
  He'd bother half the toon;
But aye I hap them up and cry,
  "O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

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4

At length they hear their faither's fit;
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

5

An', just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An', as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

6

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is this story about?
2. In what dialect, or form, of the English language is it told? In what country is the dialect spoken? Look it up on your map of the British Empire.
3. Who are the children in the story? Tell of their mischief when they are put to bed.
4. Why should we learn the Scotch dialect? Who was the great Scotch poet?
5. Show, by telling the story, that you have understood and enjoyed it.

Work a little, sing a little,
Whistle and be gay;
Read a little, play a little,
Busy every day;
Talk a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray;
Be a bit of sunshine
All the blessed day.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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THE BAREFOOT BOY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Almost all boys and girls have wished that the days — the long, long days of boyhood and girlhood — would hurry by so that they could be grown-up men and women. And almost all men and women have wished that the years might turn backward so that they could be boys and girls again. All of these boys and girls, and also men and women, seem unable to enjoy *to-day*, whether it be a to-day of boyhood or girlhood or a to-day of manhood or womanhood.

Every man, however, *knows* that there will never again be in his life days so carefree and so joyous as the happy days of his boyhood, the days when, barefooted and in "turned-up pantaloons," he and his comrades explored the country around their homes. In this well-beloved poem, Whittier has expressed the longing which we all feel for the lost joys of our childhood.

Few men have ever lived so beautiful and so good a life as that of John Greenleaf Whittier. His life was so filled with good deeds that each passing day brought joy to him.

And yet, despite all this, he longed, —

> ". . . for boyhood's painless play,
> Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
> Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
> Knowledge never learned of schools,"

for all through his later life he was troubled with an illness that came from bad digestion. His wakeful nights made him wish for the quiet, perfect sleep of his boyhood, and for health that

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"mocked the doctor's rules." The hard work of manhood made him long for the boyhood joys of which he tells in this poem.

There were very many of these joys, for he owned the entire region around his home; he hunted wild flowers in the spring; he watched the flight of wild ducks and geese and pigeons; he dug out woodchucks; he stained his lips with wild berries; and he did a thousand other things so delightful that every June he was —

"Crowding years in one brief moon."

And when a happy boyhood day was done, and his kind mother gave him a big wooden bowl of bread and milk, he would take it from her loving hands, sit down —

"On the doorstep, gray and rude,"

and have a banquet such as men can never have. In his later years, he had been the guest of honor at fine banquets, in great rooms as beautiful as artists can make them. But these great rooms were poor and common beside his banquet hall where he ate his bread and milk at sunset when he was a "barefoot boy." What a banquet hall it was! Listen to his description of it, and compare it with any banquet hall ever made by man. He says, —

"O'er me, like a regal tent, — (a *king's* tent)
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold."

See the pictures as you read this, and compare them with any dining room on earth! Picture his great "sky-tent." Picture the curtains of his banquet room! And what was his orchestra, in this great banquet hall? Why, —

". . . for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra."

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Can you hear the music of the frogs?

And how did his orchestra get the light to read its music? Why, from the fireflies, of course; for, —

> " . . . to light the noisy choir,
> Lit the fly his lamp of fire."

No wonder that he says, —

> " I was monarch: pomp and joy
> Waited on the barefoot boy! "

And so, in his old age, the poet came to know and to appreciate how great were the joys he had known when he was a " barefoot boy," — joys which, while a boy, he thought very little about, but just " took them for granted." And wishing, in his old age, that some one, long ago, had told him what a wonderful thing it is to be a boy, he says to every boy, —

> " Cheerily, then, my little man,
> Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
> Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
> Ere it passes, barefoot boy! "

Do not fail to see the wonderful pictures in the poem. If you live in the country, there are similar pictures all around you every day. There are sixteen wonderful pictures in the second stanza and eleven in the third stanza. It was all so wonderful that, —

> " All the world I saw or knew
> Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
> Fashioned for a barefoot boy! "

In stanza 4, be sure to see all the details of his wonderful banquet hall, with its purple cloud-curtains fringed with gold and " looped " by the evening winds; hear his orchestra of frogs; and see the fireflies carrying about their "lamps of fire."

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Let this good old Quaker poet teach you to know and appreciate the joys of childhood, and to "know thy joy ere it passes."

Before trying to see the pictures in the poem, you should study carefully the meanings of the following words:

Prince thou art: the barefoot boy is favored above all others.

the grown-up man only is republican: he is only *equal* to others, while the boy is a *prince*, above others in joy.

trudging (trŭj'ĭng): walking.

boyhood's painless play: Whittier in manhood always knew pain, even when most joyous. As a boy he did not even think about it.

Health that mocks the doctor's rules: Whittier had to be careful of his diet, or what he ate. But a "barefoot boy" can eat and enjoy any kind of food.

Knowledge never learned of schools: the knowledge that a boy "picks up" in his play, as shown in lines 17–27, p. 179, and lines 1–12, p. 180.

architectural plans of gray hornet artisans (är-kĭ-tĕk'tūr-ăl, är'tĭ-zănz): referring to the wonderful way in which a hornet's nest is built. An "architect" is one who plans buildings. An "artisan" is a skilled workman.

eschewing (ĕs-chōō'ĭng): doing without, laying aside.

part and parcel of her joy (pär'sĕl): a boy is an actual part of "Nature's joy," and like a "parcel," is "bound up" with it.

one brief moon: one short month, June.

sand-rimmed pickerel pond: the pond, with sandy shores, where he fished for pickerel.

walnut slopes: hillsides where walnut trees grew.

Apples of Hesperides (hĕs-pĕr'ĭ-dēz): In old Greek stories, the Hesperides were three nymphs (nĭmfs), or beautiful girls, who were set to guard the golden apples which Gæa (jē'ȧ, the Earth) planted in the gardens of Hera, the goddess, as a wedding gift. Of course, Whittier means that the apples in the orchard were "golden apples" to a "barefoot boy."

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my horizon (hŏ-rī′zŭn): All that he is able to see and understand.

fashioned for a barefoot boy: made just for a barefoot boy's particular pleasure.

festal dainties: the good things to eat at a feast.

a regal tent: a king's tent (the evening sky, with sunset coloring).

pied frogs: spotted frogs.

I was monarch: the barefoot boy ruled over all his surroundings.

pomp and joy waited on the barefoot boy: all the grandeur of the sunset, the orchestra of frogs, the fireflies to give light, — everything in nature's banquet hall, — "waited on" him just as the richly dressed courtiers wait on a king.

new-mown sward: new-mown surface of the land.

first baptisms of the dew: the dew on the boy's bare feet likened to the baptizing of a person, — a holy ceremony.

prison cells of pride: shoes.

mills of toil: the hard work of life likened to an old-fashioned treadmill.

ceaseless moil: drudgery, hard labor, toil.

forbidden ground: the place where wrong things are done.

quick and treacherous sands of sin: quicksand is a kind of wet sand that catches and holds the feet of one who steps into it. Then he sinks deeper and deeper until he is lost. The same with the "sands of sin."

The Barefoot Boy

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;

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With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,

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Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,

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Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet

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Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Are you in a hurry to be a man or a woman? Why?
2. Read aloud the first 8 lines to describe the barefoot boy.
3. Why is line 4, p. 179, so sad a statement?
4. Why is a boy a "prince" and a man a "republican"? The poet says that the barefoot boy is a true prince because he thinks that everything really belongs to him, and that the grown-up man "*only is republican*" because he knows that he is no better and no more important than any one else.
5. Who are the "million-dollared"?
6. Why is the barefoot boy the richer of the two?
7. In lines 13–16, p. 179, what does Whittier long for again? Why? Explain the meaning of the lines.

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8. Read aloud the "knowledge never learned of schools" in lines 17–28, p. 179, and lines 1–11, p. 180.
9. Why does the barefoot boy not need books to get this knowledge? Lines 6–9, p. 180.
10. What is meant by "Part and parcel of her joy"?
11. Explain "Crowding years in one brief moon." What month is meant? Why does he mention this particular month?
12. How was he "master" of all the wonderful things of June? How did they "wait for" him?
13. What things seemed to exist just for him? Lines 16–28, p. 180, and lines 1–6, p. 181.
14. What things seemed to belong only to him?
15. Show how the barefoot boy really owned all of the wild flowers and squirrels and humming birds.
16. If he had really owned them, and had shut them away from all other people, why could he not have enjoyed them more?
17. What does the poet mean by "as my horizon grew"?
18. Describe a banquet hall made by man.
19. Describe the barefoot boy's banquet hall by reading aloud lines 11–20, p. 181. Explain each line.
20. What was his "orchestra"?
21. What furnished the lights of the orchestra and the banquet hall?
22. What does "I was monarch" mean?
23. What things "waited on" him?
24. What warning does he give to boys in the first two lines of the last stanza?
25. What are "stubble-spears"? Why does he mention them?
26. What are "prison cells of pride"? Why does he call them this?
27. What will soon come to the bare feet of the boy? Lines 2–7, p. 182.
28. What does the poet hope will never happen to the "bare feet"? Lines 8–11, p. 182. Explain their meaning.
29. What do the last two lines of the poem tell you?

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IN SCHOOL DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This is a very famous and beloved poem. Oliver Wendell Holmes, soon after the publication of this poem, wrote the author congratulating him on having written the greatest schoolboy poem in the English language. It tells a very sweet story of the poet Whittier as a little boy in a country school, and of a little girl, who " went above him " by spelling correctly a word which he had missed in the old-fashioned spelling class.

Now let us try to picture the scene of the story.

Read the first four stanzas slowly, trying to see the pictures.

First, let us see a little, old, unpainted country schoolhouse, looking like a " ragged beggar sunning " himself beside the road. Try to see it as it looks on the outside.

Now let us go inside the schoolhouse.

Here is the " master's desk," with the dents in its surface where he had rapped loudly for order, when the boys and girls were noisy.

The floor is made of wide boards, much warped. The seats, made of common boards or of slabs with legs in them, are badly battered, and here are initials which the boys have cut into them with their jackknives.

On the wall are " charcoal frescoes," or rude pictures drawn by the boys with pieces of charcoal from the old stove.

And under the door is an old sill, deeply worn by feet that crept in when school was called, but which " went storming out to play." Do you think that was about the way the boys and girls acted?

Now to complete the scene, let us get the time of the year and of the day.

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Shut your eyes and try to see the schoolhouse, and a " winter sun " setting at four o'clock, and lighting up the small window-panes, and also the icicles that hung from the eaves of the old schoolhouse.

Now have you imagined all this? Read over again silently the first four stanzas, and try hard to see all these pictures.

The children are loitering in groups along the snowy road on their way home, — all except a little girl and a little boy. The little boy is supposed to be the boy Whittier, and the little girl had " passed above him " that day in the spelling class.

Now read stanzas 5, 6, 7, and 8, and try to see the little girl, with tangled golden curls and eyes full of tears, as she stands fingering her blue-checked apron. Stanzas 6 and 7 tell what the boy Whittier was doing meanwhile. Try to see him pushing the snow back and forth with his restless feet. Try to think why he had —

> " His cap pulled low upon a face
> Where pride and shame were mingled."

It was considered cause for shame in the old-time school to miss a word in the spelling class and to have some one spell it correctly and " go above you." The boys and girls stood in a long row or line, and at the left end of the line as the teacher looked at the class, was the " head of the class." The spelling began at the " head " and went down the class, the teacher pronouncing a word to each pupil. If a scholar missed a word, it passed on to the next, and so on till some one spelled it correctly, when that scholar walked proudly in front of those who had missed it and took his place above them in the class.

So you see that young Whittier had missed a word that day, and the little girl had spelled it correctly and had " gone above him."

Read again stanza 8, and try to see what the little girl does.

Then read stanza 9, and try to hear what she says, and to see her as she says it.

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All this happened a great many years before Mr. Whittier wrote the poem. At the time this poem was written, the little girl had been dead for forty years.

She had been sorry that she had spelt the word and she had hated to go above him.

But "in life's hard school," he had found that few who pass above him in the successes of life lament their triumph and his loss, —

"Like her, — because they love him."

Now read over the whole story silently, and try to see all of it just as if you were watching a moving picture. That is what silent reading really is.

But when you read it aloud to the class, try to *tell* it to the class just as if you were telling them the story of a moving picture that you had seen.

Study the meanings of the following words before reading the poem:

sumachs (sū'măks): a kind of tree.

icy fretting: ornamental work such as carving. Here it means the icicles hanging from the eaves.

singled: chose from others; selected from a number.

fingered: touched with the fingers; played with.

Lament their triumph and his loss: to express sorrow for their own success and his failure.

In School Days

1

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are running.

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2

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

3

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

4

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western windowpanes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

5

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

6

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled:
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

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7

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

8

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

9

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

10

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

11

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who is the little boy in this story supposed to be?
2. Describe the schoolhouse. Why did it look like "a ragged beggar sunning"? Have you ever seen a sumach shrub or small tree? Try to imagine the schoolhouse, the sumachs, and the blackberry vines.
3. Tell how the schoolhouse looked inside. What were "raps official"? Try to see the old teacher rapping for order.
4. What is the meaning of the last two lines of stanza 3?
5. Describe the little girl.
6. How did she hurt the pride of the little boy? Tell what "passing above" meant then.
7. What time of day was it? Where were most of the children? Why had the little girl waited? What did she do as she stood there? What did the boy do while standing there? Answer by reading aloud stanza 7. Why was he so ashamed and hurt?
8. Describe her embarrassment as she waited, afraid to speak. Answer by reading aloud stanza 8.
9. What is meant by "life's hard school"? How, in "life's hard school," could anybody "pass above him"? If some other poet could write better poems than Whittier, would that other poet be likely to lament his triumph over Whittier?
10. What became of the little girl?
11. How did those who "passed above" him in "life's hard school," differ from his little girl friend?

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

WILLIAM COWPER

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THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

In this famous and beloved fairy story, Miss Mulock (the name by which Dinah Maria Mulock Craik signed her stories) tells us: — "If any reader, big or little, should wonder whether there is a meaning in this story deeper than that of an ordinary fairy tale I will own that there is. But I have hidden it so carefully that the smaller people, and even many of the larger ones, will never find it."

Now we should hardly be willing, should we, to let Miss Mulock prove, by our failure to find it, that we cannot find the hidden meaning?

First, this story is a very delightful fairy tale, if read just as a fairy tale. But before you read the story, we shall give you a hint of what may be the hidden meaning, so that you may look for it as you read.

In the story a little prince, who is to be king and who has prospects of being "as happy as a king," is hurt so that he will never be able to use his legs again. You will surely admit that that was a very great misfortune.

Then his uncle, who was Regent (which means a person who rules when a king is not old enough to rule), had the poor little lad taken away into a desert place, and with only a nurse for company, imprisoned in the top of a tall tower, from which he was never to escape.

You will surely admit that that was being plunged from fine prospects into deep unhappiness.

His name was "Prince Dolor," which means "Prince Sorrow,"

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and surely this was a good name for the poor lad. The name had been given to him by a little old gray woman, who was a fairy in disguise.

One day she came to the tower to see the sorrowful little lad and she gave him a " traveling cloak," which, if he wished it, would take him sailing off anywhere he wanted to go.

The " traveling cloak " helped him to hear a skylark's song and to bring the song home with him so that he could reproduce it at any time when he wanted to enjoy the sweet music. It brought him all the other *good* things that he wished, as you will find out in the story. By means of the " traveling cloak," he was able to forget all his sorrow, to become king, and to make his people happy, which is much more than most kings have been able to do.

Now what is the hidden meaning?

May it not be this? —

That each one of us in childhood is a little prince or princess, with every prospect of happiness. But sorrow comes, and we become Prince, or Princess, Dolor, and are imprisoned in the tower of our own unhappiness.

May not the " traveling cloak " be simply our making up our minds to be happy anyway and also to make others happy? Or maybe this wonderful cloak is only our imagination that helps us to *play* that we do wonderful things that we do not really do, as boys play that they are hunters or Indian scouts and girls play that they are Cinderella?

As you read the story, notice that after the godmother gave Prince Dolor the " traveling cloak," he laid it aside, and forgot all about it. So we, who have always a " traveling cloak " like Prince Dolor's, become miserable, and forget that at any time we can put on our " traveling cloak " and just imagine that we are hunters, or scouts, or Cinderellas, or any other delightful thing.

In short, despite all of our sorrows and griefs, every one of us has a " traveling cloak," by means of which we can, at any time, sail away into happiness, if we only want to do so.

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Now read the story of the Little Lame Prince and see what you think is the hidden meaning or the meaning that is intended to help us. If the hidden meanings that we have suggested do not suit you, try to find others for yourselves.

You will miss something in the story unless you learn what these words mean:

christening (krĭs″n-ĭng): the baptizing and naming of a baby.

placid (plăs′ĭd): calm, quiet.

heralds: men who call out news at the court of a king.

pages: pretty boy servants at a king's court.

gentlemen-in-waiting: noblemen who wait on a king.

Dolores (dŏ-lō′rēz): the name of the queen. It means "sorrow."

"The King is dead! Long live the King!" When a king dies, his son or heir becomes king at that minute. So the people, in shouting this cry, mean that the *old* king is dead, and that they hope the *new* king may live long.

His Majesty: a king is thus referred to by his subjects.

Crown Prince: the eldest son of a king.

His Royal Highness: the king's eldest son is thus referred to.

The Little Lame Prince

Part I

Yes; he was the most beautiful Prince that had ever been born.

Of course, he being a prince, people said this; but it was really true. He was round and fat; in fact, a splendid baby; and everybody was exceedingly proud of him, especially his father and mother, the King and Queen of Nomansland.

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The only person that was not quite happy was the King's brother, who would have been king some day had the baby not been born. But he tried to seem pleased also; and let us hope that he succeeded.

The Prince's christening was to be a grand affair, for Nomansland, though I cannot point it out on any map, nor have I ever read of it in any history, was, I believe, much like our own or any other country.

As for the Palace, the only quiet place in it was the room in which the Prince's mother, the Queen, lay pale and placid. Nobody said she was ill, however, and, as she said nothing about it herself, and gave no trouble to anybody, no one thought much about her. All the world was absorbed in admiring the baby.

The christening day came at last, and it was as lovely as the Prince himself. By six o'clock in the morning, all the royal household had dressed itself in its very best; and then the little Prince was dressed in his best, — his magnificent christening robe. Soon the ceremony was over, and everybody was satisfied; except, perhaps, the little Prince himself, who moaned faintly in his christening robes, which nearly smothered him. In truth, though very few knew it, the Prince, in coming to the chapel, had met with a slight accident. His nurse had stumbled and had let him fall, just at the foot of the marble staircase. To be sure, she picked him up again the next minute, and the accident was so slight that it seemed hardly worth speaking of; consequently, nobody did speak of it.

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So, after a minute's pause, the procession moved on. Such a procession! Heralds in blue and silver; pages in crimson and gold; and a troop of little girls in dazzling white, carrying baskets of flowers, which they strewed all the way before the nurse and the child.

Thus, with the sun shining on them through the painted windows, they stood; the King and his train on one side, the Prince and his attendants on the other, as pretty a sight as had ever been seen out of fairyland.

"It is just like fairyland," whispered the oldest little girl to the next oldest, as she shook the last rose out of her basket; "and I think the only thing the Prince wants now is a fairy godmother."

"Does he?" said a shrill but soft and not unpleasant voice; and there was seen among the group of children somebody, — not a child, yet no bigger than a child, — somebody whom nobody had seen before, and who certainly had not been invited, for she had on no christening clothes.

She was a little old woman dressed all in gray. Her hair was gray, and her eyes also; even her complexion had a soft gray shadow over it. But there was nothing unpleasantly old about her, and her smile was as sweet and childlike as the baby smile which stole over the Prince's pale little face the instant she came near enough to touch him.

"Take care! Do not let the baby fall again."

The nurse started, flushing angrily.

"Who spoke to me? How did anybody know? — I

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mean, what business has anybody?" Then, frightened, but still speaking in a shrill tone, she said: "Old woman, you will be kind enough not to say 'the baby' but 'the Prince.' Keep away; His Royal Highness is just going to sleep."

"Nevertheless, I must kiss him; I am his godmother."

"You!" cried the nurse.

"You!!" repeated all the gentlemen-and the ladies-in-waiting.

"You!!!" echoed the heralds and pages; and they began to blow the silver trumpets in order to stop all further conversation.

The procession formed itself for returning, but on the topmost step of the marble stairs, and right in front of all, stood the little old woman clothed in gray.

She stretched herself on tiptoe by the help of her stick, and gave the little Prince three kisses.

"His Majesty must hear of this," said a gentleman-in-waiting.

"His Majesty will hear quite enough news in a minute or two," said the little old woman, sadly; and again stretching up to the little Prince, she kissed him on the forehead solemnly.

"Be called by a new name which nobody has ever thought of," said the little old woman. "Be Prince Dolor, in memory of your mother Dolores."

The great bell of the palace then began to toll. This bell was heard only on the death of some one of the royal family; and even then, it tolled only as many

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times as he or she was years old. They listened, mute and horror-stricken. Some one counted one — two — three — four — up to twenty-nine — just the Queen's age.

It was, indeed, the Queen. Her Majesty was dead! She had turned with her face to the window, whence she could just see the tops of the distant mountains, — the Beautiful Mountains, as they were called, — where she was born; so gazing, she had quietly died.

When the little Prince was carried back to his mother's room, there was no mother to kiss him; and, though he did not know it, there would be for him no mother's kiss any more.

As for his godmother, the little old woman in gray who had called herself so, whether she had melted into air, like her gown when they touched it, or whether she had flown out of the chapel window, or had slipped through the doorway among the bewildered crowd, nobody knew, nobody ever thought about her again.

It could not be said that the Prince missed his mother; children of his age cannot do that; but somehow after she died, everything seemed to go wrong with him. From a beautiful baby he became sickly and pale, seeming to have almost ceased growing, especially in his legs, which had been so fat and strong; for after the day of his christening, they began to wither and shrink; and when, as he got to be nearly a year old, his nurse tried to make him stand upon them, he only tumbled down.

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This happened so many times that at last people began to talk about it. "A Prince, and not able to stand on his own legs! What a dreadful thing! What a misfortune for the country!" they said.

Rather a misfortune to him also, poor little boy! But nobody seemed to think of that; and when his health began to revive and his body became larger and stronger, though his legs remained the same, people continued to speak of him in whispers, and with grave shakes of the head. Everybody knew, though nobody said it, that something was not quite right with the poor little Prince.

"Poor little man, he does his best, and he is not unhappy, — not half so unhappy as I, Brother," the King said to the Crown Prince one day. "If anything should befall me, I have appointed you as Regent. In case of my death, you will take care of my poor little boy?"

"Certainly, certainly; but do not let us imagine any such misfortune. I assure Your Majesty, everybody will assure you, that it is not in the least likely."

He knew, however, and everybody knew, that it was likely; and soon after, it actually did happen. The King died as suddenly and quietly as the Queen had done; and Prince Dolor was left without either father or mother, — as sad a thing as could happen, even to a Prince.

He was more than that now, though; he was a King. In Nomansland, as in other countries, the people were

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struck with grief one day, and they revived the next. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" was the cry that rang through the nation, and almost before his late Majesty had been laid to rest beside the Queen, crowds came thronging from all parts to the royal palace, eager to see the new monarch.

They did see him, — the Prince Regent took care that they should, — sitting on the floor of the council chamber, sucking his thumb; and when one of the gentlemen-in-waiting lifted him up and carried him — fancy, carrying a King! — to the chair of state, and put the crown on his head, he shook it off again, it was so heavy and uncomfortable. Sliding down to the foot of the throne, he began playing with the golden lions that supported it, stroking their paws and putting his tiny fingers into their eyes, and laughing — laughing as if he had at last found something to amuse him.

"There is a fine King for you!" said the first lord-in-waiting, who was a friend of the Prince Regent. "What a King! who to the last day of his life will have to be carried about like a baby; very unfortunate!"

The Crown Prince came forward, kissing the hilt of his sword, and said, "I swear to perform my duties as Regent, to take all care of His Royal Highness — His Majesty, I mean," — with a grand bow to the little child, — "and I will do my humble best to govern the country."

So the King and the Queen slept in peace, and Prince Dolor reigned over the land, — that is, his uncle did, —

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and everybody said what a fortunate thing it was for the poor little Prince to have such a clever uncle to take care of him.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who wrote this story? Tell what you know of her.
2. Tell who Prince Dolor was. Describe the beginning of his life.
3. Did it seem a beginning that promised happiness? Why?
4. What was his first misfortune? Do you think it a very sad one? Why?
5. What did his godmother name him? What does it mean?
6. What was his second misfortune? How great a misfortune was this loss?
7. What is a "Regent"? Who became Regent?
8. What do people mean when they cry: "The King is dead! Long live the King!"?
9. What kind of man was the Prince Regent?
10. How had the little prince's chances of being happy turned out by this time?
11. Why is it that you cannot find Nomansland on any map or read of it in any history?

Part II

Read over the meanings of these words before you read Part II:

ministers: men appointed by a king to carry out his wishes.

a state secret: a secret known only to the king and his ministers.

All things went on as usual, until one day the uncle, who really wished to be King himself, informed the

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ministers and the country at large that the young King was in failing health, and that it would be advisable to send him for a time to the Beautiful Mountains. But not long after he had obtained an order in the council to send the King away, the nation learned, without much surprise, that the poor little Prince — nobody ever called him King now — had gone on a much longer journey than to the Beautiful Mountains.

He had fallen ill on the road and had died within a few hours; at least, so declared the physician in attendance, and the nurse who had been sent to take care of him. They brought his coffin back in great state, and buried it by the side of his parents.

So, Prince Dolor was seen no more. The country went into deep mourning for him, and then forgot him, and his uncle reigned in his stead. His uncle accepted his crown and wore it with great dignity till the last, but whether he enjoyed it or not there is no evidence to show.

And what of the little lame Prince, whom everybody seemed so easily to have forgotten?

There were a few kind souls who had heard his sad story, and who had been familiar with his sweet ways; and many a time they sighed and said: "Poor Prince Dolor! Perhaps he is better where he is than even in the Beautiful Mountains."

They did not know — indeed, hardly anybody did know — that beyond the mountains, between them and the sea, lay a tract of barren, level country. Not a

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bush, not a tree, not a resting place for bird or beast, was in that dreary plain. In summer, the sunshine fell upon it hour after hour with a blinding glare; in winter, the winds and the rains swept over it unhindered, and the snow came down steadily, noiselessly, covering it from end to end in one great white sheet, which lay for days and weeks unmarked by a single footprint.

Not a pleasant place to live in; and nobody did live there, apparently. The only sign that human creatures had ever been near the spot was one large, round tower, nearly a hundred feet high, which rose up in the center of the plain, and which might be seen from any part of it, if there had been anybody to see it, which there never was. It rose right up out of the ground, as if it had grown of itself, like a mushroom. But it was not at all like a mushroom; on the contrary, it was very solidly built.

Whatever mystery there was about the tower, it and the sky and the plain kept their secret to themselves. And it was a very great secret indeed, — a state secret, which no one but so clever a man as the present King of Nomansland, Prince Dolor's uncle, would ever have thought of.

And what was the fact? Why, that the architect had planned a perfect little house divided into four rooms, within twenty feet of the top of the tower. Here was a complete dwelling eighty feet from the ground, and as inaccessible as a rook's nest on the top

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of a tree. A charming place to live in, if you once got up there and never wanted to come down again!

Inside, though nobody could have looked inside except a bird, and hardly even a bird flew past that lonely tower, — inside it was furnished with lots of books and toys, and everything that the heart of a child could desire; for its only inhabitant, except a nurse, of course, was a poor solitary child.

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, there had been seen crossing it a great, tall, black horse, ridden by a man, also big and equally black, carrying before him on the saddle a woman and a child. The woman was to inhabit the lonely tower with the child, and was allowed to live as long as the child lived, and no longer; for those who put him there were equally afraid of his dying and of his living. And yet he was only a little gentle boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile, and he was very tired with his long journey; and he was very helpless, too, with his small, shriveled legs, which could neither stand nor run away; for the little forlorn boy was Prince Dolor.

He had not died at all, nor had he been buried, either. His grand funeral had been a mere pretense, while he himself had been spirited away in charge of these two, the condemned woman and the black man. The black man was deaf and dumb, so he could neither hear nor tell anything.

When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain dangling from the top,

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W. D. Goldbeck

"A Great, Tall, Black Horse, Ridden by a Man, also Big and Equally Black"

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but dangling only halfway. The black man took from his saddlebag a sort of ladder arranged in pieces like a puzzle, fitted it together, and lifted it to meet the chain. Then he mounted to the top of the tower and let down from it a sort of a chair, in which the woman and the child placed themselves, and were drawn up, never to come down again as long as they lived. Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces again, and packed it in his saddlebag. He then mounted the horse and disappeared across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for him, appearing like a speck in the distance. He fastened his horse to the foot of the tower, and climbed up as before, laden with provisions and many other things. He always saw the Prince, so as to make sure that the child was alive and well, and then went away until the following month.

While his early childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. There was nobody to tease or ill-use him, and he was never ill. He played about from room to room, learned to crawl like a fly and jump like a frog, and to run about on all fours almost as fast as a puppy. In fact, he was very much like a puppy or a kitten, as thoughtless and as merry, hardly ever cross, though sometimes a little weary.

As he grew older, he occasionally liked to be quiet for a while, and then he would sit at the windows and watch the sky above and the ground below, with the storms sweeping over and the sunshine coming and

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going, and the shadows of the clouds running races across the blank plain.

By and by he began to learn lessons, not that his nurse had been ordered to teach him; she taught him partly to amuse herself, and partly because she thought it was about time that the child should receive instruction. She was not a stupid woman, and Prince Dolor was by no means a stupid boy; so they got on very well. It was a dull life, but he had never known any other; anyhow, he remembered no other, and he did not pity himself at all, not for a long time, till he grew to be quite a big little boy, and could read quite easily. Then he suddenly took to books, which the deaf-mute brought him from time to time, and these informed him of everything in the outside world, and filled him with an intense longing to see it.

From this time, a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin, and to shut himself up for hours without speaking; for his nurse hardly spoke, and whatever questions he asked beyond their ordinary daily life, she never answered. She had, indeed, been forbidden, on pain of death, to tell him anything about himself, who he was, or what he might have been.

One day he sat gazing out of the window upon the view outside, — the view that he had looked at every day and that he might look at for endless days more. He used to think that if he could only fly out of the window, up to the sky or down to the plain, how nice it would be!

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"I wish I had somebody to tell me about things," he said to himself. "Yes; I wish I had a person, a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want somebody — dreadfully, dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane; and twisting himself round, he saw — what do you think he saw?

A little woman, but as big as he himself might have been had his legs grown like those of other children; but she was not a child — she was an old woman. Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved; but she had the sweetest smile, the prettiest hands, and when she spoke, the softest voice imaginable.

"My dear little boy — my own little boy, I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me; but now that you do want me I am here."

"And you are very welcome, Madam," replied the Prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always did in books. "May I ask who you are? Perhaps my mother?"

"No," said the visitor; "no; I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine; and you are as like her as ever you can be."

"Will you tell her to come and see me, then?"

"She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you, and she loves you very much, and so do I; and I want to help you all I can, my poor little boy."

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"Why do you call me poor?" asked Prince Dolor, in surprise.

The old woman glanced down on his legs and feet, which he did not know were different from those of other children, and then at his sweet, bright face which was exceedingly different from many children's faces, which are often fretful, cross, and sullen. Looking at him, instead of sighing, she smiled, "I beg your pardon, my Prince," said she.

"Yes; I am a Prince, and my name is Dolor; will you tell me your name, Madam?"

The little old woman laughed like a chime of silver bells.

"I have no name — or, rather, I have so many names that I do not know which to choose. However, it was I who gave you your name, and you will belong to me all your days; I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little Prince; "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down together and played; and by and by, they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"Not very, thank you, Godmother. I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read — lots of books."

"And you want nothing?"

"Nothing. Yes — perhaps — if you please, Godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?"

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"What sort of thing?"

"A little boy to play with."

The old woman looked very sad. "Just the thing, alas, which I cannot give you. My child, I cannot alter your lot in any way, but I can help you to bear it."

"Thank you; but why do you talk of bearing it? I have nothing to bear. Promise me that you will never go away."

"My poor little man!" said the old woman, in the very tenderest tone of her tender voice. "I must go away, but I will leave a present to amuse you, — something that will take you wherever you want to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

"What is it?"

"A traveling cloak."

"I don't want a cloak, for I never go out. I can't walk, you know."

"The more reason why you should ride; and besides, this traveling cloak —"

"Hush! she's coming. It is my nurse, and she is bringing me my dinner; but I don't want any dinner at all; I only want you. Will her coming drive you away, Godmother?"

"Perhaps; but only for a little while. Never mind; all the bolts and bars in the world could not keep me out. I'd fly in at the window, or down through the chimney. Only wish for me, and I will come."

When the door was flung open, Prince Dolor shut

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his eyes, and when he opened them again, his lovely old godmother had melted away just like the rainbow out of the sky. Nobody but his nurse was in the room.

"What's this rubbish?" she said sharply, knocking a little bundle that lay on the floor.

"Oh, nothing, nothing! give it to me!" cried the Prince, and he pushed it quickly into his pocket. It was, though he did not know this, his wonderful traveling cloak.

And what sort of cloak was it, and what good did it do the Prince?

I'll tell you all about it.

On the outside, it was a small, shabby-looking bundle; and the instant Prince Dolor touched it, it grew smaller still, dwindling down till he could put it in his pocket, like a handkerchief rolled up into a ball.

When he had a chance to examine it, it seemed no treasure at all; but a mere piece of cloth. It was the only shabby thing that the Prince had ever seen in his life.

"And what use will it be to me?" said he, sadly. "Why was this given to me, I wonder? And what in the world am I to do with it?"

Nevertheless, because his godmother had given it to him, he folded it carefully and put it away, poor and shabby as it was, hiding it in a safe corner of his toy-cupboard. There it lay, and by and by he forgot all about it.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How did the cruel uncle get rid of the poor little lad?
2. Describe the tower. In what kind of place was it located? (Both "tower" and "desert" mean a state of great unhappiness. All of you have been in both of them. The Beautiful Mountains simply mean the state of being *happy*. You have been there also. The real purpose of this story is to tell,—How to get out of Hopeless Tower and its desert into the Beautiful Mountains. To do so you must have "a traveling cloak," or — *try* to be happy.)
3. Describe Prince Dolor's sad little amusements before he got the "traveling cloak." (That is, before he found out how to be happy *anyway*.)
4. Notice that it was a *black* man on a *black* horse that took Prince Dolor to Hopeless Tower. You see that this means that only our black and sullen thoughts take us there.
5. Notice that when this unfortunate little boy begins to read about the outside world, he longs to see it.
6. What is meant by Prince Dolor's "gazing out of the window" at the unhappy surroundings of Hopeless Tower? Have you ever done this?
7. What does the godmother mean when she tells Prince Dolor that she couldn't come to him *until he wanted her?* (Can you be happy until you *want* to be?)
8. What does she mean when she says, "I cannot alter your lot in any way, *but I can help you to bear it*"? (Does wishing we were something else give it to us? Should we not try to make the best of what we are?)
9. Why does the godmother say, "All the bolts and bars in the world could not keep me out"?

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10. Try to figure out who the "Nurse" is in our own "Prince Dolor's life" when she says that a "traveling cloak" is "rubbish." Did anybody ever tell *you*, when you were "playing make-believe," that it was nonsense?
11. What is meant by Prince Dolor's forgetting all about his "traveling cloak"? Did you ever forget yours, and just keep on being miserable?

Part III

Read over the meanings of these words before you read Part III:

doldrums: the "blues," or a feeling of being very unhappy.
Hopeless Tower: this means the way you feel when you are just too unhappy and miserable "for anything."
Stuff-and-Nonsense: a name given to the fairy godmother who brings us our "traveling cloaks," by many sour people who think that all the joy and the happiness that we get from play and "make-believe" are very foolish. These people are too "soured" to see that a "traveling cloak" of happiness is a blessed thing.
Abracadabra (ăb-rȧ-kȧ-dăb'rȧ) **dum dum dum**: magicians in fairy stories always have such words which are supposed to produce a "charm" that does the thing they want done. The words really have no meaning.
Cinderella, **Bluebeard**, **Hop-o'-my-Thumb**: names of famous fairy stories.

Soon after this, Prince Dolor fell sick. He got a complaint common to the people of Nomansland, called the doldrums, as unpleasant as measles or any

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other of our complaints; and it made him restless, cross, and disagreeable.

"I wish I were dead," he said. "I am so tired, so tired; and nobody cares for me. Nobody ever did care for me, except perhaps my godmother. Godmother, dear, have you quite forsaken me?"

He dropped his head upon his hands, and as he did so, he felt somebody kiss him, and, turning, found that it was the little old woman clothed in gray.

How glad he was to see her! How he looked into her kind eyes and felt her hands, to see if she were real and alive! Then he put both his arms round her neck and kissed her.

"Well, tell me all that has happened to you since I saw you; or, rather, since you saw me, which is quite a different thing," said the old woman.

"Nothing has happened; nothing ever does happen to me," answered the Prince, dolefully.

"Are you very lonely, my boy?"

"I am so lonely," he replied, "that I wish I were anything but what I am."

"And you cannot make yourself any different, nor can I do it, either. You must be content to stay just what you are."

The little old woman said this very firmly, but gently. It was the first time the boy had ever heard any one talk like this, and he looked up in surprise, but not in pain, for her sweet manner softened the hardness of her words.

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"Now, my Prince, let us see how much I can do for you, or show you how to do for yourself. Where is your traveling cloak?"

Prince Dolor blushed. "I put it away in the cupboard; I think it is there still."

"You have never used it; you dislike it?"

He hesitated, not wishing to be impolite. "Don't you think it's — just a little old and shabby for a Prince?"

The old woman laughed, long and loud, though very sweetly.

"Prince, indeed! Why, if all the princes in the world craved for it, they could not get it, unless I gave it to them. Old and shabby! It's the most valuable thing imaginable! Very few ever have it; but I thought I should give it to you, because — because you are different from other people."

"Am I?" said the Prince.

She touched his poor little legs. "These are not like those of other little boys."

"Indeed! My nurse never told me that."

"Very likely not, but it is time you were told; and I tell you, because I love you."

"Tell me what, dear Godmother?"

"That you will never be able to walk or run or jump or play — that your life will be quite different from most people's lives; but it may be a very happy life for all that. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," said the boy; but he turned very

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pale, and his lips began to quiver, though he did not actually cry; he was too old for that, and, perhaps, too proud.

He began dimly to understand what his godmother meant. His was a separate life, in which he must find out new work and new pleasures for himself.

The sense of *the inevitable*, as grown-up people call it, — that we cannot have things as we want them to be, but as they are, and that we must learn to bear them and make the best of them — this lesson, which everybody has to learn soon or late, — came, alas! sadly soon, to the poor little boy. He fought against it for a while, and then, quite overcome, turned and sobbed bitterly in his godmother's arms.

Then she whispered to him, in her sweet, strong, cheerful voice, "Never mind!"

"No; I don't think I do mind; that is, I *won't* mind," he replied, catching the courage of her tone and speaking like a man, though he was still such a mere boy.

"That is right, my Prince! That is being like a prince. And now that we know exactly where we are, let us put our shoulders to the wheel — and —"

"We are in Hopeless Tower, and there is no wheel to put our shoulders to," said the child, sadly.

"You little matter-of-fact goose! It is well for you that you have a godmother called —"

"What?" he eagerly asked.

"Stuff-and-Nonsense."

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"Stuff-and-Nonsense! what a funny name!"

"Some people call me that, but they are not my most intimate friends. My friends call me — never mind what," added the old woman, with a soft twinkle in her eyes.

"Bring your traveling cloak out of the rubbish cupboard and shake the dust off it, quick! Spread it out on the floor and then go and open the skylight — mind, I say, *open the skylight* — and set yourself down in the middle of the cloak like a frog on a waterlily leaf. When you want to go traveling on it, say, 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum'; when you want to come back again, say, 'Abracadabra, tum tum ti' — that's all; good-by."

Prince Dolor went to the cupboard where he kept his toys, and looked everywhere for his traveling cloak.

Alas! it was not there.

"And it is all my own fault," he cried. "I ought to have taken better care of my godmother's gift. O Godmother, forgive me! I'll never be so careless again. Help me to find it again. Oh! don't let it be stolen from me — don't, please!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a silvery voice. "Why, that traveling cloak is the one thing in the world which nobody can steal. It is of no use to anybody except the owner. Open your eyes, my Prince, and see what you shall see."

His dear old godmother, he thought, and turned eagerly around. But no; he only beheld, lying in a

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corner of the room, all dust and cobwebs, his precious traveling cloak.

If any reader, big or little, should wonder whether there is a meaning in this story deeper than that of an ordinary fairy tale, I will own that there is. But I have hidden it so carefully that the smaller people, and even many of the larger ones, will never find it, and, meantime, the story may be read straight on, like "Cinderella," or "Bluebeard," or "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," for what interest it has, or what amusement it may bring.

When Prince Dolor had patiently untied his wonderful traveling cloak, using skillfully his deft little hands, and knitting his brows with a firm determination, a remarkable thing happened. The cloak began to undo itself. Slowly unfolding, it laid itself down on the carpet and became large enough for one person to sit in it as comfortably as if in a boat.

The Prince sprang right into the middle of the cloak, where he squatted down, wrapping his arms tightly round his knees, for they shook a little and his heart beat fast. But there he sat, steady and silent, waiting for what might happen next.

Nothing did happen, and he began to think nothing would, when he recollected the words he had been told to repeat, "Abracadabra, dum dum dum!"

Now I don't expect anybody to believe what I am going to relate, though a great many wise people have believed a great many sillier things.

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The cloak rose, slowly and steadily, at first only a few inches, then gradually higher and higher, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head actually bumped against the glass, or would have done so had he not crouched down, crying, "Oh, please don't hurt me!"

Then he suddenly remembered his godmother's express command, "Open the skylight!"

Without a moment's delay, he lifted up his head and began searching for the bolt, the cloak meanwhile remaining perfectly still; but the minute the window was opened, out it sailed — right out into the clear fresh air, with nothing between it and the cloudless blue.

True, there was nothing but earth and sky; no houses, no trees, no rivers, mountains, or seas; not a beast on the ground or bird in the air. But to Prince Dolor even the level plain looked beautiful; and then there was the glorious arch of the sky, with a little young moon sitting in the west like a baby queen; and by and by, a few stars came out — first two or three, and then so many that when he began to count them, he was utterly bewildered.

By this time, however, the cool breeze had become cold, and poor Prince Dolor began to shiver.

"Perhaps I had better go home," thought he.

But how? For in his excitement the other words which his godmother had told him to use had slipped his memory. They were only a little different from the first, but in that slight difference all the importance

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lay. As he repeated his "Abracadabra," trying ever so many syllables after it, the cloak only went faster and faster. The poor little Prince began to feel frightened.

"Dear Godmother," he cried pitifully, "do help me! Tell me just this once, and I'll never forget again."

Instantly the words came rushing into his head — "Abracadabra, tum tum ti!" Was that it? Ah, yes! for the cloak began to turn slowly, and immediately started back, as fast as ever, in the direction of the tower.

He reached the skylight, which he found exactly as he had left it, and slipped in, cloak and all, as easily as he had got out.

The instant Prince Dolor got off the cloak, it folded itself up into the tiniest possible parcel, tied all its own knots, and rolled itself into the farthest and darkest corner of the room.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by Prince Dolor's getting "the doldrums"? Did you ever have them?
2. Again, tell what his "traveling cloak" was. Why does the little old gray woman say, "It's the most valuable thing imaginable"?
3. What does she mean by "putting our shoulders to the wheel"?
4. Why did Prince Dolor think he was in "Hopeless Tower"?
5. Why does the godmother tell what some people call her but not tell what her most intimate friends call her?

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6. Tell whether or not the "soft twinkle in her eyes" meant that if she should tell what her friends called her, she would have to tell what the "hidden meaning" in the story really is.
7. What is meant by "shaking the dust off his traveling cloak"? Did you ever need to shake the dust off yours?
8. Why does the godmother say that the "traveling cloak" is *the one thing in the world which nobody can steal*, and that *it is of no use to anybody except the owner?*
9. What did poor, miserable Prince Dolor see when he used his "traveling cloak"?
10. Have you seen the same things?
11. Does Miss Mulock keep dangling this hidden meaning before us to see how near she can come to telling it without our guessing it?
12. What do you think is the meaning of the cloak's folding and unfolding itself, and tying and untying its own knots?

Part IV

Do not forget to read over the meanings of these words, or you will miss part of the story:

a very examining boy: a boy who tries to *see* things, and who does not mope; a boy who tries to *find* something to be happy over.

gratitude: thankfulness for a favor.

beneficent: meaning one who does good to us.

The next day, when his lessons were over and he was alone in the room, he crept across the floor, and untied the shabby little bundle, his fingers trembling

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with eagerness. He forgot nothing now; he said his magic charm, and was away out of the window.

Nobody missed him, for what do you think the clever godmother did? She took a quantity of moonshine, or some equally convenient material, and made an image, which she set on the window sill reading, or by the table drawing, where it looked so like Prince Dolor that any common observer would never have guessed the deception; and even the boy would have been puzzled to know which was the image and which was himself. And all this while the happy little fellow was away floating in the air on his magic cloak, and seeing all sorts of wonderful things — or they seemed wonderful to him who had hitherto seen nothing at all; for he was, as a little girl I knew once said of a playfellow, "a very *examining* boy."

"I wonder," he thought, "whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those my nurse reads with, and takes such care of. How I would take care of them, too, if I only had a pair!" Immediately he felt something queer and hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen; and looking downward, he found that, though ever so high above the ground, he could see every minute blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower, nay, even the insects which walked over them.

"Thank you, thank you!" he cried in a gush of gratitude — to anybody or everybody, but especially

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to his dear godmother, whom he felt sure had given him this new present.

Looking through his wonderful spectacles, he saw a long string of birds, flying one after the other, their wings moving steadily and their heads all pointed in one direction.

"Oh, how I should like to see them quite close and to know where they came from, and whither they are going! How I wish I knew everything in all the world!"

A silly speech for even an "examining" little boy to make; because, as we grow older, the more we know the more we find out there is to know.

The swallows flew past him, steadily, slowly, pursuing their course, as if inside each little head had been a mariner's compass, to guide them safe over land and sea, direct to the place where they desired to go.

The boy looked after them with envy. Then he settled himself down in the center of the cloak, feeling quite sad and lonely. "I think I'll go home," said he, and repeated his "Abracadabra, tum tum ti!" with a rather heavy heart. The more he had, the more he wanted; and it is not always that one can have everything one wants — at least, at the exact minute one craves for it; not even though one is a prince and has a powerful and beneficent godmother.

"What a lot of things there are that I should like to do!" said Prince Dolor one day; "but first I should like to go and see the world. I'll try."

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W. D. Goldbeck

"THE SWALLOWS FLEW PAST HIM, STEADILY, SLOWLY, PURSUING THEIR COURSE"

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Apparently it was his godmother's plan always to let him try and try hard before he gained anything. This day the knots that tied up his traveling cloak were more than usually troublesome, and he was a full half hour before he got out into the open air, and found himself floating merrily over the top of the tower.

Through his wonderful spectacles, the Prince could see everything; but it was a silent picture; he was too high up to catch any sound except a faint murmur, which only aroused his anxiety to hear more.

"I have as good as two pair of eyes," he thought. "I wonder whether my godmother would give me a second pair of ears."

Hardly had he spoken when he found lying on his lap a most curious little parcel, all done up in silvery paper. And it contained — what do you think? A pair of silver ears, which, when he tried them on, fitted so exactly over his own that he hardly felt them, except for the difference they made in his hearing. He listened, listened, as if he could never have done listening. And oh! if you had seen his face.

Still, by and by, after the fashion of children, and, I fear, of many big people, too, he began to want something more than he had, something that would be quite fresh and new.

"Godmother," he said, "I should like to see a creature like myself. Couldn't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him; it might have been

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only the wind, but the cloak remained motionless so long that he was half afraid his godmother had forgotten him. Suddenly, a shrill whistle startled him, and looking downward, he saw start up from behind a bush a something — neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow — nothing upon four legs. This creature had only two legs; but they were long, straight, and strong. It was a shepherd boy, about the Prince's own age — but oh! so different.

"Might he come and play with me? I would drop down to the ground to him, or fetch him up to me here. Oh, how nice it would be if I only had a little boy to play with me!"

But there were evidently some things which his godmother either could not or would not give. The cloak hung stationary, high in the air, never attempting to descend. The shepherd boy evidently took it for a large bird, and shading his eyes, looked up at it, making the Prince's heart beat fast.

"Down, Snap, down! Stop that! Let's warm ourselves by a race," the Prince heard him say.

They started off together, boy and dog, shouting and barking, till it was doubtful which made the most noise or ran the fastest. They did not seem to have anything to run for, but as if they did it, both of them, for the mere pleasure of motion.

And what a pleasure that seemed! To the dog, of course, but hardly less so to the boy. How he skimmed over the ground, his cheeks glowing and his hair flying!

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"How nice it must be to run like that!" said Prince Dolor, softly. He now understood what his godmother meant when she gave him his traveling cloak, and why he had heard that sigh when he had asked to see "just one little boy."

Then he fancied the cloak began to rock to and fro, with a soothing kind of motion, as if he were in somebody's arms; and then up from the dreary silence around him, there suddenly rose a delicious sound. It was only the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground, till the little bird came so close that Prince Dolor could distinguish his quivering wings and tiny body. "Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!" he cried. "I should dearly like to take you in and cuddle you. That is, if I could — if I dared."

It soared and soared, and he was just wondering whether it would soar out of sight, when it suddenly closed its wings, as larks do when they mean to drop to the ground; but instead of dropping to the ground, it dropped right into his hands. Prince Dolor forgot all his grief and was entirely happy; but when he came in sight of Hopeless Tower, a painful thought struck him. "My pretty bird, what am I to do with you? If I take you into my room and shut you up there, what will become of you? I am used to this, but you are not." Then he opened his hands and let the lark go. It lingered a minute, perching on the rim of the cloak, and then it flew far up into the blue sky.

But some time after, when the Prince had eaten his

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supper and had gone quietly to bed, he suddenly heard outside the window a little faint carol, faint but cheerful, — cheerful, even though it was the middle of the night.

The dear little lark had not flown away after all. It kept hovering about the tower in the silence and darkness of the night; and whenever he listened for a moment, he heard it singing.

He went to sleep as happy as a king.

After his last journey in the traveling cloak, the journey which had given him so much pain, his desire to see the world had somehow faded away. He contented himself with reading his books, and looking out of the tower windows, and listening to his beloved little lark, which had come home with him that day, and which never left him again.

All during the winter, — so far as there ever was any difference between summer and winter in Hopeless Tower, — the little bird cheered and amused him. He scarcely needed anything more, not even his traveling cloak, which lay bundled up in a corner tied up in its innumerable knots. Nor did his godmother come near him. It seemed as if she had given him these treasures and had left him alone to use them, or lose them, apply them or misapply them, according to his own choice. That is all we can do with children when they grow into big children old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, and too old to be forced to do either; and Prince Dolor was now quite a big boy.

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"The princes I read about generally turn into kings," he thought. "I wonder" — the boy was always wondering, and one day he startled his nurse with a sudden question: "Tell me, what is a king? Shall I ever be one?"

After a long doubt, his nurse put her finger to her lips, and taking the Prince's slate, with a sponge tied to it, ready to rub out the writing in a minute, she wrote, "You are a king."

Prince Dolor started. His face grew pale and then flushed all over. His eyes glistened, and he held himself erect.

And then, terribly frightened all the while, — people who have done wrong always are frightened, — his nurse wrote down in a few hurried sentences his history: how his parents had died, how his uncle had usurped his throne, and had sent him to end his days in this lonely tower.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. When some people hear a statement that seems too foolish and unreal to be believed, they say that "it is all moonshine."
2. Does the image made of moonshine mean that the little lame Prince was really there all the time and that it was only in imagination that the happy little fellow was taking such wonderful trips and seeing such wonderful things?
3. You see that now Prince Sorrow had begun to find out the value of his "traveling cloak." Tell how he had begun to change in his feelings.

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4. What is meant by his getting the wonderful spectacles and silver ears? Does the boy or girl who *knows how to see and hear things out of doors* have them?
5. What is meant by the lark's staying about the tower to sing to the Prince? Did the real lark do this, or was it *memory?*
6. What is meant by giving him treasures and leaving him alone *to use them or lose them, apply them or misapply them?*
7. What did the nurse mean by telling the boy, "You *are* a king"? Can any boy who has a "traveling cloak" be a king in the same way? Tell how.

Part V

Read over the meanings of these words before you read Part V:

magpie: a kind of chattering bird.
intrusion: a forcing of one's self in where he is not wanted.
a glass house: this is an old saying, which means that people who think their faults are not seen are mistaken.

He hardly slept that night, and even though he heard his little lark singing in the sunrise, he barely listened to it. Things more serious and more important had taken possession of his mind.

Prince Dolor sprang out of bed, and began dressing himself, which was hard work, for he was not used to it; he had always been accustomed to depend upon his nurse for everything.

"But I must now learn to be independent," thought he. "Fancy a king's being dressed like a baby!"

So he did the best he could, awkwardly but cheerily, and then he leaped to the corner where lay his traveling

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cloak; he untied it as before, and watched it unroll itself, which it did rapidly, with a hearty good will, as if quite tired of being idle. Prince Dolor jumped into the middle of it, said his charm, and was out through the skylight immediately.

But he suddenly remembered that he had not decided where to go; indeed, he did not know, and there was nobody to tell him.

"Godmother," he cried, "you know what I want; at least, I hope you do, for I hardly know myself. Take me where I ought to go; show me whatever I ought to see; never mind what I like to see."

After some time he heard a murmur in the distance, increasing more and more until it grew like the hum of a gigantic hive of bees; and stretching his chin over the rim of his cloak, Prince Dolor saw, far, far below him, yet, with his gold spectacles and silver ears on, he could distinctly see and hear — what?

Most of us have some time or other visited a great city; have wandered through its network of streets; have lost ourselves in its crowds of people; and have looked up at its tall rows of houses, its grand public buildings and churches; also, perhaps, we have peeped into its miserable little back alleys, where dirty children play in gutters all day and half the night.

An awful sight is a large city, seen anyhow from anywhere, but suppose you were to see it from the upper air, where, with your eyes and ears open, you could take in everything at once. What would it look like?

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How should you feel about it? I hardly know myself. Do you?

Prince Dolor gazed down on the city below him, and then put his hands over his eyes.

"I can't bear to look at it, it is so beautiful and so dreadful; and I don't understand it; not one bit. There is nobody to tell me about it. I wish I had somebody to speak to."

"Do you? Then speak to me. I shall be able to tell you everything you want to know, for I know a great deal; and I enjoy talking. I talk a great deal, but I always talk sense, and I dare say I should be exceedingly useful to a poor little ignorant boy like you."

"I am a prince," said Prince Dolor, gently.

"All right; and I am a magpie."

"Can't the world be made a little better?" said Prince Dolor. "I should try it if I were the King."

"But you are not the King; only a little goose of a boy," replied the magpie, loftily; "and I am here not to explain things, only to show them. Shall I show you the royal palace?"

"I should like to see the King," said Prince Dolor.

What, I wonder, would be most people's idea of a king? What was Prince Dolor's? Perhaps a very splendid person, with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hand, sitting on a throne and judging the people. Always doing right and never doing wrong; "The King can do no wrong," was a law laid down in olden times; never cross or tired or sick or suffering; per-

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fectly handsome and well dressed, calm and good tempered, ready to see and hear everybody, and discourteous to nobody; all things always going well with him, and nothing unpleasant ever happening.

This, probably, was what Prince Dolor expected to see; and what did he see? But I must tell you how he saw it.

"The King is ill to-day. He can't see you, but perhaps you might like to go and take a look at him in a way I often do? It is very amusing."

As she spoke, the magpie flew down on the palace roof where the cloak had rested, settling down between the great stacks of chimneys, as comfortable as if it were on the ground. She pecked at the tiles with her beak, — truly she was a wonderful bird, — and immediately a little hole opened, a sort of door, through which could be seen distinctly the chamber below.

"Now look in, my Prince. Make haste, for I must soon shut it up again."

But the boy hesitated. "Isn't it rude? Won't they think us intruders?"

"Oh, dear, no! There's a hole like this in every palace; dozens of holes, indeed. Everybody knows it, but nobody speaks of it. Intrusion! Why, though the royal family are supposed to live shut up behind stone walls ever so thick, all the world knows that they live in a glass house where everybody can see them and throw stones at them. Now pop down on your knees and take a peep at His Majesty!"

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The Prince gazed eagerly down into a large room, the largest room he had ever seen.

"Where is the King?" asked the puzzled boy.

"There," said the magpie, pointing to a magnificent bed, large enough to contain six persons. In the center of it lay a small figure fast asleep — very fast asleep.

"Is that the King?" whispered Prince Dolor.

"Yes," replied the bird.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the Prince.

"He is dead," said the magpie.

With another cheerful tap of her beak, the magpie shut down the door in the tiles.

"What shall we do now?" said the magpie. "There'll be such a row in the city presently. Suppose we float up again, and see it all — at a safe distance, though; it will be such fun."

"What will be fun?"

"A revolution."

As soon as the cathedral bell began to toll and the minute guns to fire, announcing to the kingdom that it was without a king, people gathered in crowds, stopping at street corners to talk together. The murmur now and then rose into a shout, and the shout into a roar. When Prince Dolor, quietly floating in the upper air, caught the sound of their different and opposite cries, it seemed to him as if the whole city had gone mad together.

"Long live the King!" "The King is dead! Down with the King!" "Down with the crown, and the

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King, too!" "Hurrah for the Republic!" "Hurrah for no government at all!"

Such were the shouts which traveled up to the traveling cloak. And then began — oh, what a scene! Prince Dolor saw it all.

"Oh, let me go home!" he cried at last, stopping his ears and shutting his eyes; "only let me go home!" For even his lonely tower seemed home, and its dreariness and silence absolute paradise after all this.

"Good-by, then," said the magpie, flapping her wings. "You have had enough, I suppose, of seeing the world?"

"Oh, I have! I have!" cried the Prince, with a shudder.

"That is, till next time. All right, Your Royal Highness. You don't know me, but I know you. We may meet again sometime."

She looked at him with her clear, piercing eyes, sharp enough to see through everything, and it seemed as if they changed from bird's eyes to human eyes, — the very eyes of his godmother, whom he had not seen for ever so long. But the minute afterward, she became only a bird, and with a screech and a chatter, spread her wings and flew away.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In Part V, Prince Dolor had begun to find out how to be useful and happy. Tell why.
2. When Prince Dolor saw the great city, which acted as if it had gone mad, what did he want to do for it?

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3. What is "most people's idea of a king"?
4. Why did the people shout, "Down with the King"? What kind of ruler had the Regent been?
5. Why did Prince Dolor's lonely tower now seem better than a king's palace?

Part VI

Read over these meanings of words before reading Part VI:

monarch (mŏn′ȧrk): a king, or one who rules a people all by himself.

deaf-mute (dĕf′mūt′): a person who cannot hear or speak.

(Note. — By this time, you have found out that Prince Dolor's godmother was simply his earnest determination not to be miserable, but to be happy, and teachable, — or the habit of being determined to be happy and to make others happy.)

marveled: wondered.

The Beautiful Mountains: this just means the state of being happy because you *want* to be and because you have done good to others. All people who do these two things always reach "The Beautiful Mountains."

When Prince Dolor awoke, he found himself in his own room, alone and quiet, with the dawn just breaking, and the long rim of yellow light in the horizon glimmering through the windowpanes. He sat up in bed, trying to remember where he was, where he had been, and what he had seen the day before.

He called again and again, but nobody answered. He often used to think how nice it would be to get rid of his nurse and live in this tower all by himself, like

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a sort of a monarch, able to do everything he liked, and leave undone all that he did not want to do; but now that this seemed really to have happened, he did not like it at all.

"Dear nurse, please come back!" he called out. "Come back! and I will be the best boy in the world."

And when she did not come back, and nothing but silence answered his call, he very nearly began to cry.

He sprang out of bed and crawled from room to room, but all of the rooms were deserted, and there was no one but himself in the solitary tower.

A great fear came upon the poor boy. Lonely as his life had been, he had never known what it was to be absolutely alone. But he had to bear it, and he did bear it, like a prince, for fully five days. All that time he got up in the morning and went to bed at night without having spoken to any one, or indeed having heard a single sound; for even his little lark was silent. A very strange existence it was, those five lonely days; he never entirely forgot it. It threw him back upon himself in a way that all of us have to learn when we grow up, and we are the better for it; but it is somewhat hard learning it.

On the sixth day, Prince Dolor made up his mind that he must die. "Still, I wish I had done something first; something worth doing that somebody might remember me by," thought he. "Suppose I had grown to be a man, and had had work to do, and people to

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care for, and was so useful and busy that they liked me, and perhaps even forgot that I was lame. Then it would have been nice to live, I think."

A tear came into the little fellow's eyes, and he listened intently through the dead silence for some hopeful sound.

Was there one? — was it his little lark, whom he had almost forgotten? No, nothing half so sweet. It was the sound of a trumpet, one of the great silver trumpets so admired in Nomansland.

His poor nurse had not been such a wicked woman, after all. As soon as she heard of the death and burial of the King, a daring idea came into her head — to set upon the throne of Nomansland its rightful heir. She persuaded the deaf-mute to take her away with him, and they galloped like the wind from city to city, spreading everywhere the news that Prince Dolor was alive and well, and the noblest young Prince that had ever been born.

It was a bold stroke, but it succeeded. The country, weary perhaps of the late King's harsh rule, jumped at the idea of this Prince, who was the son of their late good King and of the beloved Queen Dolorez.

"Hurrah for Prince Dolor!" "Let Prince Dolor be our King!" rang from one end of the kingdom to the other. And a select body of lords, gentlemen, and soldiers traveled night and day through the country until they reached Hopeless Tower.

There they found the Prince sitting calmly on the

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floor — deadly pale. If he had to die, he was resolved to die bravely like a prince and a king.

But they hailed him as Prince and King, and offered him the crown on a velvet cushion with four golden tassels, each nearly as big as his head.

"Yes," he said, "if you desire it, I will be your King; and I will do my best to make my people happy."

Then there arose, from inside and outside the tower, such a shout as never before had been heard across that lonely plain.

Prince Dolor shrank a little from the deafening sound.

"How shall I be able to rule all this great people? You forget, my lords, that I am still only a little boy."

"Not so very little," was the respectful answer. "We have searched in the records, and found that Your Majesty is precisely fifteen years old."

"Am I?" said Prince Dolor; and his first thought was a thoroughly childish pleasure that he should now have a birthday, with a whole nation to keep it. Then he remembered that his childish days were over. He was a monarch now.

So Prince Dolor quitted his tower, which he had entered as a little helpless baby carried in the deaf-mute's arms, — quitted it as the great King of Nomansland.

The only thing he took away with him was a tiny bundle which he found lying on the floor. It was his traveling cloak.

I cannot take it upon myself to say that he was al-

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ways happy now; who is? or that he had no cares; just show me the person who is quite free from them! But whenever people worried and bothered him, as they did sometimes, setting up themselves and pulling down their neighbors, he would go to that upper room which looked out on the Beautiful Mountains, and lay his head on his godmother's shoulder.

She helped him out of any difficulty which now and then occurred, for there never was such a wise old woman. When the people of Nomansland raised the alarm — for what people can exist without a little fault-finding? — and began to cry out, "Unhappy is the nation whose King is a child," she would say to him gently: "You are a child; accept the fact. Be humble; be teachable. Lean upon the wisdom of others till you have gained wisdom of your own."

He did so. He learned how to take advice before attempting to give it, to obey before he could command. He assembled around him all the good and the wise of his kingdom, and laid all its affairs before them, and was guided by their opinions until he had maturely formed his own.

He did a great many things, however, unlike most men and most kings, which a little astonished his subjects. First, he pardoned the condemned woman who had been his nurse, and he recalled his uncle's family, who had fled away in terror to another country, and restored them to all their honors in their own. He accepted his affliction as inevitable, and bore it bravely,

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trying to forget himself and live for other people. By and by he chose the eldest son of his eldest cousin as heir to the throne.

Thus King Dolor's reign passed, year after year, long and prosperous. Whether he was happy — "as happy as a king" — is a question no human being can decide. But I think he was, because he had the power of making everybody about him happy, and he did it, too.

In course of time, when the little Prince was grown into a tall young man, King Dolor announced that he wished his cousin to be King — at any rate, for a time, while he himself went away on a distant journey, whither he had long desired to go.

Everybody marveled, but nobody opposed him. So there was fixed a day when the people assembled in the great square of the capital to see the young Prince installed solemnly in his new duties. He was a very fine young fellow; tall and straight as a poplar tree, with a frank and handsome face.

King Dolor sat on his throne, with his gray hair falling from underneath his crown. He lifted up his thin, slender hand, and there came a silence over the vast crowd immediately. Then he spoke, in his own accustomed way, using no grand words, but saying what he had to say in the simplest fashion, though with a clearness that struck their ears like the first sound of a bird in the dusk of the morning.

"My people, I am tired, I want to rest. I have had a

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long reign, and have done as much work as I have been able to do. Now I leave it to others; I am tired, very tired. Let me go home.

"I am not anxious about you, my people. You are prosperous and at peace. I leave you in good hands. The Prince Regent will be a better King for you than I."

"No, no, no!" rose the universal shout; and those who had sometimes found fault with him shouted louder than the rest; but he seemed as if he heard them not.

"Yes; I must go. It is time for me to go. Remember me sometimes, my people, for I have loved you well; and I am going a long way, and I do not think I shall come back any more."

He drew a little bundle out of his breast pocket, — a bundle that nobody had ever seen before. It was small and shabby-looking, and tied up with many knots, which untied themselves in an instant. With a joyful countenance, he muttered over it a few words. Then, so suddenly that even those nearest to His Majesty could not tell how it came about, the King was away — away — floating right up in the air — upon something, they knew not what, except that it appeared to be as safe and pleasant as the wings of a bird.

Shading their eyes, the astonished people stood until the whole vision disappeared like a speck in the clouds, — the rosy clouds that overhung the Beautiful Mountains. Then they went home; and, accepting their new King, obeyed him faithfully for King Dolor's sake.

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King Dolor was never again seen nor heard of in his own country. But the good he had done there lasted for years and years; he was long missed and deeply mourned, — at least so far as anybody could mourn one who was gone on such a happy journey.

Whither he went, or who went with him, it is impossible to say. But I myself believe that his godmother, who had taken first the form of an old woman, then of a lark, and then of a magpie, — that this same godmother took him on his traveling cloak to a beautiful mountain home.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. As you read Part VI, you will see that Prince Dolor had now come to the time when he was left alone, and had to fight out, without help, his own battle between being useful or useless to others. Read Part VI carefully till you understand this.
2. What thought came to Prince Dolor after he had been alone for five days? What fine and unselfish determination did he arrive at? Find the answer to this and read it aloud.
3. Now we begin to see who or what Prince Dolor's "Nurse" was. She was "*Things as they are*," not foolish dreams, not wishes that you cannot realize, but just the stern facts of life as they are to be met here. They are our "nurse." And they are just as good to us as a "traveling cloak" is. Both are necessary.
4. Now you see, as you go on with Prince Dolor's story, that he was made King of Nomansland by just accepting *things as they are*, his lameness, his lone-

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liness, or anything else, and by making the *best of them.* When these "*things as they are*" got too hard for him, he would go back to his godmother, who taught him the other needful thing, — to take his traveling cloak, and get away for a while from "things as they are" into the Beautiful Mountains of the Land of Dreams. Both the godmother and the nurse are necessary to all of us.

5. Nomansland is that strange land that belongs to no particular man, but yet of which any one, who can dream or imagine and who can bravely accept things as they are, can be *king.*

You can be king of Nomansland, no matter how miserable you are, if you accept things as they are, and do not mope, but work and help others. But yet, you must "*imagine,*" or dream, part of the time, and see what "*examining* boys," and girls also, see when they get the "wonderful spectacles" and the "silver ears."

You see that the story of poor little Prince Dolor is only your own story, after all. You are often miserable and unhappy. You are shut up in "Hopeless Tower" in a desert. The Tower is right in the Beautiful Mountains yet you do not see them until you *want* to. Then the dear little old woman in gray comes and gives you a "traveling cloak," and you find after all that all the world is really the Beautiful Mountains when you put on your wonderful spectacles and your silver ears.

6. Tell the story of King Dolor and how he made his people love him.
7. What became of him at last, and why did his people want him to stay?
8. Why did they not shout about him, as they shouted about his uncle, "Down with the King"?
9. Now try to find out how *you*

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are Prince or Princess Dolor, and whether your playmates and your family at home love you as Prince Dolor's people loved him. If not, why don't they?

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, better known as Miss Mulock, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, in 1826. She wrote several famous novels, and a few excellent poems. Children will always remember her as the author of "The Little Lame Prince." She died at Shortlands, Kent, England, in 1887.

Look for Sunshine

If the day be dark and dreary,
  Look for sunshine;
If you're feeling sad and weary,
  Look for sunshine;
You will always find a path of blue
Where the sunbeams sparkle through
  If you look for sunshine.

Friends are falling every day
  For want of sunshine.
Help them up along the way,
  Show them sunshine.
If you help the world in seeing,
You are always sure of being
  In the sunshine.

Louise Pye

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THE WATER LILY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

This is a poem intended to tell us how beautiful and splendid things may come from a very humble origin. The lily root had its lowly birth in "the slimy bed of a sluggish mere," which means a standing pool of water. The stem of the lily was a very coarse and ugly thing, and the "gelid fish" (cold, icy fish), the turtle, and the water snake saw nothing beautiful in the lily stem.

But after a time, out of the slime of its birth, it grew up and up, and at last burst into a glorious water lily, one of the most beautiful of flowers. And the butterfly, the bee, the sun, the sky, and the air thought not of its slimy bed, its lowly birth and its coarse, dull stem; but of —

> "....its heart of virgin gold
> In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
> And its odor rich and rare."

Now, of course, the poet intends the lily to mean a human being. A boy, let us say, like Abraham Lincoln, is born in the most lowly circumstances, and is surrounded by those who can see no worth in him. But he grows up out of the lowliness of his origin into a man of surpassing beauty of character and life and deeds.

You must now find out what "the slimy bed of a sluggish mere," the fish, the turtle, and the water snake meant in his life before he blossomed into the wonderful man he was.

Also what the butterfly, the bee, the sun, the sky, and the air were in such a life as his. Write out all these things in one column, and put opposite each what you think it meant in Lincoln's life.

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Read aloud the last stanza to show how the story of the water lily applies to human beings.

Study carefully the meanings of these words before studying the poem:

hue: color.
grace: beauty.
naught: nothing.
gelid (jĕl'ĭd): cold, icy.
heart of virgin gold: the center of the lily. Also, in the poem, the noble heart of a man like Abraham Lincoln.
sordid life: a life that sees nothing but common things, and that does not notice beautiful things.

The Water Lily

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew
Was coarse of fiber and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye, —
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honey bee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

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So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven and no man know,
Seeing the coarse vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What was the humble beginning of the water lily? Describe its surroundings.
2. What things that lived in the slime failed to see what it was to become?
3. Tell how it became beautiful.
4. What things saw its beauty?
5. How may the lily be like a human being?
6. Apply the story to the life of some great person of humble origin.
7. What may this poem mean to *you?*

James Jeffrey Roche was born in Ireland in 1847. He first came to Canada, where he acquired his education. He removed later to Boston, where he was editor of *The Pilot* for many years. He published several volumes of poems. He died April 3, 1908.

But who will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and stars by night!

BAYARD TAYLOR

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BEFORE THE RAIN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Every one has heard persons say: " I believe it is going to rain " ; or, " There are signs of rain to-day." Yet, if those persons were asked, " What are these signs of rain? " they would find difficulty in explaining exactly what they are.

This poem describes " signs of rain " as a poet sees them. Every one of you has felt and seen such signs. Let us see, then, whether, with your knowledge of these signs you can *read* — that is, *see and feel in your mind*— what Mr. Aldrich describes as the " signs of rain " which he saw.

Of course, you know that the heat of the sun warms the water of the oceans, rivers, lakes, swamps, and marshes, and that the water, unseen, is taken up by the warm air, and forms the clouds which go sailing over our heads. Thousands of tons of water are always above us in the air and in the clouds.

So, in this poem, the poet imagines that the heat of the sun, never seen, is a " spirit " which, from the sun's place, high in the heavens, lowers " golden buckets " on " slender ropes of mist " into the " vapory amethyst," or the faintly purple air of places where water lies, and in these golden buckets " scoops the dew " from the flowers and " dips the jewels out of the sea," or dips up the bright drops of water such as you sometimes see hanging from the boughs of trees.

This spirit, the heat of the sun, scoops up the dew and dips the jewels out of the sea in his golden bucket, —

" To scatter them over the land in showers."

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Now is not that a pretty fancy?

Then, he tells us that we know it will rain, for " before the rain," the poplar trees turn up the white undersides of their leaves, as they are doing while he writes.

Then, too, the amber grain, or ripened grain, in the fields is " shrinking in the wind," — that is, the tall stalks are bending *away*, or " shrinking " from the wind. Can you see them do this and hear them as they rustle?

As he watches the " signs of rain," the lightning flashes, and, as the rain begins to fall, the flashes of the lightning are —

" — tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

" Skeins " (skānz) means yarn wound up in circles, then twisted like big twisted doughnuts. Can you see the falling raindrops twisting around one another like skeins of yarn, and the lightning " tangled " in the skeins of the falling raindrops?

With all this clearly in mind, try to read Mr. Aldrich's description of " Before the Rain," reading slowly enough to be sure to *see* what he describes. If you *can* see it, you will have great pleasure.

dismal fens: dark, gloomy swamp lands.

Before the Rain

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
  A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
  Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —
  Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
  To scatter them over the land in showers.

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We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name the signs of rain that you know.
2. Name all the signs of rain that Mr. Aldrich mentions in the poem.
3. Who is the "spirit" that lowers his golden bucket? From what places does he lift water for rain?
4. What are the "jewels" that he dips out of the sea? Have you seen them?
5. Have you seen standing grain seem to "shrink" from the wind? Describe it.
6. Can you think of rain as "skeins," like yarn? Describe it. A "skein" of yarn is familiar to you. Try to think of falling rain as looking like a "skein."
7. Try to see the lightning "tangled" in the "tremulous skeins of rain."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the author of "Before the Rain" and one of our best American poets, was born November 11, 1836, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He wrote also many fine stories. His "Story of a Bad Boy" is especially loved by children. He died March 19, 1907.

The wild and windy March once more
Has shut his gates of sleet,
And given us back the April-time,
So fickle and so sweet.

ALICE CARY

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THE RAINY DAY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

To read this familiar and much loved poem, you must first read over slowly the first lines, then shut your eyes and try to see the pictures. You have seen them and can easily recall them.

Now read the first five lines. Can you *think* a cold, dark, dreary day, with rain falling and dripping; a vine with leaves all brown and wet, and with dead leaves letting go and falling? Shut your eyes and try to see and feel such a day.

A great sorrow had befallen Mr. Longfellow, and he was very sad. So he thought how like the day his life was. His life, like the day, was cold, and dark, and dreary. His tears fell as the raindrops fell; his sighs were like the wind; his thoughts clung to the sad past like the vine to the moldering wall, and the hopes of his youth were like the dead leaves falling thick in the blast.

But this brave man is ashamed to give way to the gloomy spell of a dreary rainy day, so he tells himself to cease weeping and sighing and complaining; for just as the sun is shining behind this dark cloud, so happiness will shine in his life again in spite of all his fears and tears. He fully realizes that all of any life cannot be joyous, and that each one of us must have some sad, dark days. He wants us to know that the sad days make other days seem happier and that the dark days serve only to make other days seem brighter.

This is the belief of all brave men and women. This poem will be of value to you if, the next time you feel sad, you will say that you are too proud to mope and then cheer up like a brave boy or girl.

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Learn the meanings of the following words before studying the poem:

moldering wall: a wall covered with patches of mold.
gust: a short, sudden rush of the wind.
repining: complaining.
fate: the griefs and joys that are certain to come to any one.

The Rainy Day

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the day mentioned in this poem. Can you really imagine it? Try now to do so, seeing each separate picture and hearing the cold wind.

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2. What comparison did the day suggest to the poet? What in his life represented the rain? The wind? The vine clinging to the wall? The falling leaves?
3. What brave lesson does he get from the day at last?
4. Has this poem anything to do with *you?* If so, what? How may it help you to be as brave as Mr. Longfellow?
5. How may this poem bring hope and comfort to all who read it understandingly?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, usually considered as first among American poets, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807. He was a professor of literature at Bowdoin College, Maine, and at Harvard College for many years, resigning the latter position in 1854 to devote his time to writing. He is beloved by children as "The Children's Poet." Mr. Longfellow died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882, universally loved and honored.

How it pours, pours, pours,
In a never-ending sheet!
How it drives beneath the doors!
How it soaks the passer's feet!
How it rattles on the shutter!
How it rumples up the lawn!
How 'twill sigh, and moan, and mutter,
From darkness until dawn.

ROSSITER JOHNSON

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COSETTE

VICTOR HUGO

This selection is part of the famous novel called "Les Miserables" (lâ mė-zâ-rā' b'l), which means "The Wretched." It was written by Victor Hugo, a great French novelist.

"Les Miserables," as a whole, is not a story for children, but this selection is. The author's sympathy with "the wretched," with his power of picturing the feelings of the suffering, even of little children, cannot fail to teach a noble lesson.

Cosette was a little ragged waif who lived in a cheap hotel or lodging house in a French village near a great forest. She was only eight years of age, yet she was "maid of all work" about the hotel.

Her mistress, the landlady of the hotel, was a large, red-faced, brutal woman, with a voice so terrible that it made everybody and everything tremble, even the windowpanes and the furniture. Cosette was so little and the landlady was so big that the girl seemed "a mouse in the service of an elephant."

Her master, the landlord, was a small, pale, bony man who seemed sickly, but who was as cunning, greedy, and clever as a spider. Indeed, "the hotel was like a spider's web, in which Cosette had been caught and where she lay trembling. It was something like a fly serving the spiders."

The landlord and the landlady had two little daughters who lived in idleness and luxury with Cosette for their slave.

The story begins with Christmas Eve, the time when everybody should be happy or should be made happy. It was night and the

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weather was cold. A number of carters and peddlers were smoking in the public room of the hotel. "Little Cosette, who was nearly eight years old, but who seemed hardly six in her rags and with her stockingless feet in wooden shoes as she sat on the crossbar of the kitchen table near the chimney, was knitting stockings for the landlady's little girls." No one seemed to notice her misery.

At this time, Cosette was ordered by her mistress to go out into the cold night to the spring in the forest about a quarter of a mile away and bring back a bucket of water.

As you read this part of the story, you should try to imagine yourself going with the little waif, as she plunged into the dark forest and "stared at the darkness before her, where there were no people, but *where there might be wild beasts. She could almost hear them walking on the grass.*" Try to see her as "she did not turn her eyes either to the right or to the left for fear of seeing things in the branches or in the bushes."

As you read about little Cosette's return with the bucket of water, try to be with her; try to feel the "shiver which chilled her to the very bottom of her heart." Imagine how "the iron handle was freezing her wet and tiny hands" and how "the cold water splashed from the pail and fell on her bare legs." And remember that "this took place in the depths of a forest, at night, in winter, far from all human sight," and that "*she was a child of eight.*"

At this point, we shall leave you to find out how some one came out of the darkness to her rescue, and how in her rescuer, Cosette found a friend who took her away from her cruel master and mistress.

The story would make a wonderful moving picture. To *read* it means to *see* what is told just as if it were shown on a screen before you. As you read each sentence, try to see what it describes.

Of course, in this story, Victor Hugo is trying to arouse our sympathy for the wretched around our own selves; for if we should look about, we should find little Cosettes not far away. He wishes

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to help us to see their sufferings and to be to them what the kind stranger was to Cosette.

There is in all the world no happiness so great as that which comes to us when we relieve suffering. Let this story make us look about for some Cosette and then be the good stranger of this beautiful story.

You will understand the story better by learning first the meanings of the following words:

landlord, landlady: the master and the mistress of a hotel or lodging house.

rescue (rĕs'kū): act of freeing from danger.

Cosette (kō-zĕt'): the name of the little girl in this story.

Cosette

Part I

On Christmas Eve, 1823, a number of carters and peddlers were seated at a table smoking, in the public room of the hotel in a French village. The landlady was attending to the supper, which was roasting in front of a clear fire; her husband was talking politics with his customers.

The landlady was tall, blond, red, and fat. Everything and everybody trembled at the sound of her voice, — windowpanes, furniture, and people. She loved no one except her two little girls, and feared no one except her husband. She made the beds, did the washing, and the cooking. Little Cosette was her only servant; a mouse in the service of an elephant.

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E. Bayard

COSETTE SWEEPING

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The landlord was a small, thin, pale, bony man, who had a sickly air, but who was wonderfully healthy. He was cunning, greedy, and clever. He smiled from habit, and was almost polite to everybody, even to the beggar to whom he refused half a farthing. He was capable of wrath to quite the same degree as his wife; but this was very rare, and woe to the person who came under his wrath at such a time!

Such were these two beings. Little Cosette was useful to them in two ways. They made her mother pay them, and they made the child serve them. So long as the mother sent the money promptly, they sent letters telling her how well her little girl was getting along, and what tender care they were giving her. And when her poor mother died, this little girl took the place of a servant in their house. She was awake every morning before any one else in the house or the village. The neighbors called her the Lark, but the little Lark never sang.

Little Cosette ran upstairs and down, swept, dusted, moved heavy articles, and did much of the coarse work. There was no mercy for her. She had a fierce mistress and a cruel master. The hotel was like a spider's web, in which Cosette had been caught, and where she lay trembling. It was something like a fly serving the spiders.

On this Christmas Eve, Cosette was in her usual place, seated on the crossbar of the kitchen table near the chimney. If she had been happy, she might have

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been pretty. She was thin and pale; she was nearly eight years old, but she seemed to be hardly six. She was in rags; her bare feet were in wooden shoes, and by the firelight she was knitting woolen stockings for the landlady's little girls. A very young kitten was playing about among the chairs. She could hear laughter and chatter in the adjoining room, where the landlady's two little girls were playing.

Four new travelers had arrived.

Cosette was thinking sadly; for, although she was only eight years old, she had already suffered so much that she had the air of an old woman. She was thinking that it was dark, very dark, and that the pitchers in the rooms must be filled, and that there was no more water.

From time to time one of the travelers looked into the street, and exclaimed, "It's as black as an oven!" or, "One must needs be a cat to go about the streets without a lantern at this hour!" And Cosette trembled.

All at once one of the peddlers entered, and said in a harsh voice, "My horse has not been watered."

"Yes, it has," said the landlady.

"I tell you that it has not," replied the peddler.

"Oh, yes, sir!" Cosette said. "The horse has had a drink; he drank out of a bucket, a whole bucketful, and it was I who took the water to him, and I spoke to him."

It was not true; Cosette was afraid, and she told a lie.

"I tell you he has not been watered," exclaimed the

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peddler. "This won't do at all; let my horse be watered, and let that be the end of it!"

Cosette crept under the table.

"If the horse has not been watered, he must be," said the landlady. She then bent down and discovered Cosette hiding under the table.

"Are you coming?" she shrieked.

Cosette crawled out of the sort of hole in which she had hidden herself.

"Go and water that horse," said the landlady.

"But, Madame," said Cosette, feebly, "there is no water."

The landlady then threw the street door wide open. "Well, go and get some, then! There's plenty in the spring," she said.

Cosette dropped her head, and went for an empty bucket which stood near the chimney corner.

This bucket was bigger than she was, and the child could have sat down in it very easily.

"On the way back, you will get a big loaf from the baker. Here's the money," said the landlady.

Cosette had a little pocket on one side of her apron; she took the coin without saying a word, and put it in that pocket.

Then she stood motionless, the open door before her. She seemed to be waiting for some one to come to her rescue.

"Get along with you!" screamed the landlady.

Cosette went out. The door closed behind her.

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Part II

Learn the meanings of the following words:

paradise (păr′ȧ-dīs): Heaven, or a place of perfect happiness.

became conscious (kŏn′shŭs): felt, knew.

Directly opposite the hotel was a toyshop all glittering with tinsel and glass. In the window there was an immense doll, nearly two feet high, which was dressed in a pink dress, and which had real hair and blue eyes. All that day the children of the village had been looking at this wonderful doll. The landlady's two little girls had spent hours looking at it, and even Cosette had cast a glance at it, on the sly, it is true.

When Cosette came out, she could not help looking at that wonderful doll, *the lady*, as she called it. The poor child paused in amazement. The whole shop seemed a palace to her; the doll was not a doll; it was a vision. It was joy, splendor, riches, happiness, to the unhappy little child. She said to herself that one must be a queen, or at least a princess, to have a doll like that. She gazed at the beautiful pink dress, the beautiful smooth hair, and she thought, "How happy that doll must be!" The more she looked, the more dazzled she grew. There were other dolls behind the large one, which seemed to her to be fairies. In her gloomy and chilly misery, she thought she was gazing at paradise.

While looking at the doll she had forgotten everything, even the errand on which she had been sent.

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All at once the landlady's coarse voice recalled her: "What, have you not gone? Get along!"

Cosette fled, dragging the bucket, and going as fast as she could. She was going to the spring in the dark forest for water.

She soon passed the light from the last shop, and she then found herself in the dark. The poor child plunged into it. The farther she went, the denser the darkness became. There was no one in the streets. However, she did meet one woman, who turned around on seeing her and muttered, "Where can that child be going?" But when she passed the corner of the last house, she stopped. It was the open country now, and she stared at the darkness before her, where there were no people and where there might be wild beasts. She could almost hear them walking on the grass.

"I will go back," she said to herself. Then she thought of the landlady with her cruel face and her angry eyes. What was to become of her? Where was she to go? In front of her was the dark forest; behind her was the cruel face of the landlady.

She began to run down the path toward the spring. As she ran, she felt like crying.

It was only seven or eight minutes' walk from the edge of the woods to the spring. Cosette knew the way, having gone over it many times in daylight. She did not turn her eyes either to the right or to the left for fear of seeing things in the branches and in the bushes. In this way she reached the spring.

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It was a small natural basin about two feet deep and paved with several large stones. A brook ran out of it, with a tranquil little noise. Cosette did not take time to breathe. She bent down, and plunged the bucket into the water. She did not notice that the money fell from her pocket into the spring. She neither saw nor heard it fall. She drew out the bucket nearly full, and set it on the grass.

A cold wind was blowing from the plain. The bushes shook their thin little arms with fury. Some bits of dry leaves, tossed by the breeze, flew rapidly by, and seemed to be fleeing in terror before something which was coming after. She shivered. There are no words to express the strangeness of that shiver which chilled her to the very bottom of her heart. She had but one thought now, — to fly at full speed through the forest, across the fields to the houses, to the windows, to the lighted candles. But she dared not go without the bucket of water. She grasped the handle with both hands; she could barely lift the pail.

In this manner she advanced a dozen steps, but the bucket was so heavy that she was forced to set it on the ground. She took breath for an instant, and then lifted the bucket again. She walked bent forward, with drooping head, like an old woman. The iron handle was freezing her wet and tiny hands; the cold water which splashed from the pail fell on her bare legs. This took place in the depths of a forest, at night, in winter, far from all human sight; she was a child of eight.

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Sobs choked her, but she did not dare cry, so afraid was she of the landlady even at this distance.

Suddenly she became conscious that her bucket weighed nothing at all; a hand which seemed to her very large had just taken hold of the handle, and lifted it. She raised her head. A large black figure was walking beside her through the darkness. It was a man who had come up behind her, but she had not heard him. Without saying a word, the man took hold of the handle of the bucket which she was carrying.

Cosette was not afraid. The man spoke to her in a low voice.

"My child, what you are carrying is very heavy for you."

Cosette raised her head, and replied, "Yes, sir!"

"Give it to me," said the man; "I will carry it for you."

Cosette let go of the handle. The man walked along beside her.

"How old are you, little one?"

"Eight, sir."

"And have you come far like this?"

"From the spring in the forest."

"Are you going far?"

"A good quarter of an hour's walk from here."

The man said nothing for a moment; then he said abruptly: —

"So you have no mother?"

"I don't know," answered the child.

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Before the man had time to speak again, she added: "I don't think so; I don't know. Other children have mothers. I have none."

"What is your name?" said the man.

"Cosette."

"Where do you live, little one?"

"At the hotel, if you know where that is."

He paused; then began again, "Who sent you at such an hour to get water in the forest?"

"It was my mistress."

"What does your mistress do?"

"She keeps the hotel," said the child.

"The hotel?" said the man. "Well, I am going to lodge there to-night. Show me the way."

"We are on the way there now," said the child.

After several minutes, the man said: —

"Is there no servant in the hotel?"

"No, sir."

"Are you alone there?"

"Yes, sir."

Another pause. Then Cosette said, "That is to say, there are two little girls."

"What little girls?"

"The landlady's little girls."

"And what do these little girls do?"

"Oh!" said the child, "they have beautiful dolls, and they play all day long."

"And you?"

"I? I work."

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"All day long?"

The child raised her great eyes, and replied gently, "Yes, sir."

After a silence, she went on: "Sometimes, when I have finished my work, and they let me alone, I play too, in the best way I can; but I haven't many playthings. The little girls will not let me play with their dolls. I have only a little lead sword, no longer than that."

The child held up her tiny finger.

As they came near the hotel, Cosette said: "Will you let me take the bucket now? If the landlady sees that some one has carried it for me, she will beat me."

The man handed her the bucket. A moment later they were at the door of the hotel.

Cosette glanced at the big doll, which still stood in the window of the toyshop; then she knocked. The door opened. The landlady appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Ah! so it's you!" she cried. "You have taken your time."

"Madame," said Cosette, trembling all over, "here is a gentleman who wants a lodging."

"Enter, my good man," said the landlady.

The man entered; laid his bundle and his stick on a bench, and seated himself at a table.

Part III

Learn the meaning of the following word:

resumed: took again or reoccupied.

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Cosette resumed her place under the kitchen table, and took up her knitting. Her fear was such that, wet and cold as she was, she did not dare go near the fire. Fear drew her elbows close to her hips, and made her take as little breath, and occupy as little space, as possible.

All at once, the landlady exclaimed, "Where's that bread?"

Cosette plunged her hand into her pocket, and turned white. The money was not there.

"Have you lost it?" screamed the landlady, reaching out her arm toward a whip on the wall.

The man had been watching Cosette. "Here, Madame," said he; "here is some money. Perhaps this is it. The money fell from the little girl's apron pocket."

"Yes; that is it," said the landlady.

It was not it, for it was more than she had given Cosette; but the landlady kept it. She put the coin in her pocket, and cast a fierce glance at the child, and said, "Don't let this happen again!"

"What is she knitting?" the man asked in a gentle voice.

"Stockings, if you please," said the landlady. "Stockings for my little girls."

The man looked at Cosette's poor little red feet, and continued, "When will she finish this pair of stockings?"

"She has three or four days' work on them still, the lazy creature!" said the landlady.

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"And how much will that pair of stockings be worth when she has finished them?"

The landlady looked at him. "Five francs at least."

"Will you sell them for five francs?" asked the man.

The landlord thought it was time for him to speak.

"Yes," he said; "you may have the stockings for five francs. We can refuse nothing to travelers."

"You must pay for them now," said the landlady, sharply.

"I will buy that pair of stockings," said the man, drawing the money from his pocket and laying it on the table.

Then he turned to Cosette.

"Now I own your work; you need not finish the stockings; you may play, my child."

"Is it true, Madame? May I play?"

"Play!" said the landlady, in a terrible voice.

"Thanks, Madame," said Cosette.

And while her mouth thanked the landlady, her whole little soul thanked the traveler.

Cosette dropped her knitting, but she did not leave her seat. She picked up some old rags and her little lead sword from a box behind her.

In the meantime the landlady's little girls had been playing with their doll, but had left it on the floor and were now dressing the little kitten, in spite of its mewing, in a quantity of clothes and red and blue scraps. As birds make nests out of everything, so children make a doll out of anything which comes to hand.

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While the landlady's children were bundling up the little kitten, Cosette had dressed up her little lead sword. That done, she laid it in her arms, and sang to it softly, to lull it to sleep. A little girl without a doll is very unhappy, and so Cosette had made herself a doll out of the little lead sword.

All at once, Cosette paused; she had turned round and caught sight of the doll which the landlady's children had left on the floor a few paces from the kitchen table.

She dropped the sword, and cast her eyes slowly around the room. She crept out from under the table on her hands and knees, then she slipped quickly up to the doll and seized it. An instant later, she was in her place again.

No one had seen her, except the traveler, who was slowly eating his supper.

This joy lasted about a quarter of an hour.

But with all the care that Cosette had taken, she did not see that one of the doll's legs stuck out, and that the firelight shone on it.

"Cosette!" shrieked the landlady, in a terrible voice.

Cosette started as though the earth had trembled beneath her. She took the doll and laid it gently on the floor, then, without taking her eyes from it, she clasped and wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

Meanwhile the traveler had risen to his feet.

"What is the matter?" he said.

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"Don't you see?" said the landlady, pointing to the doll which lay at Cosette's feet.

"Well, what of it?" replied the man.

"That child," said the woman, "has dared to touch the children's doll!"

"All this fuss for that!" said the man. "Well, what if she did play with that doll?"

"She touched it with her dirty hands!" said the landlady, "with her frightful hands!"

The man went straight to the street door, opened it, and stepped out.

The door opened again in a moment, and the man entered. He carried in his hands the beautiful doll which we have mentioned, and set it upright in front of Cosette, saying, "Here; this is for you."

Cosette raised her eyes; she gazed at the man as she might have gazed at the sun; she heard the words, "It is for you"; she stared at him; she stared at the doll; then slowly she crawled under the table and hid herself in a corner of the wall.

She no longer cried; she had the appearance of no longer daring to breathe.

"Well, Cosette," said the landlady, in a voice that she tried to make sweet, "aren't you going to take your doll? This gentleman has given you a doll, my little Cosette; take it, it is yours."

Cosette gazed at the beautiful doll. Her face was still wet with tears, but she smiled beautifully. What she felt at that moment was a little like what she would

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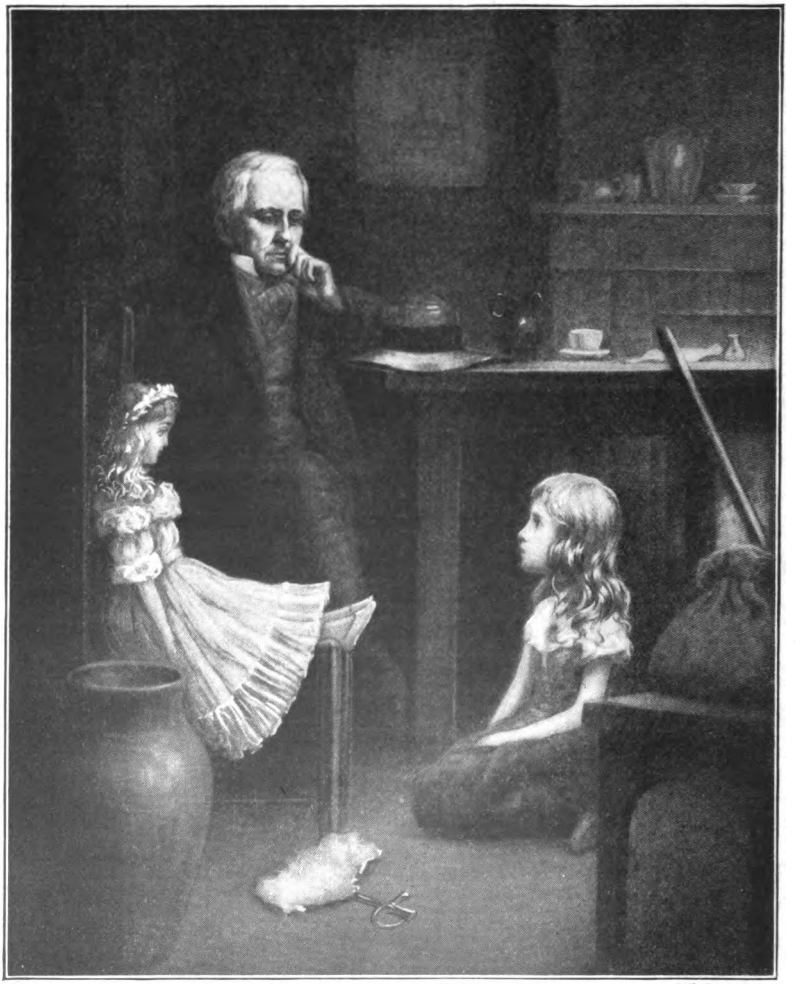

W. L. Haskell

"COSETTE PLACED CATHERINE ON A CHAIR, AND SEATED HERSELF ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER"

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have felt if she had been told, "Little one, you are the Queen of France."

Then Cosette went up to the landlady timidly and said, "May I really have it?"

"It is yours," said the landlady. "The gentleman has given it to you."

"Truly, sir?" said Cosette. "Is it true? Is *the lady* mine?"

The stranger's eyes filled with tears. He nodded to Cosette, and placed *the lady's* hand in her tiny hand.

In a moment Cosette's rags met and clasped the ribbons and fresh pink dress of the doll. "I shall call her Catherine," she said.

It was now time for the landlady's little girls to gaze at Cosette with envy. Cosette placed Catherine on a chair, then seated herself on the floor in front of her. She did not move, but sat there and gazed at her beautiful doll.

"Play, Cosette," said the stranger.

"Oh, I am playing!" replied the child, without even turning her head for an instant.

Soon the landlady sent her daughters to bed. Then she turned to the stranger. "I shall send Cosette to bed, too," she said. "The poor child has worked hard all day."

Cosette went off to bed carrying Catherine in her arms.

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Part IV

After the house was quiet, the stranger passed through the hall, as if looking for something. Under the staircase, in the midst of all sorts of old papers, dust, and spiders' webs, was a bed, if it could be called a bed. The old straw mattress, full of holes, lay on the floor, and there were neither pillows nor sheets. In this bed Cosette was sleeping.

The man gazed down at her.

She was sleeping soundly; she was dressed. Against her breast she held the doll, whose large blue eyes shone in the darkness. Beside her bed there was only one of her wooden shoes. A door of a large room stood open. The stranger stepped into it. By the fireplace stood two dainty little shoes ready for the good fairy of Christmas. The man bent over them, and in each he saw a new shining silver piece.

The man was about to go away when, at the other end of the fireplace, in the darkest corner, he saw a wooden shoe, half broken and covered with mud. It was Cosette's shoe. She was a child, and had a child's faith.

There was nothing in this wooden shoe, but the stranger bent over and placed a beautiful gold piece in it. He then returned to his room as quietly as possible.

"Up so early?" said the landlady to the stranger the next morning. "Are you going to leave us so soon?"

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"Yes, Madame, I am going."

She silently handed him his bill. He unfolded the paper, glanced at it and paid it, but his mind was on something else.

"Madame," he said, "do you have a good business here?"

"Oh, sir," she began, "the times are very hard, and there are few rich travelers like you. And that child eats us out of house and home."

"What child?" said the stranger.

"Why, the little one, Cosette — the Lark, as she is called about here."

The man spoke again, and his voice trembled a little.

"Suppose I should take her away. Will you let me have her?"

"Who? Cosette?"

"Yes."

"Ah! sir, my dear sir, take her, keep her, carry her away. Will you really take her away?"

"I will take her at once. Call the child."

"Cosette!" screamed the landlady.

But at that moment the landlord came toward the stranger and said: "Excuse me, sir. But I cannot consent to your taking our little Cosette away. I saw her first when she was a tiny thing, and I should miss her. She has neither father nor mother. It is true that she costs us money; it is true that she has her faults; it is true that we are not rich. But we love the little Lark, and if we were to let her go, we should

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not wish to lose sight of her. We should like to know with whom she is living, so that we could go to see her from time to time. Am I not right? We do not even know your name."

The stranger replied in a grave, firm voice: "Only a few days before this little girl's mother died, I promised her that I would take her little girl away from here. I will show you the written order which her mother gave me. I will pay you any money that she owes you. But if I take Cosette away, I shall take her away, and that is the end of the matter. You will not know my name, you will not know where I live, you will not know where she is; and I do not mean that she shall ever set eyes on you again so long as she lives. I break the thread which binds her foot, and she departs. Does that suit you? Yes or no?"

"I am a very poor man, and I need fifteen hundred francs," said the landlord. "If you take Cosette away, you must give me the money."

The stranger took from his side pocket an old black leather pocketbook. He opened it and drew out the written order from Cosette's mother, and three bank bills. He handed the order to the landlord, and laid the bills on the table. He then placed his large thumb on the bills, and said to the landlord, "I will take Cosette; bring her here."

While this was taking place, what had Cosette been doing?

As soon as she was awake, she had run to her wooden

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shoe and had found the gold piece in it. She had never seen one before. She hid it in her pocket, as if she had stolen it. Still, she felt that it was really hers, but her joy was full of fear.

She had set about her morning duties when the landlady called her.

"Cosette," she said, almost gently, "come immediately."

An instant later, Cosette entered the room. The stranger took up a bundle which he had brought and untied it. This bundle contained a complete outfit for a little girl eight years old.

"My child," said the man, "take these and dress yourself quickly."

An hour later, there passed on the road to Paris, an old man leading a little girl, who was carrying a pink doll in her arms.

No one knew the man; as Cosette was no longer in rags, many did not recognize her. Cosette was going away. With whom? She did not know. Where? She knew not. All that she understood was that she was leaving that dreadful hotel, her fierce mistress, and her cruel master. She walked along, with her large eyes wide open, and gazing at the sky. She had the gold piece in the pocket of her new apron. From time to time, she bent down and glanced at it; then she looked up at the good old man.

This old man and this little girl walked along hand in hand until the little girl was tired. She did not say

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that she was tired, but he knew that she was by the way she kept pulling more and more on his hand as she walked. He took her on his back and carried her, and still holding Catherine in her arms, she laid her head on the old man's shoulder and fell asleep.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe the scene of this story.
2. Describe Cosette's mistress.
3. Describe her master.
4. Tell of the cruelties practiced upon Cosette.
5. How did the stranger become interested in Cosette? Can you see poor little Cosette trying to carry the bucket of water? Describe what you see.
6. Tell how Cosette "played." Compare her play with that of the two little daughters of the landlady.
7. How did the stranger give Cosette a chance to play?
8. Why did the stranger give Cosette the doll? Tell how Cosette received it.
9. How did the stranger get possession of Cosette?
10. How did the crafty landlord profit by Cosette's leaving?
11. Tell how the stranger took her away.
12. Whom do you like best in this story? Why?
13. Do you know that there are many Cosettes? Have you ever seen a "Little Cosette"? If so, how did you act? Did you make fun of her or did you help her? If you ever see another Cosette, and do not help her all you can, you did not really read this story. You only "went through" it.
14. Explain the meaning of "Fear drew her elbows close to her hips, and made her take as little breath, and occupy as

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little space, as possible." (Lines 4–6, page 266.)

15. What is meant by "And while her mouth thanked the landlady, her whole little soul thanked the traveler"? (Lines 19 and 20, page 267.)

Victor Hugo, the author of "Les Miserables" and many other splendid novels and poems, and one of the greatest of all writers, was born in Besançon, France, February 26, 1802. Because he wrote attacks upon the wicked French government of his time, he was exiled from his beloved France, and lived for many years in the Island of Guernsey, an island belonging to Great Britain and located in the English Channel. But he kept on attacking the government, which was finally overthrown. He then returned to France, where he lived until his death on May 22, 1885, greatly honored and beloved by the French people.

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood.

EDWIN ARNOLD

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON

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THE WANDERING CYCLONE

LAURA E. RICHARDS

Here is a delightful tale of the adventures of a "Wandering Cyclone." You doubtless know what a cyclone is. Have you ever seen a little whirlwind in the dusty road? Have you seen it whirling along, lifting up the dust like the stem and the top of a tree? Now that whirlwind was just a baby cyclone, for a cyclone is just a gigantic whirlwind, strong and terrible enough to tear houses and barns and even towns to pieces, and able to twist off as if they were matches the trunks of large trees. Sometimes a cyclone will pass through a large wood and twist off every tree for a space as wide as the width of the great whirlwind itself. A cyclone is a terrible thing.

Mrs. Richards imagines that a powerful and mischievous cyclone concluded to have some fun. So he —

"... went a-wandering,
And squandering, and pondering,
To see what he could see."

Now read slowly in silence, seeing him, and hearing his "grumbling and rumbling." Follow him as he tears across America. Follow him as he crosses the Atlantic Ocean, lifting up, as the little whirlwind lifts up the dust, the water into what is called a waterspout, or a column of water, that chases with him across the ocean.

Then he made an "airy leap," and jumped clear over Europe, till he came down again in far-away Asia.

But Asia was so big and so barren that he grew bored, and

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went on a journey down into Hindustan or India, till he came to "the town of Tra-la-lee" (trä-lä-lē′).

He had had poor fun going across Asia, for he seemed unable to find anything that was really worth while to tear up and scatter about.

But suddenly he came to a great Banyan Tree. Now you have never seen a banyan tree. A banyan tree is a wonderful tree that grows in southern Asia, and especially in India. The peculiar thing about it is that the long branches droop to the ground, where they take root, and form a new trunk. In turn, this trunk droops its branches until they also take root. So a banyan tree may have a great many trunks and be itself like a small forest all fastened together, for it is only one tree, no matter how many trunks it may have. So, when the wandering cyclone saw this great tree, covering acres of ground, he said to himself, "Now here's something worth while."

You have read his adventures through the first four stanzas. Begin now at stanza 5, and find out how he came to grief when he tried to tear up and scatter about the Banyan Tree, and how at last, ashamed of his defeat by a tree, he hid away in a cavern or spelunk (spē̇-lŭŋk′), and was seen no more.

Here are a few words that you will need to know:

amplitude: great size.
myriad (mĭr′ĭ-ăd): very many.
leerfully: grinning sarcastically or scornfully.

The Wandering Cyclone

1

A Cyclone went a-wandering,
And squandering, and pondering,
A Cyclone went a-wandering,
To see what he could see;

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O'er hills and valleys tumbling,
And grumbling, and rumbling,
And humble-bumble-mumbling,
As black as black could be.

2

He sent the tiles a-scattering,
And clattering, and battering,
He sent the roofs a-shattering
Right down into the street;
And next he blew the steeple off,
And then he blew the people off,
And now across the deep he'll off
To make his work complete.

3

O'er Europe with an airy leap,
A whisking, frisking, fairy leap,
A crashing, smashing, scary leap
He rattled and he roared;
But when he came to Asia,
The way grew vastly mazier,
And his ideas grew hazier,
And he was somewhat bored.

4

Through Hindustan he whirled about,
And swirled about, and hurled about,
Till, sudden, as he twirled about
The town of Tra-la-lee,

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He came to where was standing,
In amplitude commanding,
Her thousand branches banding,
A stately Banyan Tree.

5

The Cyclone stopped and scowled at it,
And then he stood and growled at it,
And then he rose and howled at it,
And who so mad as he?
"O Tree," he cried, "away with you!
I have no time to stay with you;
I'll just a moment play with you,
While yet alive you be."

6

The Banyan rustled mockingly,
And waved its branches rockingly.
"Alas!" it answered. "Shockingly
'Twill grieve me to depart;
Yet, ere I go, pray call to me
My running rootlets all to me,
My drooping branches tall to me,
Or break a mother's heart."

7

The raging Cyclone tore away,
And shore away and swore away;
At every dash he bore away
A hundred boughs or so.

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THE WANDERING CYCLONE

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But the more he came to see of them,
The more there seemed to be of them;
At length he wished him free of them,
And turned him round to go.

Oh,
But
Then! ! !

8

The trailing branches stooped at him,
And swooped at him, and scooped at him,
The rambling rootlets looped at him,
And tripped him here and there.
The big green leaves they flapped at him,
And tapped at him, and slapped at him,
And hard and harder rapped at him
And drove him to despair.

9

The tangling twiglets tore his face,
The creepers dangled o'er his face,
He could not see before his face,
He could not see behind;
The myriad trunks surrounded him,
And bounded him, and pounded him,
And worse and worse confounded him,
Till he was deaf and blind.

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10

The baffled Cyclone sighed away,
And tried away, and cried away:
"Oh, let me mount and ride away
Across the ocean blue!
Oh! let me go, you horrid things,
You winding, binding, torrid things;
I'm sorry that I worried things;
Boo hoo! boo hoo! boo hoo!"

11

The Banyan rustled cheerfully,
And winked and chuckled leerfully;
"O friend," it said, "how fearfully
You frightened me at first!
You don't incline to clamber me?
Then go! but pray remember me!
In trying to dismember me,
Dear sir, you're not the first."

12

The wretched Cyclone slunk away,
And shrunk away, and sunk away;
At length in a spelunk away
He hid his shameful head;
And the last thing that I heard of him,
The morning wind brought word of him
(I grant you 'twas absurd of him)
That he was cold and dead.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe a cyclone. What can a cyclone do?
2. What and where was the first adventure of this cyclone?
3. What did he do after he left America?
4. How did he cross Europe? What did he do after that?
5. Why did he become bored in Asia?
6. To what country and what town (a purely imaginary town) did he come at last? What did he find there? Describe a banyan tree. (You will find a picture of a banyan tree on page 282.)
7. Now tell the story of his fight with the Banyan Tree by reading aloud to the class stanza 5 to stanza 13 inclusive.
8. May there not be a lesson or "moral" in this story? What do you think it may be?

Mrs. Laura E. Richards, the author of "The Wandering Cyclone," was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1850. She is a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, who became famous as the author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Mrs. Richards has written many delightful stories. She lives at Gardiner, Maine.

The hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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ROLF GETS LOST

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

One of the most delightful stories ever written of life in the wild woods is " Rolf in the Woods," by Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known English-American naturalist. It is a story of a lad named Rolf, an orphan, who lived with a very brutal uncle in the state of New York at the beginning of the last century, when upper New York State was an unsettled wilderness.

In the neighborhood lived a solitary Indian, the last of his tribe. His name was Quonab. Quonab had a heart of gold, although it was filled with the strange beliefs, or superstitions, of his people.

When Rolf's life with his brutal uncle grew unbearable, he and Quonab fled into the wild country far north of Albany, which was then only a small town. In the wilderness, with all kinds of game around them, they built a cabin and took up their life in the great woods. The tale of their experiences as trappers and hunters is one to delight the heart of every live boy and also of every man who has not forgotten his boyhood days and dreams.

Their little dog was called " Skookum," which in the Indian tongue means *strong, brave, good,* and many other things of a similar nature. He was only a mongrel, but he grows very dear to the reader of the story.

This selection tells how Rolf one day goes into the woods alone and gets lost. The realization that you are lost in the great woods is a terrible feeling. Persons who have not a strong control over themselves often go insane when they realize that they are lost in an unsettled country. This feeling of almost insane terror comes to Rolf when he realizes that he is lost, but he controls him-

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self and *stops to think*, which is the only safe thing to do in such a case. As you read the story you will see what good sense he showed.

Remember that in 1807 northern New York State was a wholly unsettled wilderness, a country of many rivers and lakes, and of boundless forests; a paradise for the hunter and the trapper. It was just such a country as every boy has dreamed of and wished to live in. At that time great flocks of wild pigeons were to be found in the United States and Canada. There were countless millions of them. But about 1875, they suddenly disappeared. No one knows what became of them. Not a single specimen of these wild pigeons is known to be alive now.

Now read the story, trying to see and hear all that the author tells about.

. Before reading the selection be sure to learn the meanings of the following words:

gauge the range (gāj): to judge accurately the distance to an object to be shot at.

woodcraft: skill in anything that concerns caring for one's self in the woods, as in finding one's way, in hunting, or in trapping.

bearings: directions; also the way one wishes to go in the woods.

unhinge: here, to lose control of one's self.

papoose (pȧ-pōōs′): an Indian baby or young child.

instinctively: without reasoning or thinking.

pioneer: a settler in a new country.

variant: a change of food.

incredible: not to be believed.

Rolf Gets Lost

Every one who lives in the big woods gets lost at some time. Yes, even Daniel Boone did sometimes go astray. And whether it is to end as a joke or a

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horrible tragedy depends entirely on the way in which the person takes it. This is, indeed, the grand test of a hunter and scout, the trial of his knowledge, his muscle, and, above everything, his courage; and, like all supreme trials, it comes without warning.

The wonderful flocks of wild pigeons had arrived. For a few days in May they were there in millions, swarming over the ground in long-reaching hordes, walking along, pecking and feeding, the rearmost flying on ahead, ever to the front. The food they sought so eagerly now was chiefly the seeds of the slippery elm, tiny nuts showered down on wings like broad-brimmed hats. And when the flock arose at some alarm, the sound was like that of the sea beach in a storm.

There seemed to be most pigeons in the low country southeast of the lake, of course, because, being low, it had most elms. So Rolf took his bow and arrows, crossed in the canoe, and confidently set about gathering in a dozen or two for broilers.

It is amazing how well the game seems to gauge the range of your weapon and keep the exact safe distance. It is marvelous how many times you may shoot an arrow into a flock of pigeons and never kill one. Rolf went on and on, always in sight of the long, straggling flocks on the ground or in the air, but rarely within range of them. Again and again he fired a random shot into the distant mass, without success for two hours. Finally a pigeon was touched and dropped, but it rose

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as he ran forward, and flew ten yards, to drop once more. Again he rushed at it, but it fluttered out of reach and so led him on and on for about half an hour's breathless race, until at last he stopped, took deliberate aim, and killed it with an arrow.

Now a peculiar wailing and squealing from the woods far ahead attracted him. He stalked and crawled for many minutes before he found out, as he should have known, that it was caused by a mischievous bluejay.

At length he came to a spring in a low hollow, and leaving his bow and arrows on a dry log, he went down to get a drink.

As he arose, he found himself face to face with a doe and a fat little yearling buck, only twenty yards away. They stared at him, quite unalarmed, and, determining to add the yearling to his bag, Rolf went back quietly to his bow and arrows.

The deer were just out of range now, but inclined to take a curious interest in the hunter. Once when he stood still for a long time, they walked forward two or three steps; but whenever he advanced, they trotted farther away.

To kill a deer with an arrow is quite a feat of woodcraft, and Rolf was keen to show his prowess; so he kept on with varying devices, and was continually within sight of the success that did not actually arrive.

Then the deer grew wilder and loped away, as he entered another valley that was alive with pigeons.

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He was feeling hungry now, so he plucked the pigeon he had secured, made a fire with the flint and steel he always carried, then roasted the bird carefully on a stick, and having eaten it, felt ready for more travel.

The day was cloudy, so he could not see the sun; but he knew it was late, and he made for camp.

The country he found himself in was entirely strange to him, and the sun's whereabouts doubtful; but he knew the general line of travel and strode along rapidly towards the place where he had left the canoe.

After two hours' tramping, he was surprised at not seeing the lake through the trees, and he added to his pace.

Three hours passed and still no sign of the water.

He began to think he had struck too far to the north; so he corrected his course and strode along with occasional spells of trotting. But another hour wore away and no lake appeared.

Then Rolf knew he was off his bearings. He climbed a tree and got a partial view of the country. To the right was a small hill. He made for that. The course led him through a hollow. In this he recognized two huge basswood trees, that gave him a reassuring sense. A little farther he came on a spring, strangely like the one he had left some hours ago. As he stopped to drink, he saw deer tracks, then a human track. He studied it. Assuredly it was his own track, though now it seemed on the south side instead of the north.

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He stared at the dead gray sky, hoping for a sign of sun, but it gave no hint. He tramped off hastily toward the hill that promised a lookout. He went faster and faster. In half an hour the woods opened a little, then dipped. He hastened down, and at the bottom found himself standing by the same old spring, though again it had changed its north bearing.

He was stunned by this succession of blows. He knew now he was *lost in the woods;* had been tramping in a circle.

The spring whirled around him; it seemed now north and now south. His first impulse was to rush madly northwesterly, as he understood it. He looked at all the trees for guidance. Most moss should be on the north side. It would be so, if all trees were perfectly straight and evenly exposed, but alas! none are so. All lean one way or another, and by the moss he could prove any given side to be north. He looked for the hemlock top twigs. Tradition says they *always point easterly;* but now they differed among themselves as to which was east.

Rolf got more and more worried. He was a brave boy, but grim fear came into his mind as he realized that he was too far from camp to be heard; the ground was too leafy for trailing him; without help he could not get away from that awful spring. His head began to swim, when all at once he remembered a bit of advice his guide had given him long ago: "Don't get scared when you're lost. Hunger don't kill the lost man,

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and it ain't cold that does it; it's *being afraid.* Don't be afraid, and everything will come out all right."

So, instead of running, Rolf sat down to think it over.

"Now," said he, "I went due southeast all day from the canoe." Then he stopped; like a shock it came to him that he had not seen the sun all day. *Had he really gone southeast?* It was a terrifying thought, enough to unhinge some men; but again Rolf said to himself, "Never mind, now; don't get scared, and it'll be all right. In the morning the sky will be clear."

As he sat pondering, a red squirrel chippered and scolded from a near tree; closer and closer the impudent creature came to sputter at the intruder.

Rolf drew his bow, and when the blunt arrow dropped to the ground, there also dropped the red squirrel, turned into acceptable meat. Rolf put his small game into his pocket, realizing that this was his supper.

It would soon be dark now, so he prepared to spend the night.

While yet he could see, he gathered a pile of dry wood into a sheltered hollow. Then he made a windbreak and a bed of balsam boughs. Flint, steel, tinder, and birch bark soon created a cheerful fire, and there is no better comforter that the lone lost man can command.

The squirrel roasted in its hide proved a passable supper, and Rolf curled up to sleep. The night would have been pleasant and uneventful, but that it turned

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chilly, and when the fire burnt low, the cold awakened him, so he had a succession of naps and fire-buildings.

Soon after dawn, he heard a tremendous roaring, and in a few minutes the wood was filled again with pigeons.

Rolf was living on the country now, so he sallied forth with his bow. Luck was with him; at the first shot he downed a big, fat pigeon. At the second he winged another, and as it scrambled through the brush, he rushed headlong in pursuit. It fluttered away beyond reach, half-flying, half-running, and Rolf, in reckless pursuit, went sliding and tumbling down a bank to land at the bottom with a horrible jar. One leg was twisted under him; he thought it was broken, for there was a fearful pain in the lower part. But when he pulled himself together he found no broken bones, indeed, but an ankle badly sprained. Now his situation was truly grave, for he was crippled and incapable of traveling.

He had secured the second bird, and crawling painfully and slowly back to the fire, he could not but feel more and more despondent and gloomy as the measure of his misfortune was realized.

"There is only one thing that can shame a man, that is to be afraid." And again, "There's always a way out." These were the sayings that came ringing through his head to his heart; one was from Quonab, the other from old Sylvanne. Yes, there's always a way, and the stout heart can always find it.

Rolf prepared and cooked the two birds, made a

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breakfast of one and put the other in his pocket for lunch, not realizing at the time that his lunch would be eaten on this same spot. More than once, as he sat, small flocks of ducks flew over the trees due northward. At length the sky, now clear, was ablaze with the rising sun, and when it came, it was *in Rolf's western sky*.

Now he comprehended the duck flight. They were really heading southeast for their feeding grounds on the Indian Lake, and Rolf, had he been able to tramp, could have followed, but his foot was growing worse. It was badly swollen, and not likely to be of service for many a day — perhaps weeks — and it took all of his fortitude not to lie down and weep over this last misfortune.

Again came the figure of the grim, kindly, strong old pioneer, with the gray-blue eyes, and his voice was saying: "Jest when things looks about as black as they can look, if ye hold steady, keep cool and kind, something sure happens to make it all easy. There's always a way and the stout heart will find it."

What way was there for him? He would die of hunger and cold before Quonab could find him, and again came the specter of fear. If only he could invent some way of letting his comrade know. He shouted once or twice, in the faint hope that the still air might carry the sound, but the silent wood was silent when he ceased.

Then one of his talks with Quonab came to mind.

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He remembered how the Indian, as a little papoose, had been lost for three days. Though then but ten years old, he had built a smoke fire that brought him help. Yes, that was the Indian way; two smokes mean "I am lost; double for trouble."

Fired by this new hope, Rolf crawled a little apart from his camp and built a bright fire, then smothered it with rotten wood and green leaves. The column of smoke it sent up was densely white and towered above the trees.

Then painfully he hobbled and crawled to a place one hundred yards away, and made another smoke. Now all he could do was wait.

A fat pigeon, strayed from its flock, sat on a bough above his camp, in a way to tempt Providence. Rolf drew a blunt arrow to the head and speedily had the pigeon in hand for some future meal.

As he prepared it, he noticed that its crop was crammed with the winged seed of the slippery elm, so he put them all back again into the body when it was cleaned, knowing well that they are a delicious food and in this case would furnish a welcome variant to the bird itself.

An hour crawled by. Rolf had to go out to the far fire, for it was nearly dead. Instinctively he sought a stout stick to help him; then remembered how Hoag had managed with one leg and two crutches. "Ho!" he exclaimed. "That is the answer — this is the 'way.'"

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Now his attention was fixed on all the possible crutches. The trees seemed full of them, but all at impossible heights. It was long before he found one that he could cut with his knife. Certainly he was an hour working at it; then he heard a sound that made his blood jump.

From far away in the north came, faint but reaching, "*Ye-hoo-o.*"

Rolf dropped his knife and listened with the instinctively open mouth that takes all pressure from the eardrums and makes them keen. It came again: "*Ye-hoo-o.*" No mistake now, and Rolf sent the ringing answer back:

"*Ye-hoo-o, ye-hoo-o.*"

In ten minutes there was a sharp "yap, yap," and Skookum bounded out of the woods to leap and bark around Rolf, as though he knew all about it; while a few minutes later, came Quonab striding.

"Ho, boy," he said, with a quiet smile, and took Rolf's hand. "Ugh! That was good," and he nodded to the smoke fire. "I knew you were in trouble."

"Yes," and Rolf pointed to the swollen ankle.

The Indian picked up the lad in his arms and carried him back to the little camp. Then, from his light pack, he took bread and tea and made a meal for both. And, as they ate, each heard the other's tale.

"I was troubled when you did not come back last night, for you had no food or blanket. I did not sleep. At dawn I went to the hill, where I pray, and looked

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away southeast where you went in the canoe. I saw nothing. Then I went to a higher hill, where I could see the northeast, and even while I watched, I saw the two smokes, so I knew my son was alive."

"You mean to tell me I am northeast of camp?"

"About four miles. I did not come very quickly, because I had to go for the canoe and travel here."

"How do you mean by canoe?" said Rolf, in surprise.

"You are only half a mile from Jesup River," was the reply. "I soon bring you home."

It was incredible at first, but easy of proof. With the hatchet they made a couple of serviceable crutches and set out together.

In twenty minutes they were afloat in the canoe; in an hour they were safely home again.

And Rolf pondered it not a little. At the very moment of blackest despair, the way had opened, and it had been so simple, so natural, so effectual. Surely, as long as he lived, he would remember it — "There is always a way, and the stout heart will find it."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what story is this selection taken? Have you read it?
2. Who wrote this story? Have you read any of his books?
3. Describe northern New York as it was in 1807.
4. Describe the feeling of being lost in the woods.
5. What did Rolf do that made him forget to watch in what direction he was going?
6. How did he find that he had been traveling in a circle?

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7. What had an old guide said to him about getting lost?
8. What wise thing did Rolf do when he found that he was lost?
9. How did he provide food for himself?
10. How did he get hurt?
11. How did he spend the night? Would you have been as brave as Rolf was and have provided so well for yourself?
12. Tell how Rolf was surprised at the direction of the sun when it rose the next morning.
13. What had an old pioneer told him to do when in trouble? Is that good advice?
14. How did Quonab tell Rolf that he had secured help when he was a little boy and got lost? What does "double for trouble" mean?
15. How did Rolf use the idea of "double for trouble" to enable Quonab to find him?
16. Why did Rolf open his mouth when he listened for Quonab's signal? Have you ever tried it?
17. How far was Rolf from camp when he was found?
18. What fine lesson is found in the last line of the story?

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he, whose noble soul its fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.

JOANNA BAILLIE

We can never be sure of our courage until we have faced danger.

FRANÇOIS LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

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DRIVING HOME THE COWS

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD

This poem has in it not only beautiful pictures, but also a delightful story.

The time is during the War between the States, 1861–1865.

Let us picture a farm and an old farmhouse. It is a very quiet household, consisting of a father, a mother, and a lad of about seventeen years of age. Why is it so quiet and so serious in this home? Because two elder sons have gone to war and have been killed in battle.

And now the lad, the youngest and the last of three sons, wants to enlist. The father and the mother feel that they *cannot* give him up, for he is " only a boy."

Now let us turn to the lad.

Read the first and second stanzas in silence slowly, seeing him drive home the cows. Where does he drive them from? Can you see and hear him letting down and putting up the old bars? Can you see the cows passing through? Can you see the lad as, his head held thoughtfully low, he follows the cows home to the barnyard and then milks them and does his other chores?

Then what does he do? Read stanzas 4 and 5. Can you see him as he slips away to enlist?

Here, in the poem, is a very long period of waiting, for, as you will find as you read, three years pass by, and then the old father and the sad, gentle old mother get news —

" That three were lying where two had lain,
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again."

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You should stop at this place and try to see the old father and mother as they go about the house and farm, with faces very sad and in silence most of the time. They have no sons now. They think that all three are asleep beneath the sods of the battlefield.

And now the old man himself has to bring home the cows. But you will enjoy finding out for yourself what happens when he goes for them one summer evening. Try hard to see all that occurs as he starts out for them that evening. Imagine how he peers at the stranger who is bringing home the cows. Imagine how they clasp hands, but can not say a word when they meet.

Driving Home the Cows

1

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

2

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

3

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

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4

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

5

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

6

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

7

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

8

The summer day grew cool and late.
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

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9

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass —
But who was it following close behind?

10

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

11

For war's grim prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

12

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies,
Together they followed the cattle home.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. When did the incidents of this story occur?
2. Describe the home and the family.
3. What had become of the two elder sons?
4. What do you think the boy of the story looked like? How was he dressed when about the farm? What is he doing at the opening of the story? What did he

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want to do? Describe, by reading aloud to the class the first two stanzas, how he brought home the cows.

5. Why would not the parents let him go to war?
6. Tell how he ran away. Tell it by reading aloud stanzas 4 and 5.
7. Have you ever heard frogs in a meadow swamp or a lake?
8. Describe an evening in the old farmhouse at some time within the three years after he ran away, telling how you think the parents looked and acted and whether they talked much.
9. What news had come to them?
10. Now tell by reading aloud to the class stanzas 8, 9, 10, and 11, what happened and how the story ends.
11. Try to imagine and describe what happened when the father and the boy arrived at the old farmhouse.
12. Imagine and describe what happened in the evening in the house. What do you think the three talked about?

Kate Putnam Osgood, an American poet, was born in Fryeburg, Maine, in 1841. Her poem, "Driving Home the Cows," was first published in *Harper's Monthly* in 1865. It is a poem which people love to remember.

Unseen hands delay
The coming of what oft seems close in ken,
And, contrary, the moment when we say
"'Twill never come!" comes on us even then.

OWEN MEREDITH (Lord Lytton)

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THE SOUTH WIND AND THE SUN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Have you ever thought that when spring comes, it is brought by what James Whitcomb Riley calls two wonderful fairies, — the South Wind and the Sun? They are always together, the warm south wind, of course, always accompanying the sun as he comes north to make spring for us.

And so Mr. Riley likens them to two " merry fays," or fairies, playing together as they romp on their way north.

Now read the second stanza, and find out how the South Wind was dressed. You see that when the South Wind comes north, the flowers and the green things march northward also, just keeping pace with the South Wind. If you were big enough to take up the earth in your hands and look at it, you would see around it in the spring a belt or ribbon of flowers and colored things, always moving north as long as spring lasts. And so the South Wind has " a ribbon round his breast."

And he had, too, " a drapery of mist," for you have noticed the mists that the warm South Wind causes to rise in damp places.

But how was the Sun dressed? Have you ever seen ripe thistledown? And can you not imagine that the hot rays of the Sun made for him a crown that looked like " gilded thistledown "?

Then the poet thinks the rainbow is his gown. He says it was a " *raveled*-rainbow gown." Why does he say " raveled "?

" Tinsel " consists of strips or strings of bright stuff. So the poet thinks the Sun's shining rays are his " tinsel-tangled hair."

Now go on with the other stanzas and follow " this pair of merry fays." Find out what each did. Their adventures are merry

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adventures, and they saw many wonderful things. They saw "daisies that looked like star-tracks trailing up and down the dawn."

With their loving warmth, they made the discouraged wheat stalk straighten up and grow big grains of wheat. How did they do this?

Trace their adventures with the dandelion, and the clover, and the bumble bee. Note where they put the bumble bee, and what his grumbling sounded like. (Stanza 7.)

Read about the trick they played on the humming bird in stanza 8.

Now go on with their adventures through stanzas 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13.

And do not fail to note what they did with the honey bee in stanza 15.

Find out what they saw in stanza 17, as "they loitered hand in hand." Have you also done the same things?

But in stanza 18, a thing very different happens. Now the South Wind and the Sun are things *that bring life*. With their coming northward the dead earth had sprung into life. The flowers had bloomed, the trees had sent out their leaves, and the earth had changed from brown to green. With the South Wind and the Sun had come *life*. They loved only life. They had played joyously together through the spring and summer, and wherever they wandered, they brought *life*, always *life*.

But now they saw the first *sad* thing, — a dead leaf falling, the first thing of death that they had seen. Have you ever seen a leaf do the things that this leaf did?

Let us now read stanzas 17, 18, and 19. The two joyous playmates saw everywhere about them the beautiful things which they had made. And full of gladness, —

> "— they loitered, hand in hand,
> Where the snipe along the sand

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Of the river ran to meet them,
As the ripple meets the land."

"And they heard the killdee's call,
And afar, the waterfall."

They were *glad;* for they had seen and had heard only life — life which they had scattered over the bosom of the wide earth. For they loved above all other things *to bring life.*

Then they had heard the first *sad* thing, — *the falling of a dead leaf.* Until now, they had heard *only things of life.*

But now, —

"— the rustle of a falling leaf —
They heard above it all."

Then the South Wind and the Sun knew that death had begun to come to all the things which they loved, for the falling leaf told them that the dying time of autumn had come. They heard the leaf rustle in its fall. They heard the "trailing willow" as it wept over the dead leaf. They saw the dead leaf try for a moment to stay by catching its point against the shore. Then, —

"— the fairy vessel veered
From its moorings — tacked and steered
For the center of the current —
Sailed away and disappeared."

Then the South Wind and the Sun knew that they, also, must go; and so —

"They laugh and sail away."

But they will return. Let us watch for them in the spring; and let us follow them, and play with them, through the spring and summer.

Few poems have ever been written that contain so great a number of wonderful nature pictures as "The South Wind and the Sun." And the "fancies," such as, —

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"And the sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistledown,
And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown."

Or, —

"Where the daisies looked like star-tracks,
Trailing up and down the dawn."

are beautiful beyond praise.

In the spring, when "this pair of merry fays" comes again, watch them and see whether Mr. Riley was a careful observer, and see whether you can catch them at their tricks as he did.

Here are some words that will help you to understand what Mr. Riley means. It will help you to understand the poem more fully if you learn their meanings before you read the poem:

riotous: noisy and unruly.
flossier: more silky.
gauming: daubing with honey.
maudlin: drunken.
mesmerized: charmed, or put to sleep.
palpitating: throbbing with life.
drowsed (drouzd): made sleepy.
undulant mosaic (mō-zā'ĭk): the waves of leaves made into patterns by the wind.
sprites: fairies.
elfish freak: with tricks like those of an elf, or a kind of mischievous fairy.
morass (mō-răs'): a grassy swamp.
prankt: played a prank or trick.
vintage: wine.
tang: a sharp, agreeable taste.
muscadine (mŭs'kȧ-dīn): a kind of fragrant wine.
leas: meadows.
tranced: in a trance, or as if mesmerized.
killdee: the bird called the killdeer, so named for its call, which sounds like its name.
veered: changed its course.
shallop: a boat; here the dead leaf.
burthen: an old form of *burden*.
frivolity: careless and joyous behavior.

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The South Wind and the Sun

1

O the South Wind and the Sun!
How each loved the other one —
Full of fancy — full of folly —
Full of jollity and fun!
How they romped and ran about,
Like two boys when school is out,
With glowing face, and lisping lip,
Low laugh, and lifted shout!

2

And the South Wind — he was dressed
With a ribbon round his breast
That floated, flapped, and fluttered
In a riotous unrest,
And a drapery of mist
From the shoulder and the wrist
Flowing backward with the motion
Of the waving hand he kissed.

3

And the Sun had on a crown
Wrought of gilded thistledown,
And a scarf of velvet vapor,
And a raveled-rainbow gown;
And his tinsel-tangled hair,
Tossed and lost upon the air,
Was glossier and flossier
Than any anywhere.

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4

And the South Wind's eyes were two
Little dancing drops of dew,
As he puffed his cheeks, and pursed his lips,
And blew, and blew, and blew!
And the Sun's — like diamond-stone,
Brighter yet than ever known,
As he knit his brows and held his breath,
And shone, and shone, and shone!

5

And this pair of merry fays
Wandered through the summer days;
Arm-in-arm they went together
Over heights of morning haze —
Over slanting slopes of lawn
They went on and on and on,
Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn.

6

And where'er they found the top
Of a wheat-stalk droop and lop,
They chucked it underneath the chin
And praised the lavish crop,
Till it lifted with the pride
Of the heads it grew beside,
And then the South Wind and the Sun
Went onward satisfied.

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7

Over meadow-lands they tripped,
Where the dandelions dipped
In crimson foam of clover-bloom,
And dripped, and dripped, and dripped;
And they clinched the bumble-stings,
Gauming honey on their wings,
And bundling them in lily-bells,
With maudlin murmurings.

8

And the humming bird, that hung
Like a jewel up among
The tilted honeysuckle-horns,
They mesmerized, and swung
In the palpitating air,
Drowsed with odors strange and rare,
And, with whispered laughter, slipped away,
And left him hanging there.

9

And they braided blades of grass
Where the truant had to pass;
And they wriggled through the rushes
And the reeds of the morass,
Where they danced, in rapture sweet,
O'er the leaves that laid a street
Of undulant mosaic for
The touches of their feet.

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10

By the brook with mossy brink,
Where the cattle came to drink,
They trilled and piped and whistled
With the thrush and bobolink,
Till the kine, in listless pause,
Switched their tails in mute applause,
With lifted heads, and dreamy eyes,
And bubble-dripping jaws.

11

And where the melons grew,
Streaked with yellow, green, and blue,
These jolly sprites went wandering
Through spangled paths of dew;
And the melons, here and there,
They made love to, everywhere,
Turning their pink souls to crimson
With caresses fond and fair.

12

Over orchard walls they went,
Where the fruited boughs were bent
Till they brushed the sward beneath them
Where the shine and shadow blent;
And the great green pear they shook,
Till the sallow hue forsook
Its features, and the gleam of gold
Laughed out in every look.

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13

And they stroked the downy cheek
Of the peach, and smoothed it sleek,
And flushed it into splendor;
And, with many an elfish freak,
Gave the russet's rust a wipe —
Prankt the rambo with a stripe,
And the winesap blushed its reddest
As they spanked the pippins ripe.

14

Through the woven ambuscade
That the twining vines had made,
They found the grapes, in clusters,
Drinking up the shine and shade —
Plumpt, like tiny skins of wine,
With a vintage so divine
That the tongue of fancy tingled
With the tang of muscadine.

15

And the golden-banded bees,
Droning o'er the flowery leas,
They bridled, reined, and rode away
Across the fragrant breeze,
Till in hollow oak and elm
They had groomed and stabled them
In waxen stalls that oozed with dews
Of rose and lily-stem.

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16

Where the dusty highway leads,
High above the wayside weeds,
They sowed the air with butterflies
Like blooming flower-seeds,
Till the dull grasshopper sprung
Half a man's height up, and hung
Tranced in the heat, with whirring wings,
And sung, and sung, and sung!

17

And they loitered, hand in hand,
Where the snipe along the sand
Of the river ran to meet them
As the ripple meets the land,
Till the dragonfly, in light
Gauzy armor, burnished bright,
Came tilting down the waters
In a wild, bewildered flight.

18

And they heard the killdee's call,
And afar, the waterfall, —
But the rustle of a falling leaf
They heard above it all;
And the trailing willow crept
Deeper in the tide that swept
The leafy shallop to the shore,
And wept, and wept, and wept!

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19

And the fairy vessel veered
From its moorings — tacked and steered
For the center of the current —
Sailed away and disappeared:
And the burthen that it bore
From the long-enchanted shore —
"Alas! the South Wind and the Sun!"
I murmur evermore.

20

For the South Wind and the Sun,
Each so loves the other one,
For all his jolly folly,
And frivolity and fun,
That our love for them they weigh
As their fickle fancies may,
And when at last we love them most,
They laugh and sail away.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What did the South Wind and the Sun play like? (Stanza 1.)
2. Describe the South Wind's dress. Have you seen it? (Stanza 2.)
3. Describe the Sun's appearance. Is it a good description?
4. Describe them both further as told in stanza 4.
5. Tell what they did and what

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they saw in stanza 5. Have you ever seen this?

6. What did they do to the discouraged stalk of wheat? What does this really mean? (Stanza 6.)
7. What did they do and see in the meadows? What expressions do you like in stanza 7? Why?
8. What did they do to the humming bird, stanza 8? Have you ever seen this?
9. Have you ever been tripped by long, tangled grass? Who tangled it, according to Mr. Riley? (A "morass" is a grassy swamp.)
10. Tell whether you have ever seen cows do what is described in stanza 10.
11. How do the melons get their crimson hearts? (Stanza 11.)
12. Tell how the ripe pear became golden. (Stanza 12.)
13. Tell what they did to the other fruits. Do the South Wind and the Sun really do these things? (Stanza 13.) Explain how.
14. In olden times, wine was kept in bags of animal skins. So what are ripe grapes like? (Stanza 14.)
15. Stanza 15 — Is this a good description of how the wild bees are induced to make and store honey in the trees? Tell why.
16. Stanza 16 — What kind of butterflies are meant here? Have you ever seen a brown or black road-grasshopper do this?
17. Stanza 17 — Mr. Riley probably means the sandpiper here. Is this a good description of a dragonfly?
18. Stanzas 18 and 19 — What was the shallop here? Have you ever seen a leaf do this? What did the dead leaf mean to the South Wind and the Sun? Why? Why did they laugh and sail away? Where do you think they went?

The sun can image itself in a tiny dewdrop or in the mighty ocean.

RICHARD C. TRENCH

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THE OLD WASH PLACE

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

Try to picture two men sitting in a room together. One of them, with a very thoughtful face, is telling the other a story of a cabin somewhere in the woods of Texas just before the Civil War of 1861–1865, and of the little family that lived in the cabin. There were in the family the young father, the little mother, — who was only a young girl herself — and the boy, about seven years old, his sister of four or five, and the baby.

Just back of the cabin was " the old wash place," or the place where the little mother did the family washing. The " old wash place " was not a building built for this purpose. It was only a place under the trees where there were the homely tubs, the soap gourd dipper and the old " battling stick " for stirring the clothes, and where a big iron kettle was hung on a pole resting on two forked stakes.

The little mother is doing the washing, the little boy is gathering sticks for the fire, while the little sister is playing with the baby in the pile of soiled clothes.

The little mother is singing, for she is very happy. She has picked from a dogwood tree near by a beautiful white blossom and stuck it into her hair. A redbird is singing in a tree near by.

The man who is telling this story of " the old wash place " was once the little boy who tried so hard and did so much to help his little mother there, and " the old wash place " is the thing that he remembers best of his boyhood days.

They are very happy. But one day the young husband and father has to go away to the war as a Confederate soldier. They

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see him march off in his uniform of gray, and the little girl mother and the babies are left alone in the cabin in the woods.

The little heartbroken mother no longer gathers dogwood blossoms for her hair, and she no longer hears the redbird, although he sings his heart out, for she can think only of her husband among the bursting shells and flying bullets.

One morning a message comes to the cabin that the young husband and father has been killed in battle. And now the little girl mother is left all alone in the cabin in the woods with her babies. She now has to take in washings to make a living for them. The last stanza tells what became of her.

After the little boy who lived in the cabin and did so much to help his little mother has grown to manhood and has become a very successful man, he one day hears a woman say sneeringly, "Huh! his mother did our washing, for my mother told me so," as if it were a disgrace. In the next to the last stanza, he tells what he thinks of this remark.

As you read the last stanza, you will see that the little mother, also, died many years ago, leaving with her children memories so precious that they will "miss her as long as life shall last."

In reading the story aloud, imagine that you are the man, telling the story to his friend. Do not just pronounce the words, but *tell the story* in his words.

Before you read "The Old Wash Place," be sure to learn the meanings of the following words:

absurdly young: very, very young.
of yore: long ago.
the brood: the three children in the story.
the soap gourd (gōrd): the shell of a gourd used as a dipper.
comprehend: understand.
overdreary: more than wearisome.
heartstrings: feelings.
the morning's gleam: early morning, just as the sun comes up.
Gethsemane (gĕth-sĕm′ȧ-nē): the garden in Jerusalem where

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Jesus went alone to bear his sorrow before his crucifixion. Here it means, — one's greatest sorrow.

she'd strive to coax her lips to curve into a snatch of song: she would try to hide her grief from the children by pretending to sing a bit of a song.

it was base: the act was mean and despicable.

by the look that overcast her sweet face: by the look that came upon her sweet face.

The Old Wash Place

1

She was such a little mother, so absurdly young, that while
Tears are trembling on my lashes at her memory, I smile
At the very youngness of her; just a little girl she seems,
Smiling at me from the distance, singing to me in my dreams
Lullabies we all remember; but I mostly see her face
Smiling through the clouds of steam that almost hide the old wash place.

2

Sometimes in my dreams a dogwood blossom glimmers in her hair,
And I hear a redbird whistle, and the dream is free from care —
Then a man comes in the picture in the dream, and goes away,
Waving to the little mother from the ranks of men in gray;

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And from then the dogwood blossoms never glimmer any more,
And the redbird sings no longer 'round the wash place as of yore.

3

Three of us — and just the little bit o' mother to the brood!
Singing while her heart was breaking, in the woodland solitude,
With the homely tubs and kettle and the soap gourd and the stick —
The old battling stick! the mem'ry catches at my throat so quick
That I scarce can choke the sob back, at the picture of her face
Smiling bravely from the distance through the steam of the wash place.

4

Yes, I carried water for her, while the baby went to sleep
With the songs that sister sung her where the wash lay in a heap,
And I sought dry sticks and piled them 'neath the kettle — all my joy
In the dreams that come back to me is that I was born a boy,

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And could help the little mother, and was glad to help her, too,
In the tasks about the wash place where there was so much to do.

5

Can wee babies understand it — when a heart's about to break?
We were babies, but we seemed to know, somehow, for mother's sake
We must help to bear a burden which we could not comprehend,
And our puny arms about her seemed to strengthen, and to lend
Her a strength no little bit o' mother could have got elsewhere,
As she toiled about the wash place with her heart bowed down with care.

6

Some day's tasks seemed overdreary, and the hours seemed overlong —
But she'd catch our eyes fixed on her and would tremble into song;
But the world of heartbreak throbbing through the counterfeited joy
Somehow would play on the heartstrings of the little girl and boy
And the little baby sister, and we'd snuggle face to face,
Heart to heart, her arms about us kneeling at the old wash place.

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7

Then one morning came a message — came in with the morning's gleam —
How it came is lost or hidden in the shadows of the dream,
But with it hope went out from her, and she seemed to hark no more
For a voice across the distance, for a footstep at the door;
And she kneeled there in the wash place, kneeled with sister-girl and me,
And I know now that that moment was her soul's Gethsemane!

8

Then the washings came more often, there were other heaps of clothes;
Day by day the clouds of sudsy steam from the old kettle rose,
Day by day her love grew stronger; in the worry and the smart
Of her heartache she would rush to and would clasp us to her heart;
And she'd strive to coax her lips to curve into a snatch of song —
But the wash place called and called her, and its tasks were hard and long.

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9

Not long since I heard a woman say in sneering tones and low:
"Huh! his mother did our washing, for my mother told me so!"
Whiter than the dogwood blossoms — sweeter than they e'er could be —
Shone the truth of that vile whisper, for she did it all for me,
And for sister-girl and baby! Oh, the whisper — it was base!
But a soul was born in heaven from that lowly old wash place.

10

Why, it doesn't seem that mother was quite grown up when she died!
Such a little bit o' mother! Oh, the years are long and wide
Since she went away and left us, with the old smile on her face,
Leaving us but just the mem'ry of the homely old wash place;
I know father beckoned to her — by the look that overcast
Her sweet face — but we still miss her, shall as long as life shall last.

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QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Describe how the story was told.
2. Describe the scene. What did the cabin look like? What did the father look like? The little mother? The boy? The sister? The baby?
3. Describe the old wash place. Why did the speaker remember that best?
4. What became of the father?
5. Why could not the little mother wear the dogwood blossoms in her hair any more? Why did she not hear the redbird after her husband was gone?
6. How did she make a living for her children?
7. What did the woman say of her? What do you think of what she said? Was it a disgrace for the little girl mother to do washings to support her babies, or was it noble?
8. What became of the little mother?
9. What memory of her clung to her children?
10. What line in the last stanza tells of their lasting love for her?

Judd Mortimer Lewis, the author of the beautiful poem, "The Old Wash Place," was born in Fulton, New York, September 13, 1867. He has written many beautiful poems and many delightful humorous prose stories. He is connected with the Houston *Post*, of Houston, Texas, for which he daily contributes poetry and prose humor.

As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me.

AMELIA B. WELBY

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THE WHITE STONE CANOE

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT

This beautiful story of "The White Stone Canoe" is a real "Hiawatha story." It is told by Henry R. Schoolcraft in his book called "Hiawatha Legends," from which Longfellow got his material for "Hiawatha." It is an Ojibway or Chippewa legend, and was heard by Schoolcraft from the lips of an old Indian story-teller.

Mr. Longfellow must have known this story, for he tells, in "Hiawatha's Lamentation," how Chibiabos—

> "Came unto the Lake of Silver,
> In the Stone Canoe was carried
> To the Islands of the Blessed,
> To the land of ghosts and shadows."

Why he did not use it in "Hiawatha" is not known, for it is as beautiful as any of the other legends that he did use.

The story of "The White Stone Canoe" has been slightly simplified in this book, but the story is given as Schoolcraft heard it from the lips of the aged Ojibway story-teller.

The Chippewa Indians live in Wisconsin and Minnesota. The name "Chippewa" is another form of "Ojibwa," the name usually given in poetry to this tribe of Indians. By pronouncing one of the names after the other, you will see how either one of the names blends with the other.

Now to read this story you must imagine yourself among the Chippewa Indians, long, long ago. Try to imagine the beautiful country of lakes and forests where they lived. Try to picture in

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your mind Hiawatha in his grief for his lost sweetheart. Try to imagine his start upon his strange journey to find her. Picture to yourself all that he saw on the journey.

You already know a good deal about Hiawatha from your reading of Mr. Longfellow's poem about him.

The Chippewa Indians believed that, after their death, their spirits would cross a great lake, Gitchee Gumee, in white stone canoes, to the Island of Ponemah, the Land of the Hereafter, and that there, free from hunger and cold, they would live happily ever afterwards. For a long time after the death of a Chippewa Indian, food is placed frequently on the grave to keep him from hunger on his long journey to the Land of the Hereafter.

To start on their journey to the Land of the Hereafter, they had to pass through the wigwam of Chibiabos (chĭb-ĭ-ā'bōs), the keeper of the Gate of Death. You will easily see that the "Wigwam of Chibiabos" means *death*, or the separation of the spirit from the body. If your teacher will read to you the last part of the last tale in "Hiawatha," you will learn how the Indian hero, at death, sailed away in his canoe, over the waters of Gitchee Gumee to the Island of Ponemah.

But in the story of "The White Stone Canoe" there is something more interesting still. As you read the story you will note that, when Hiawatha started out in his white stone canoe, he saw around him many other spirits in similar canoes. The waves rose high before the canoes of the spirits of the men and the women. Some of the canoes were overwhelmed by the waves of Gitchee Gumee, and the spirits that were in them sank to the bottom, while the waves sank down before the canoes of the others. This means, of course, that the good passed through safely, while the bad went down, never to see the Island of Ponemah.

But the most interesting and wonderful part of the tale is this: that before the canoes in which were the spirits of little children *there were no waves at all.* This means that innocent little children could not commit sins, and so no waves barred their happy passage

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to the Land of the Hereafter, a very remarkable idea to exist among a tribe of Indians so long ago.

Learn the meanings and the pronunciations of the following words before you read the story:

the Island of Ponemah (pō-nē′mä): the Land of the Hereafter, or the island where the spirits of the dead go.

Chibiabos (chĭb-ĭ-ā′bōs): the keeper of the Gate of Death, the spirit which, as the Indians believed, came to them at death to take their spirits from their bodies.

wigwam (wĭg′wôm): an Indian dwelling made of a framework of poles overlaid with bark, matting, or skins.

Gitchee Manito (gĭtch′ē măn′ĭ-tō): the all-powerful god of the Indians.

Gitchee Gumee: the great lake in which was supposed to be the Island of Ponemah, the Land of the Hereafter. Supposed to have been Lake Superior.

The White Stone Canoe

A Chippewa Legend

There was once a beautiful Indian maiden who died suddenly on the very day when she was to have been married to a handsome young warrior. He was very brave, but from the hour when she was buried, there was no more happiness for him. He would go often to the spot where the women had buried her, and sit there for days grieving in silence. The other warriors of the tribe thought that he would have done better had he tried to amuse himself in the chase or to forget his grief on the warpath. But hunting and war had no

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charms for him. His heart was already dead within him.

He had heard the aged story-tellers of his tribe say that there was a path that led to the Island of Ponemah, the Land of the Dead. In his grief, he made up his mind to seek this path and to follow it until he found his sweetheart. So he made careful preparations, and at daybreak, when all of the village were asleep, he started out alone to find the path that led to the Land of the Hereafter.

At first, he hardly knew which way to go. He was guided only by an old tale of the story-tellers which said that he must go southward. So he set out in that direction.

For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests and streams and hills and valleys had the same look that they had around his village. There was snow on the ground when he started out, and it was piled and matted on the trees and thick bushes. At length, however, it began to grow less, and finally disappeared altogether. The forest began to look more cheerful. Here the leaves had put forth their buds, and in a short time he found himself in the land of Spring. He had now left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild and warm; the dark clouds of winter rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him; and as he went on he saw flowers beside his path, and he heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was

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going the right way, for they agreed with the stories told by the old people of his tribe.

At length he spied a path. He followed it. It led him through a grove, and then up on a long, high ridge, on the very top of which stood a wigwam.

At its door stood a very old man with white hair, and whose eyes, though deeply sunken, were very bright. He wore a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and he leaned upon a long staff. It was Chibiabos, the Keeper of the Gate of Death.

The young Chippewa warrior began to tell his story; but the old chief stopped him before he had spoken ten words.

"I have been expecting you," he said, "and had just risen to welcome you to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days ago, and being wearied with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my wigwam and be seated. I will then answer your questions and tell you how to find her."

After a time spent in asking and answering questions, they both came out of the wigwam.

"You see yonder silver lake," said Chibiabos, "and the wide plains beyond it? It is the land of spirits. You stand upon its borders, and my wigwam is the Gate of Entrance to the Land of the Hereafter. You must go through my wigwam, and then on to the shore of the silver lake, where you will find a White Stone Canoe. If you wish to find your sweetheart, you must get into the white stone canoe, take the paddles and

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paddle westward to the Island of Ponemah. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe here on your return."

So saying, as if he had finished, he turned and entered his wigwam.

Then the young warrior's spirit stepped out of his body, and bounded forward as if it had wings. As he flashed through the land of ghosts, he noticed that all things kept their natural shapes and colors. The woods and the leaves, the lakes and the streams, were only more bright and lovely than he had ever seen them before. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a fearlessness that seemed to say to him, "There is no blood shed here." Beautiful birds lived in the groves or swam upon the waters.

There was one thing, however, that seemed very strange to him. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or any other objects. He seemed to walk directly through them. And then he knew that they were only the spirits or ghosts of trees and that he was in the Land of Shadows.

When he had traveled swiftly for half a day in a country which was all the time becoming more and more beautiful, he came to the shore of a broad silver lake, and in the far distance, in the middle of the lake, he could see a beautiful island. On the shore, he found a shining white stone canoe. He was now sure that he had come by the right path, for Chibiabos had told

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him that he should find the canoe there. There also were shining white stone paddles.

He stepped into the canoe, and took in his hands the shining white paddles. Then something made him turn his head, and there beside him, in another white stone canoe, exactly like his own, he saw his sweetheart, and she was smiling at him.

They at once pushed out from the shore and began to cross the lake. But the waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance seemed ready to swallow them up. However, as they would enter the edge of a great wave, it seemed to melt away, as if it were only the ghost of a wave. No sooner was one wave safely passed than another, higher still, rose before them. So they were all the time in fear. And what added to their fear was — *That the water seemed so clear that in its depths they could see great heaps of beings who had perished there, and whose bones strewed the bottom of the lake.*

But the Master of Life had decided to let the young warrior and his sweetheart pass through in safety, for in the land from which they had come, both of them had lived noble lives.

However, they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. They saw old men and young men, old women and young women, of all ranks going down beneath the waves to the bottom. Some passed safely through the waves, which sank before them if they had done only good deeds; but all others went down in

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spite of all their struggles. *But before the canoes of the little children, there were no waves at all.*

All in a moment the waves were gone, and before them was the shore of the Happy Island, the Land of the Hereafter. They both leaped out upon the shore. It seemed that the very air was food. It nourished and strengthened them. Together they wandered for many days over the happy fields where everything seemed formed to please the eye and ear. There were no storms, there was no ice, there were no chilling winds. No one shivered from the want of warm clothes. No one suffered from hunger. No one mourned the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals, for the very air itself was their food.

Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever. But he could not stay, for though he did not see the Master of Life, he heard his voice in a soft breeze.

"Go back," said the Voice softly, "to the land from which you came. Your time has not yet come. The work for which I made you is not yet finished. Go back to your people, and there perform the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many moons. Chibiabos, the Keeper of the Gate, will tell you what you must do, when he gives you back your body. Listen to him, do what he tells you. You shall hereafter rejoin the spirit of your sweetheart, although you must now leave her behind you. She is

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accepted, and will be here forever, as young, as beautiful, and as happy as she was when I first called her from the Land of Snows."

When the Voice ceased to speak, the young warrior awoke. It had been only a dream, and he was still in the Land of Snows and Hunger and Tears.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell what you know of Hiawatha.
2. Where is the home of the Chippewa Indians? By what other name are they called?
3. Why did Hiawatha wish to undertake this strange journey?
4. What was the Land of the Dead called? Where was it? How did the old story-tellers say it might be reached?
5. Tell what Hiawatha saw in the first part of his journey.
6. Who was the Keeper of the Gate of Death? Describe him. What does "Chibiabos" really mean?
7. Tell what occurred when Hiawatha met Chibiabos.
8. What, do you think, is meant by Hiawatha's having to go "*through* the wigwam of Chibiabos" before he could start out in his White Stone Canoe for the Island of Ponemah?
9. What things seemed wonderful to Hiawatha after his spirit was freed from his body?
10. What happy discovery did he make after he got into his White Stone Canoe?
11. Tell how the waves appeared before the canoes. Why were the waves higher before some canoes than before others? What kind of persons were overwhelmed by the waves? What kind passed safely through? Why were

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there no waves before the canoes of the spirits of little children?

12. Tell how the spirits of Hiawatha and his sweetheart arrived at the Island of Ponemah.
13. What kind of country was the Land of the Hereafter? On what did the spirits live? From what did they no longer suffer?
14. In what way did Hiawatha hear the voice of Gitchee Manito, the god of the Indians?
15. What did the voice tell him to do?
16. Most of the "Hiawatha Legends" are tales of what Hiawatha is supposed to have done after his return from this journey.
17. Compare this with other Hiawatha stories, and tell which you think is the best story and why.

Henry R. Schoolcraft, the noted explorer and student of the life of the Indians inhabiting the region of the Great Lakes, was born March 28, 1793, and died December 10, 1864. He spent most of his life among the Indians, studying their languages and customs. He was much beloved and trusted by the Indians. He was the discoverer of Lake Itasca, the true source of the Mississippi River.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

ALEXANDER POPE

When to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

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MARMION AND DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

The following selection is from Canto VI, of Sir Walter Scott's long poem, " Marmion."

The scene of this exciting story is laid at the castle of Tantallon, the stronghold of Lord Douglas, the aged but still fiery Scottish Earl of Angus. The time is early in the sixteenth century. At that time King Henry the Eighth of England was at war with France, and feared that Scotland, which was then an independent monarchy and friendly to France, would attack England on the north. So, to prevent this, King Henry, in the poem of " Marmion," sends Marmion to persuade King James the Fourth of Scotland to remain at peace with England.

At that time, a nobleman did not really own his castle, but held it for his king; and it was the custom for the king, at times, to send persons to be entertained at noblemen's castles.

Thus, a nobleman often had to give friendly entertainment to some one whom he really hated or despised.

It was so in this case, for Douglas despised Marmion, whom King James had sent to be for a time Douglas's guest at Tantallon.

But the Scots continued their preparations for war. And after staying some time with Douglas at Tantallon and seeing no real hope for peace, Marmion feels that he has failed in his mission and prepares to leave the castle for the camp of the Earl of Surrey, the English general, who had a large army not far away.

Now picture a great stone castle, with tall towers and battlements. A great ditch, called the moat, filled with water, surrounds the castle, and across it is a bridge, called a drawbridge, hinged

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at the base of the castle wall, and capable of being raised and lowered across the moat by means of chains and pulleys.

In the great arch or entrance in the castle wall at the inner end of the drawbridge was a heavy iron gate, called a portcullis, which did not turn on hinges, but was drawn straight up into the wall to permit people to go out and in. Grooms and warders, or caretakers, were constantly on guard to raise or lower the drawbridge and the portcullis, and thus to shut out enemies in case of attack, or to let in friends.

The castle was built around a court, or large open space, and it was here that Lord Marmion was about to say farewell to Lord Douglas and then depart for the camp of the Earl of Surrey under a safe-conduct from the King of Scotland. In taking leave of his host he offered his hand, which Douglas refused.

Try to see the stern, white-haired old Douglas, Earl of Angus, with many attendants around him. The portcullis is drawn up into the wall and the drawbridge is down across the moat, and Marmion's train of attendants has passed out and is waiting, mounted, across the moat.

Now read the story just as you would read any other good story. It is a thrilling tale. Try to see the speakers and hear what they say. See Marmion, as he whirls his horse and dashes under the portcullis just as it falls, and as he rides across the rising drawbridge and leaps his horse off the farther end.

The meanings of the following words will help you to understand the story:

plain: complain.
behest: command.
manors: mansion houses.
bowers: rooms or chambers specially devoted to pleasures, or sheltered places in a beautiful garden or park.
lists: makes choice of.
unmeet: unfit.
peer: an equal in rank.
turret: a tower on a castle.
ire: great wrath or rage.
hold: a strong place of defense.

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vassals: knights and others subject to Lord Douglas.
rowels: the little wheel of a spur, with sharp points.
razed: cut off; possibly grazed.
mandate: the command to give chase to Marmion.

The main thing in the reading of the story is to *see* the pictures just as if the story were a moving picture on a screen, and to *hear* Marmion's bold defiance of Douglas, and also to hear Douglas's enraged reply.

You would enjoy reading the complete poem, "Marmion."

Marmion and Douglas

1

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

2

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land;
And, noble Earl, receive my hand." —
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —

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MARMION

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"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my Sovereign's will
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

3

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And — "This to me!" he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, *thou—hast—lied!*"

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4

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth, — "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go? —
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending razed his plume.

5

The steed along the drawbridge flies
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchéd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

6

"*Horse! horse!*" the Douglas cried, "and *chase!*"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,

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Though most unworthy of the name. —
Saint Mary, mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood;
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak and fairly ride;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. From what long poem is this selection taken? Who wrote it? What is it about?
2. Who was Marmion? Who was Douglas? What was the name of his castle? How did Marmion happen to be there?
3. Describe the scene as Marmion was about to take his departure.
4. Where was Marmion going? Why was Douglas so polite to his guest whom he despised?
5. How did Marmion say farewell? What did he "plain" or *complain* about?
6. Why did Douglas refuse to give his hand to Marmion? What did Marmion reply to Douglas's refusal of his hand?
7. Read aloud Douglas's reply, saying the lines as you think Douglas said them. Do not be afraid to let your voice ring out.
8. Describe the swift departure of Marmion as you see it in your mind.
9. What do you think of Marmion? Of Douglas?

Sir Walter Scott, the great Scottish novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He wrote in all twenty-nine novels and many poems. Scott died in 1832 at his beautiful home called Abbotsford.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT

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THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE

GEORGE ARNOLD

A "jolly old pedagogue" simply means a jolly old teacher. But it does not mean the kind of teacher to whom you are accustomed. Long ago, women very rarely taught school. Except in girls' schools, the teachers were all men, and most of them old men at that. This poem tells of such a teacher. The first stanza tells what he looked like. He probably wore a long, black coat that showed much wear.

The pictures in this poem are so simple and so clear that you cannot help seeing them. Now read in silence the first half of the first stanza, and then describe "the jolly old pedagogue."

The remainder of the poem does not tell what he looked like, but it tells what he *was* like.

First, you see, he believed in *being happy*. He thought it very wrong to allow himself to be unhappy. And as he made himself happy, so he wanted to make everybody else happy. Note, in the second stanza, how he understood and treated the "littlest child."

Now read the third stanza. Note how good he was to "the stupidest boys." At that time, the teacher almost always carried a long slender whip in the schoolroom, and he used it frequently. But to "the jolly old pedagogue," love was sweeter than the power to punish or to whip. And so, "the rod was scarcely known in his school."

Stanza 4 tells where and how he lived. Try to picture in your mind the outside and the inside of his house, and the old man sitting on his little porch on a summer's evening. He was not sorry that he was poor, for he did not want his relatives to "litigate over him" (go to law over his property) after he was dead.

Read in silence stanzas 5 and 6. They present a beautiful

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picture. Try to think of this picture as it would look on the screen, — the old man taking his hat and cane, and walking slowly over to spend a sociable evening with a neighbor. Think of his arrival, the invitation into the house, the conversation, the bringing in of a pitcher of cider, — for that was the custom then, — and the old man, brimming over with happiness, as, with his chair " tipped back" and the glass of cider in his hand, he —

" Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles (roof)."

Note how, from *his* happiness, every one else grew happy. Note what he says in the last four lines of stanza 6. " An old-school grace " means the fine manners of the olden times. The men of those days were taught while they were little boys to be extremely polite on all occasions.

Continue the moving picture through the last two stanzas, — the old man sitting on his porch on a summer evening, smoking his pipe, and the balmy evening wind playing in his long, thin white hair, and " the jolly old pedagogue " very, very happy.

Then just as the day dies in the golden west, a sweet and peaceful end comes to " the jolly old pedagogue," — an end as happy as his life had been.

To be able to read so that you see and hear exactly what the poet tells you is a wonderful thing. If you so read this poem, the poet, George Arnold, will actually *make you acquainted with " the jolly old pedagogue."*

You know all the words and phrases that we have not explained.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue

1

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,

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And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

2

He taught his scholars the Rule of Three,
Reading, and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones up on his knee
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

3

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school;
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below;
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

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4

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

5

But the pleasantest times that he had of all,
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted here below;
"Who has no cronies had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

6

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;

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"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said;
"I've lingered a long while here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

7

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled, and said,
'Twas a glorious world down here below;
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

8

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered, "*Rest!*"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head.
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is a "jolly old pedagogue"? Describe the teachers of the olden time. (Your teacher will add to

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the pleasure of reading this poem by reading to you Hawthorne's picture of the old-time teacher, Ezekiel Cheever, in "Grandfather's Chair.")

2. Describe "the jolly old pedagogue's" appearance.
3. What was his chief characteristic?
4. "The Rule of Three" is the rule for Proportion in arithmetic. How did what he taught differ from the studies that you have?
5. Tell how he treated the "little ones"; the "stupidest boys." Why did he not believe in whipping?
6. Describe his home and how he lived.
7. Describe a visit of "the jolly old pedagogue" to a neighbor's home. How does he explain, in stanza 6, why he is so happy? Answer this by reading aloud. What did he consider his "finest pleasure"? Answer by reading aloud what he said just as you think he said it. (Cronies are old tried friends.)
8. Describe "the jolly old pedagogue's" beautiful death by reading aloud stanzas 7 and 8.

George Arnold was born in New York City in 1834. He died in New Jersey in 1865. He was a writer for newspapers and magazines. He published several volumes of poems, but he is remembered chiefly for his beloved poem of "The Jolly Old Pedagogue."

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE

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HOW THE PRINTER BECAME A PHILOSOPHER

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

This is a story of how a poor printer boy became a famous philosopher. A philosopher is a man who shows common sense in all he thinks, says, and does.

The story is about Benjamin Franklin, one of the greatest of all Americans. He was born in Boston in 1706. He was a poor boy, as almost all great Americans were. He learned the printer's trade, and learned it well, for, although he was a witty, cheery boy, he was a hard worker, and did everything he had to do just as well as he could.

At the age of seventeen, he left Boston and went to Philadelphia to make his fortune. You should read of his trip in Mr. Brooks's interesting book, "The True Story of Benjamin Franklin." On the trip, he lent part of his small sum of money to a young man whom he met on the ship, and so arrived at Philadelphia with very little money in his pocket.

He landed from the ship, and with his small bundle in his hand, started up a street of Philadelphia. On the way, he bought some rolls from a baker, and strolled on past the houses munching a roll. As he passed a certain house, he saw a pretty young girl standing in the doorway, laughing at him, for to her he looked very funny in his long-tailed coat as he went up the street eating a roll. The girl was Deborah Read, who afterward became his wife.

He got a job as a printer and worked very hard. He saved his money and read all the books he could get. He also tried to make

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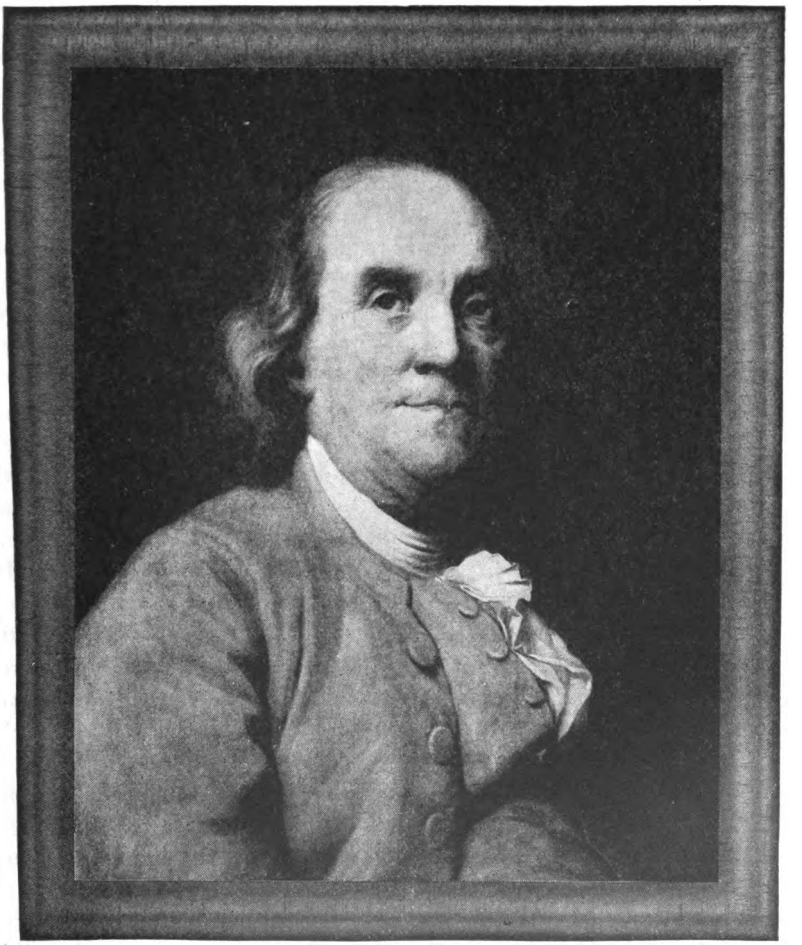

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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friends among the better citizens, for he was smart enough to know that every boy who expects to rise must have friends among men of power.

You know that America then consisted only of colonies which belonged to England. So there were many Englishmen in the American colonies. An English gentleman in Philadelphia persuaded Benjamin to go to London to seek his fortune, and promised that he would give him letters to men of power in London who would help him.

But when Benjamin got ready to start to London, this gentleman told him to go on and that he would find the letters waiting for him when he reached London. So he started on the long voyage. But when he arrived at that great city, he found no letters, for the man had deceived the poor boy. And there he was, without letters or friends or money, all alone in the great, smoky city of London.

But Benjamin was a brave boy and at once started out to find work. He secured a place as a printer. Again he worked hard and tried to learn everything he could that would be of value to him.

It was many years before he returned to Philadelphia. He brought back little money. But he brought back something of greater value, — a deep knowledge of London and the way in which the English people thought of the colonies. In the American Revolution, this knowledge was of great value to the American colonies, and helped them very much to become free.

You should read in "The True Story of Benjamin Franklin" how he grew to be a world-famous man. Washington and Benjamin Franklin were the two great men of the American Revolution. Franklin's experiments with electricity were the beginning of our electric street cars, our telephones, and telegraphs. He invented an open stove, for in his time rooms were warmed by fireplaces. He became so famous that he was known and honored all over the world. Washington, Franklin, and Abraham Lincoln are more honored in other countries than any other Americans. Thus, the

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poor printer boy found the fortune and fame he sought when he left Boston. He found it because he always showed good sense and because he was willing to work hard.

In the following story, Mr. Brooks will tell you about "The Printer Who Became a Philosopher."

Part I

Study carefully the meanings of the following words before reading Part I:

a strong constitution (kŏn-stĭ-tū'shŭn): a strong body and good health.

journeyman (jûr'nĭ-măn): a man who works at his trade in different shops.

industry (ĭn'dŭs-trĭ): the habit of hard work.

economy (ē-kŏn'ō-mĭ): the practice of being saving of one's money and property; also the careful use of them.

independence (ĭn-dē-pĕn'dĕns): being free from the need of help from others.

editor (ĕd'ĭ-tēr): one who chooses, arranges, and corrects the articles printed in a book, a magazine, or a newspaper.

compositor (kŏm-pŏz'ĭ-tēr): one who sets up type for printing.

proof reader (proōf rēd'ēr): one who corrects the trial copy printed from type.

author (ô'thēr): one who writes articles or books.

How the Printer Became a Philosopher

Franklin came back to Philadelphia prepared to "clerk it" in what for him was a new kind of business. But he did not "clerk it" long.

Soon after the store was fairly stocked and started, Mr. Denham, the proprietor, fell sick and died. Franklin, also, was very sick at the same time. It was thought that he, too, would die; but he had youth

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and a strong constitution in his favor, and he recovered.

But he recovered his health only to find Mr. Denham's business closed, and he himself again out of work.

It looks as if poor Ben had very hard luck about that time of his life, does it not? But it all turned out for the best. He had his trade to fall back on. He soon found work as a printer, and a printer he remained all through his business life, or until he gave his time and strength to the service of his countrymen and the good of mankind.

His life as an active printer in Philadelphia lasted through twenty busy years. He worked as a journeyman; then he went into business for himself, taking a fellow-printer as his partner. He lived carefully, saved money, prospered, and at last became quite wealthy, for those days.

He was twenty-two when he set up the firm of Franklin and Meredith, on Market Street in Philadelphia. Finally he bought out his partner, and the sign, "B. Franklin, Printer," was for years one of the best known in the town.

That name stood for good work, honest work, reliable work; for Franklin had learned that in business, as in everything else, "honesty is the best policy."

"There are no gains without pains," said Franklin. "He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor; but," he added, "the trade must be worked at, and the calling

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well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes."

On this plan he worked at his business, and whenever he saw a chance to add to it profitably he did so. He started a newspaper; he opened a book and stationery store; he published a magazine; and, regularly, for twenty-five years, he made and printed an almanac that did more to educate his countrymen to habits of industry, economy, independence, and manhood than anything else in America. It was called "Poor Richard's Almanac," and it is acknowledged to have been one of the causes and stepping-stones toward the Declaration of Independence and the freedom of America.

On the first of September, 1730, he married Deborah Read, the girl who had seen him walking the streets the first morning he was in Philadelphia. For forty-four years they lived together as husband and wife, helping each other along the road to success and riches, and setting the world an example of real home-making and home-happiness.

During the twenty years of his active business life, Franklin went into anything connected with his line of business that promised success.

He carried on a general printing business; he was editor, compositor, proof reader, author, bookseller and stationer, bookbinder and publisher. He made lampblack. He made ink. He made paper. He bought and sold the rags of which paper was made. He was

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a feather merchant; and he was even what he had hated as a boy, a soap-maker. Now and then, if he saw a good chance, he went outside of his regular business, dealing in groceries, hardware, and household goods.

His wife, Deborah, was his best and busiest helper. She "tended store" for him; she bought the rags for his paper-mill; she stitched pamphlets in his bindery; she folded newspapers in his printing office, and kept his house neat, orderly, and homelike.

"We throve together," Franklin wrote in after years, "and ever endeavored to make each other happy. We kept no idle servants; our table was plain and simple, our furniture was of the cheapest, and I ate my breakfast of bread and milk out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story of Franklin's early life.
2. What was his trade?
3. How old was he when he went into business for himself? What did his "sign" say?
4. Tell some of his wise sayings. Explain what they mean.
5. What different kinds of things did he do? Make a list of them.
6. What was his famous almanac called? What did it contain? How did it help the colonists?
7. What was his wife's name as a girl? Tell how she first saw him.
8. How was his wife helpful to him?

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Part II

Do not fail to study the meanings of the following words before reading Part II:

leisure (lē′zhŭr): time when one need not work.
sensation (sĕn-sā′shŭn): some story that would cause people to wonder and to talk.
influential friends (ĭn-flōō-ĕn′shăl): men who could help him.
diligent (dĭl′ĭ-jĕnt): keeping at one's task.

It is no wonder that they saved money, got ahead in the world, and at length became rich and comfortable. But they were never mean nor small; they were simply saving, industrious, and clever.

Franklin wore his leather apron in shop and store; he wheeled home the goods he bought, made his own lamp-black, mixed his own ink, and where other printers tried and failed, he tried and succeeded.

He was the first man in America to understand how to advertise. He advertised himself, and finally, because of his success, led others to advertise, and thus made his newspaper pay. Benjamin Franklin was one of the few men who practised what he preached. His advice to men was — these are his own words: "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." That was good advice, was it not? Franklin acted on that principle himself, and the result was that after twenty years of hard work he had the leisure he desired for his own enjoyment and also for the welfare of others.

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He simply practised what he preached. It is not an easy thing to do, boys and girls; but when a man or woman really does this, he or she is certain to get ahead in life, just as Franklin did.

No one could ever get him to do a mean thing in business, or to take an undue advantage of any one, even if he saw that by so doing he could gain trade or make money for himself.

When people wished him to publish in his newspaper anything unjust, or mean, or personal about others, Franklin would tell them he would not do it. "It might make a sensation, and set people to talking or to buying my paper," he declared, "but it is malicious and hurtful. I'll print it for you," he said, "or anything you can pay for; but you must send it out over your own name, and distribute it yourself. I will not help you to be unjust and unfair. My newspaper is to give the news and to tell the truth, not to run down other people or make them uncomfortable."

That was quite a change from the old days of the New England *Courant*, in which he had been taught to "pitch into" other people, was it not? It would be a good thing for some of the newspapers of to-day to follow.

When one of his rivals in the newspaper business did a small thing toward Franklin by trying to keep his paper out of the market, Franklin was disgusted. "I thought so meanly of the practice," he says, "that when I afterwards came into his situation" (and was

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able to do the same thing, he means), "I took care never to imitate it."

That was being a gentleman; and Benjamin Franklin, even when he wore his leather apron, made lampblack, and mixed his own ink, was always a true gentleman. He knew what was right and just, and he did that, and only that.

So you see he got ahead in the world steadily and surely. He made influential friends and kept them. People liked to deal with him; for they knew they could rely on what he said, and that what he promised, that he would perform. His business increased; he stood at the head of his trade in Philadelphia; he was the leading newspaper publisher in America; he grew influential, prominent, and rich; and, after twenty years of hard work, found himself making almost ten thousand dollars a year, and able, at last, to retire from active business, and give his time and attention to other matters, in which he had gradually become interested. That is a record that any business man would be proud of. Ten thousand dollars a year was a good deal of money in those days, and all men looked up to Franklin as a great success in business as well as in manhood.

But money does not make the man, and money was not what Franklin thought the most of. "A wise man," he said, "will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly." He worked hard for his money in

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order that he might make the best use of it, and he did make the best use of it.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was he able to succeed?
2. Tell how he was unwilling to print in his paper mean, personal attacks.
3. Mr. Brooks says Franklin was a gentleman even though he wore a leather apron. What is a gentleman?

PART III

prudence (prōō′dĕns): thinking wisely before attempting a thing.
endeavor (ĕn-dĕv′ēr): trying hard to do things.
to do this systematically (sĭs-tĕm-ăt′ĭ-kăl-lĭ): to work according to a careful plan.
temperance (tĕm′pēr-ăns): the habit of not eating or drinking too much.
sincerity (sĭn-sĕr′ĭ-tĭ): the habit of telling the plain truth.
humility (hū-mĭl′ĭ-tĭ): meekness, or better, not being "uppish."
virtues (vûr′tūz): good qualities or habits.

There are three kinds of boys and girls in the world, — and of men and women too, — those who think only of themselves, those who think of nothing, and those who think of others as well as themselves.

If you know which kind of boy you like best, you can tell pretty well about the kind of man you will like best. Franklin was one of the best kind, as boy and as man. There was no one who had less time to spare from his business than he; and yet he made time to do good.

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So he was always busy thinking up some wise or useful or helpful thing — something that would help men and women either to live better or to do better work.

Whenever he made money enough to have a little to spare, he would help one of his journeymen into business on his own account. And he was so good at studying men that he rarely lost money by helping them.

"Leisure," he said, "is the time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will attain, but the lazy man never."

This was one of Franklin's "preachings"; and, practising it, he always employed his moments of leisure by doing something useful.

He was always, even from a boy, you know, a thoughtful fellow. From the day when he paid too dear for his whistle — you remember the story — he began to think things out for himself. Every trouble he faced set him to turning even his worries into teachers from whom he learned of prudence, patience, and endeavor. Like that fine old Roman Emperor, who was so much better than his people, Marcus Aurelius, he made of every obstacle in his road a help along the road, and, like Marcus Aurelius again, he became, as he studied into the whys and wherefores of things, a man who thought to good purpose, — in other words, what the world calls a philosopher.

He tried to make himself better, while yet a young man, by watching himself; and to do this system-

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atically, he kept a little book, in which he made a table of a dozen or more good qualities, such as temperance, order, industry, sincerity, cleanliness, humility, etc.

Every day he would go over this list, just as a bookkeeper checks up the accounts in a store, and put a check against such of the "virtues" as he had not followed out. Day by day, week by week, he would follow this up, keeping the black marks always before him, until by the end of the year they grew less and less, and he had his conduct under fair control. How is that, boys and girls? Do you think you could keep such an account with yourselves, and cure yourselves of bad habits by putting them down in black and white until you had figured them down to nothing? Just try it once and see.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What three kinds of boys and girls are there in the world according to Mr. Brooks?
2. Was Franklin selfish? Explain your answer.
3. How did he make his failures his teachers?
4. What is a philosopher?
5. Tell how he tried to make himself better. (You should read Franklin's interesting little book called "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin." An autobiography is the story of one's life, written by himself.)

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Part IV

on his own hook: for himself. | **take-offs**: here, almanac jokes.

From giving advice to himself he fell to giving advice to others, not in an objectionable manner, but in a friendly, practical way, in which he would try results with his companions.

Even when he was "sowing his wild oats" in London, he would sandwich some good between his careless acts. He showed his fellow-workmen how they could save money and improve their health by stopping their beer-drinking; and he kept himself poor by helping a heedless comrade-printer, who had come to London with Franklin because he loved him.

When he was really in business on his own hook, one of his earliest business ventures was putting good advice to good use by bringing out each year the little pamphlet known as "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Besides the monthly calendar that all almanacs have, and a lot of comic rhymes and take-offs, he had recipes and cures, and, sprinkled in between, some of the wise thoughts and helpful sayings that set people to thinking, and which they always remembered.

You know many of them by heart yourself. Perhaps you have said them, never thinking who wrote them or why they were written.

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

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That is one of them. You know it, do you not? and you know very well what it means.

"God helps those that help themselves" was another of his sayings; and here I add a number, any one of which you can easily understand, and all of which are full of wisdom, wit, and helpfulness. Read these: —

"Well done is better than well said."

"Each year some vicious habit rooted out
In time might make the worst man good throughout."

"When befriended, remember it;
When you befriend, forget it."

"Have you somewhat to do to-morrow? Do it to-day."

"Quarrels never could last long,
If on one side only lay the wrong."

"Make haste slowly."

"The things which hurt, instruct."

"A slip of the foot you may soon recover,
But a slip of the tongue you may never get over."

"When you are good to others you are best to yourself."

"If your riches are yours, why don't you take them to the other world?"

"'Tis more noble to forgive and more manly to despise than to revenge an injury."

"It is not leisure that is not used."

"Haste makes waste."

"Virtue and a trade are a child's best portion."

"The cat in gloves catches no mice."

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"For age and want, save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

"Speak little, do much."

"There never was a good knife made of bad steel."

"Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn."

"Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep."

"One To-day is worth two To-morrows."

You would be surprised to know how much these simple, homely sayings helped people. For twenty-five years Franklin published "Poor Richard's Almanac." Thousands of copies were sold; and, in those days of few books, there were many humble homes in which only two books were owned, — the Bible and "Poor Richard's Almanac."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the wise sayings in "Poor Richard's Almanac." Explain what each one means.
2. How did he help his fellow-workmen?
3. What two books did most poor families own? In what ways do you think the sayings in "Poor Richard's Almanac" helped the people?

PART V

contributors (kŏn-trĭb'ū-tĕrs): persons who write for magazines and newspapers.

city watch: the old-fashioned policeman. The "city watch" carried a lantern and at certain times at night would cry out, "All is well!"

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But Franklin did more than write wise things; he did them. Almost the first thing he did when he got to work again in Philadelphia, after his hard times in London, was to start among his fellow-workmen and companions a society for mutual improvement. He called it the Junto. It was little more than a boy's club at first; but it kept alive for more than forty years, and was of real and lasting benefit to its members, to the town, to the province, and to America.

It began as a sort of mutual improvement society; that is, these young fellows met every Friday night, and tried to say or do something that should be of benefit to their fellow-members. They would talk over all the things that were happening about them, and see what good might be gained, or how things might be improved.

They had a list of questions which each member of the club had to answer in one way or another. Some of these questions will give you an idea of what was done in Franklin's boys' club:

"Do you know of a fellow-citizen who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise or imitation; or who has lately committed an error proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

"What new story have you heard agreeable for telling in conversation?

"Have you or any of your acquaintances been lately sick or wounded? If so, what remedies were used, and what were their effects?

"Do you think of anything at present in which the

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Junto may be serviceable to mankind, to their country, to their friends, or to themselves?

"Do you know of any deserving young beginner, lately set up, whom it lies in the power of the Junto in any way to encourage?

"Have you lately observed any encroachment on the just liberties of the people?

"Is there any man whose friendship you want, and which the Junto, or any of them, can procure?

"What benefits have you lately received from any man not present?

"Is there any difficulty in matters of opinion, of justice and injustice, which you would gladly have discussed at this time?

There were other questions besides these, but you can see from these I have copied down what the idea of the club was. Every boy had to do something — tell a story, sing a song, speak a piece, read an essay; while in the summer they would have swimming or wrestling or jumping matches "across the river," and once a year they would have a dinner.

For a long time there were only a dozen members. They would admit no more; and, as the most of them worked at their trades, folks sometimes called the Junto the "Leather-Apron Club." At their meetings, too, they would have discussions and debates on all sorts of questions; "Which is best, to make a friend of a wise and good man that is poor, or of a rich man

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that is neither wise nor good?" "Whence comes the dew that stands on the outside of a tankard that has cold water in it, in the summer time?" "Can a man arrive at perfection in life?" "Can any particular form of government suit all mankind?" "How shall we judge of the goodness of a writing?" "Does it not require as much pains, study, and application to become truly wise and strictly virtuous as to become rich?" You see they had plenty of important questions to occupy their time at these meetings.

Franklin took great pleasure in this club for many years, and he found that the other members enjoyed it so much that he proposed that each member of the Junto should start another club to which no other member of the Junto could belong. So out of this boys' club grew a number of others, to their own and other people's benefit.

Out of the Junto, too, as Franklin suggested, grew another great movement. There were so many questions to be discussed and answered which required reading and study, that he suggested a subscription library, so that members and their friends could have the use of books. After much hard work and the raising of some money — which was also hard work — about two hundred dollars was obtained, and the books desired were ordered from London. This was in March, 1732, and this was the foundation of a library which has grown and grown until to-day it is the great Philadelphia Library.

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The Pennsylvania *Gazette*, which was the name of Franklin's paper, was the most wide-awake and "newsy" newspaper in all America. Through its columns, too, Franklin proposed and started many things that were of great benefit to his town and colony. He wrote the news, wrote the editorials, wrote the jokes, wrote everything, except what came from outside contributors.

He would start all sorts of discussions. One week he would write a letter "to Mr. Franklin," as if it came from some one else, asking some question, or proposing some plan; and the next week he would answer it himself, as editor. This would set other folks to thinking or writing; and in that manner, very often some bad way would be bettered, some good reform started, or some excellent improvement begun.

In this way the *Gazette* was built up to success, and Philadelphia was benefited. It was Franklin who, through his newspaper, improved the city watch — the old form of the police department; he started the first fire company in the town, had the streets lighted, the pavements swept, the militia organized, and the fire department established.

So you see, from small beginnings, but with pluck and brains and plenty of hard work, the candle-maker's son grew to be a person of value and help to the community in which he lived. While working for himself he worked for others also; and while, by saving and shrewdness, he put money into his own pocket, he

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put good thoughts, noble suggestions, and wise plans for improvement, into the heads and hearts of those about him.

This was being a philosopher to some purpose, was it not? For, as people saw this very young printer making a success of his life, they saw, too, that he was doing good to other people, and came gradually to look up to him as to a leader, guide, and friend.

And so, at the early age of forty-two, Benjamin Franklin was able to retire from business, and devote his time to wise and worthy objects.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell about Franklin's club. How did this help others? What were some of the questions the members discussed? What did each member have to do? How did the club grow into other clubs? What kinds of fun did they have?
2. How did he start the Philadelphia Library?
3. What was the name of his paper? Name the kinds of work he did upon it.
4. How did he improve the police force of Philadelphia?
5. What things did he invent?
6. How great is his fame?
7. You will learn when you study United States history how this great man helped his country.
8. What lessons does his life teach us?

I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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SONG OF THE SUMMER WINDS

GEORGE DARLEY

Read the poem over carefully, trying to see the pictures. Then turn back and study what follows here.

Shut your eyes and try to see a " dale " (a little valley), with a " bourn" (bōrn), a stream, running through it. Try to think of a summer wind blowing softly —

" Up the dale and down the bourn."

Follow the wind over the meadow, and watch it move the tall grass.

Hear it sing, then hear it turn to a soft mourning sound.

Then hear it whistle and *sigh*.

Read stanza 2 again, and follow the wind along the river, hearing the reeds rustle and murmur. Try to hear this.

Think of the wind as it quivers among the lily leaves.

Try to get the beautiful picture in stanza 3.

In stanza 4, can you *hear* the leaves of the groves rustle and *see* the branches moving? See the wind, in its " bustle," or noisy movement, as it carelessly kisses every bud.

Now see a glen or shaded valley, some mountains, then a heath (a meadow) covered with yellow flowers, and a fountain stirred by a wind.

Can you see all these with a warm summer wind blowing over them one after the other?

Follow the wind as it bends the weeping willow, singing to it a soft vesper, or evening, hymn.

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Follow the wind over the ocean far away into the golden sunset whose clouds are the " rosy pillows " where the winds sleep.

Think of the winds sleeping in the west and dreaming of playing again the next evening where they played the evening before.

Now read the poem again. It will mean much more to you. Just take a trip with the " summer winds."

Learn the meanings of the following words:

deeming: thinking; considering; believing.
frolic things: gay, merry things.
hie (hī): go.
from waking we refrain: we keep from waking.

Song of the Summer Winds

1

Up the dale and down the bourn,
O'er the meadow swift we fly;
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

2

By the grassy-fringèd river
Through the murmuring reeds we sweep,
Mid the lily-leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

3

Now the maiden rose is blushing
At the frolic things we say,
While aside her cheek we're rushing,
Like some truant bees at play.

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4

Through the blooming groves we rustle,
Kissing every bud we pass, —
As we did it in the bustle,
Scarcely knowing how it was.

5

Down the glen, across the mountain,
O'er the yellow heath we roam,
Whirling round about the fountain,
Till its little breakers foam.

6

Bending down the weeping willows,
While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then unto our rosy pillows
On our weary wings we hie.

7

There of idlenesses dreaming,
Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
Till we're at our play again.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How many pictures are there in the fifth stanza? Try to read it in this way:
   Down the glen,
   Across the mountain,
   Over the yellow heath we roam;
   Whirling round about the fountain
   Till its little breakers foam.
2. Try to hear the wind in the weeping willows.
3. Shut your eyes and see the

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" rosy pillows " in the west. What are they?

4. Think that you are following the wind into the far-away sunset.
5. Can you think of the winds sleeping in the west and dreaming of to-morrow evening's play? Have you ever felt that *moments were as long as ages* when you were waiting till it was time for you to play again?
6. The next time you are in the country when a summer wind is blowing, try to remember what this poet says the summer wind does, and see whether you can follow it in its play as he did.

George Darley, an Irish poet, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1795, and died in Italy in 1846. Besides writing many poems, several stories and plays, he was a great mathematician. " The Song of the Summer Winds " shows that he loved nature and could see clearly the beautiful things around him.

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue from wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And softly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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WHAT I LIVE FOR

GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

This poem contains a great many beautiful and interesting thoughts. If you will study the poem so that you may understand and learn all of them, you will have gained much.

Let us try the first line, —

"I live for those who love me."

Remember that you have not *read* this line unless you know *what it means*. What is the difference between living for ourselves, and living for others? Can you think of some incident when you lived "for those who love you" instead of for yourself, some time when you "put yourself out" to do some kind thing for some one else? Then think of some incident when you lived only for yourself. In which case were you really happier?

Living "for all human ties that bind us" means that we are bound to all other men and women and girls and boys, to all human beings, and that we should help them and be kind to them. The Boy Scouts are expected to do some kind, helpful deed every day of their lives, whenever and wherever they find a person needing help. They are then living for the human ties that bind them. And every Boy Scout knows how happy he is after he has helped some one in need. *It pays.*

"The task by God assigned me," means the duties that surround us, no matter where we are placed. To you, it means your lessons, your chores, or whatever task faces you anywhere.

"The bright hopes left behind me" means the youthful hopes and dreams that could come true only in an ideal and perfect world.

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It may also mean the good things that one had hoped to do but had neglected to do. In this case it simply means "what might have been." These hopes were left behind because the time and the chance for making them come true had gone and gone forever. "To live for them" means doing all we can to make the world so ideal that these bright youthful hopes can come true; striving daily to do our very best so that we shall not have to leave still more bright hopes behind us.

Now we cannot explain all of the stanzas. We have shown you what the first one means. You must try hard to find out what every line of the other stanzas means. This is "the task assigned you."

To "emulate" means to try to do as noble things as another has done. What does "to emulate their glory" mean then, in the second stanza?

"Bards" are poets. "Martyrs" are those who suffered for others' sakes. "Sages" are wise men, like Benjamin Franklin. How can we "emulate" them every day of our lives? That is, how can you do some act in *your* life every day that is good or great like their acts?

Now read over the third stanza. "Holding communion" means sharing a feeling with others. A simple example would be to feel sympathy with one who is suffering. "All that is divine" means all that is good and noble, or that which is like God. What would "holding communion" with such as this mean?

If there is a "union 'twixt Nature's heart and yours," you will not grumble at rain, or cold, or snow, or hot sun, but you will know that all these help us. Without them, nothing would grow on the earth, and man would perish.

"Affliction" means *suffering*. Can you think how we can "profit by affliction"?

Have you ever read a story that made you feel that you would like to be what the hero was? Then you have "reaped truths from fields of fiction."

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Now try hard to think what living by reason rather than "by gold" means.

"Man to man united" means when men live as brothers and not as enemies; when there shall be no more selfish greed for gain or gold, and no more strife for place or power.

Be sure to understand and discuss in class the thoughts in the last stanza.

If you will dig out all the thoughts in this fine poem, you will have a delightful and profitable time. But you will do better still if you will try to live them every day of your lives.

What I Live For

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

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I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How can we live for those who love us?
2. Name some "human ties that bind us."

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3. What is the "task that God has assigned" *you?* Are you doing it bravely?
4. How can you "emulate" the "bards, patriots, martyrs, and sages"?
5. "Time's great volume" is the history of good and noble deeds that men and women in all ages have done. How can you help to write this volume?
6. Tell of some way in which *your* heart is in union with that of Nature?
7. Tell of some way in which you have "profited by affliction." When you have been sick, have you ever tried to practice bearing your suffering bravely and without grumbling or getting cross?
8. Have you ever found a valuable truth in a story book? Tell how a valuable truth may be found in a fable, which is fiction.
9. "Conviction" here means being convinced by the wisdom of another. Why is it hard to "grow wiser from conviction"? Do we usually learn by being "convinced" by others, or do we usually hold stubbornly to our own notions? When some one shows us that we are wrong, is sticking to the wrong "growing wiser from conviction"?
10. Show how some persons "live by gold." Show how some "live by reason."
11. What was "Eden"? How does the poet think the happiness of "Eden" can come again?
12. Do you know of any "cause that lacks assistance"? For example, some schoolmate who is not treated kindly or fairly by the others, and who does not seem to have a single friend? If so, what are you doing to befriend or help him?
13. Do you know of any "wrong that needs resistance"? Are you resisting it?
14. What "good" can *you* do in your daily life? Are *you* "living for it"?

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WHANG, THE MILLER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

A famous lecturer, in a lecture called "Acres of Diamonds," used to tell a story of a poor farmer in Asia who was always dreaming of finding a diamond mine. At his work, everywhere, and at all times, he was day-dreaming of his diamond mine. When he would take his cattle down to the pebbly stream that crossed his little farm, they would toss up the pebbles with their splashing hoofs while they were drinking and walking in the water; but he did not notice the bright pebbles as his mind was always far away in the mountains dreaming of the diamonds that he should find there.

Finally, he sold his farm, took the proceeds, and went away on a far search for diamonds. After he had gone, the man who bought the farm found in the pebbles of the stream on that same farm one of the most famous diamond fields in the world. The farmer really had diamonds, acres of them, right under his feet all the time, but he simply couldn't see them.

Now in this story, Whang, the Miller, had his fortune in his mill, but he couldn't see it. Unlike the farmer, however, he tried to find his fortune at his mill, but he looked in the wrong place, and lost his fortune, which all the time was in the mill itself, with its slow but patient grinding.

In this story, Goldsmith wants to tell us that it is not so much *where* we look for our fortunes, as *how* we look for them.

He tells us that Fortune, who, in sculpture and painting, is usually shown as a beautiful woman who cannot see, can really see perfectly, and that she helps all those to see who quit following her and who do the very best that they can right where they are.

You see, Goldsmith himself had followed Fortune far and

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near but had never found her. So he wants to tell *us* to do our best *where we are*, and that if we do, Fortune will help us to see what is best for us.

He means to tell schoolboys and schoolgirls that their fortunes lie not in dreaming of far-away things as they sit in their seats in school, but in " keeping their mill " of doing their very best right there in school always turning and grinding.

It is better to have just an ordinary purpose, and follow it wisely and closely than to have a greater purpose, and follow it carelessly and foolishly.

Now read the story of Whang, the Miller, and try to apply the lesson to yourself.

You surely want to learn all the new words you meet, so that you will always have them to help you to understand what you read and also to help you to express yourself. So read over carefully the meanings of these words before you read the tale of " Whang, the Miller " :

personize : thinking of a thing as a person ; as thinking of Fortune as a beautiful lady.
farthing : an English coin of very small value.
avaricious : greedy for money or property.
frugality : strict economy ; thrift.
distresses : worries about riches.
omen : a hopeful sign of coming success.
veracity (vĕ-răs'ĭ-tĭ) : truth.
repaired : went to.
mattock : a tool for digging. It has two long blades, one set crosswise and the other parallel to the handle.
acquisition (ăk-wĭ-zĭsh'ŭn) : a gain ; anything gained or won.

WHANG, THE MILLER

The Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune as being without sight. No beauty ever had finer eyes, or could see more clearly. Those who have

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no other trade than that of seeking their fortune need never hope to find her. She flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his own business.

I am amazed that men call her blind, when, by the company she keeps, she shows herself to be so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming table, be very sure that Fortune is not there. When you see a man whose pocket holes are laced with gold, be satisfied that Fortune is not there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich, and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire. When people say, "Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice. Mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival.

Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet those who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend it to them, think farthings

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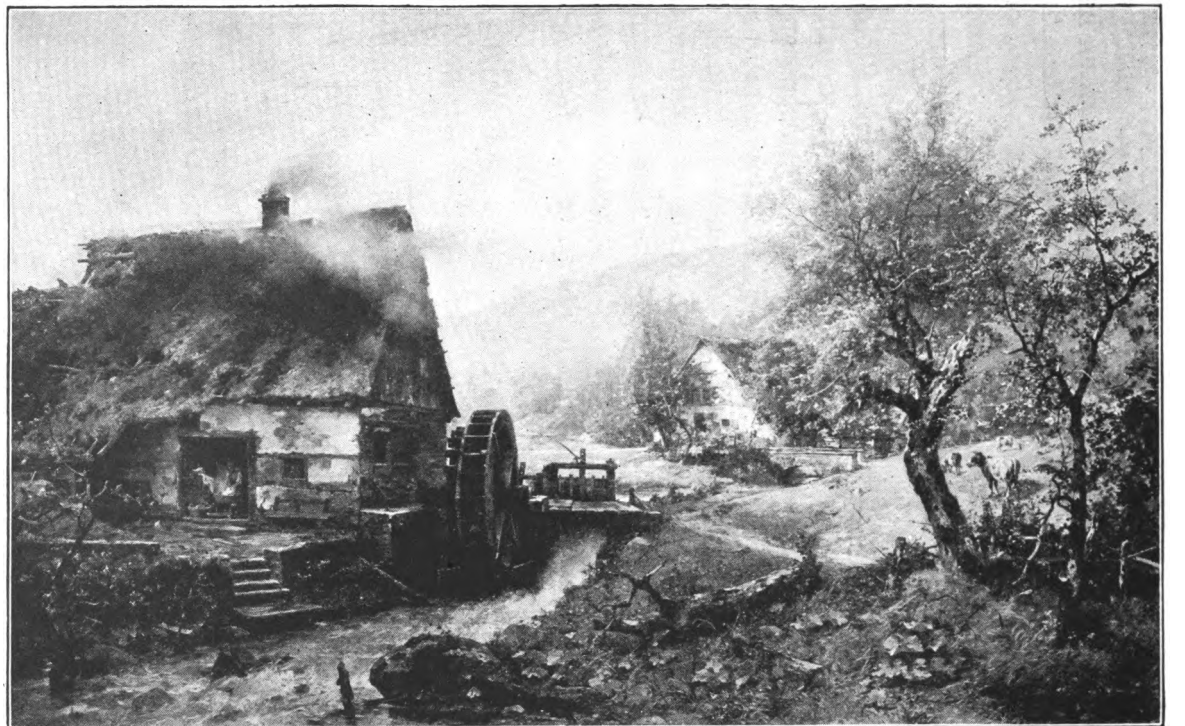

Carl Schultze

The Mill

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very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friends would lend it to him. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning — of him who, despising small sums, and grasping only at large sums, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious. Nobody loved money better than he, or respected more those who had it. When people would talk in company of a rich man, Whang would say, "I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate." But if a poor man was ever mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor. He had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him. But though these were small, they were certain. So long as his mill continued to run, he was sure of a living; and his frugality was such, that each day he laid by some money, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires. He found himself merely above want, whereas he desired to be rich.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights

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in succession. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! With what pleasure I would dig around the pan! How slyly would I carry it home — not even my wife should see me! And then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections served only to make the miller unhappy. He discontinued his former industry, becoming quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, which had been for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision.

He dreamed that, under a certain part of the foundation of his mill, there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, — as is usual in money dreams, — in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

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Now, therefore, it was beyond doubt that he was to become the possessor of a large sum of money. So getting up early the third morning, he repaired, alone with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper, he turned up a house tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad, flat stone, but so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds indeed! I must go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up."

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her delight on this occasion may be easily imagined. She flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy. But these raptures, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, they found there, not, indeed, the expected treasure but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How is Fortune pictured in painting and sculpture?
2. Why does Goldsmith think that she should not be pictured in this way?
3. Where may she be found?

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4. Tell the story of "Acres of Diamonds."
5. Tell, in your own way, the story of Whang, the Miller.
6. Why did the men in both these stories fail to find fortune?
7. How does Goldsmith tell us to find our fortunes?
8. Apply the story of Whang to yourself, and tell it to the class.

Oliver Goldsmith, the author of "Whang, the Miller," was born in Pallas, Ireland, in 1728. He was the son of "the village preacher." He wrote many beautiful stories, plays, and poems. You will learn more about him in a later reader of this series. Goldsmith died in 1774, aged forty-five.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? Tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

ALEXANDER POPE

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

MARTIAL

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.

LIVY

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THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

This is a famous poem, which you should study carefully in order to know what it means, for it contains a great life lesson.

Blenheim (blĕn'hīm) in this poem was a great battle that was fought in Europe long ago, between the French on one side and the English and the Germans on the other side. The Duke of Marlborough (märl'bō-rŭ) and the young German prince Eugene (ū-jēn') commanded the English and the Germans, and won this terrible battle.

At that time, many useless and bloody wars were fought, not to make people free and happy, but because two kings had had a personal quarrel, or because one king wanted to rule over other countries than his own. These wars were very different from the Great World War in 1914, in which millions of men were killed in order that the whole world might become more free from the wickedness of kings.

Wars are awful, but sometimes they must be fought, or else wicked kings would conquer peoples other than their own and the world would lose its freedom. At such times, the free nations must fight, as they did in the Great World War of 1914–1918, or else they would lose their liberty.

But the war in which the Battle of Blenheim was fought was not one of that kind. It was only a wicked war between kings, who did not care how many of their people were killed, just so they could rule over more people.

So, in this story, a little boy and girl are playing near a farmhouse around which the great Battle of Blenheim was fought.

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They find the skull of a soldier who was killed in the battle, and run with it to their old grandfather, who is sitting in front of the house, and ask him what it is.

The grandfather, who was a little boy when the battle was fought, takes the skull and tells the children that it is the great round bone of the head of a soldier who was killed in the battle. Then he tells the children how the ground was covered with dead soldiers after the battle, and also that "it was a *famous victory.*"

He seems to think only that one side won the victory over the other, but does not seem to think at all how useless the battle was in making men free and happy. He thinks only that "it was a *famous victory.*"

In his time, people did not think much of liberty or why they fought, for they fought only because a wicked king ordered them to do so.

So the old man cannot understand why the boy wants to know "*what they killed each other for.*" And the children cannot make him understand. He only keeps on saying that "it was a *famous victory.*"

When the people fight now, they want to know what they are fighting for, and that is right. They want to know that they are fighting for liberty.

In studying the poem, remember that the poet is telling us of two kinds of persons:

1. The old man who is proud of "a great victory," although he does not seem to know what they were fighting for.
2. The children, who want to know "what they killed each other for."

The grandfather stands for the kind of people in the olden time who fought bloody wars without knowing why they fought them.

The children stand for the people of our own time who, before they fight and kill each other, want to know what it is all about and what they are fighting for.

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When our liberties are in danger, it is right to fight for them, and it is a very poor kind of man who will not fight for them.

We hope that the time will come, all over the world, when there shall be no kings, and when the people themselves will make the laws under which they have to live. When that time comes, there will probably be no more wars.

You should study the following words and know their meanings before reading the poem:

expectant: waiting and wanting to know.

plowshare: the part of a plow which cuts the ground at the bottom of a furrow.

The Battle of Blenheim

1

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

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3

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4

"I find them in the garden,
For there are many here about;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

5

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

6

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;

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But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

7

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

8

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a nursing mother then,
And new-born babe had died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

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10

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay! nay! my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where was the Battle of Blenheim fought?
2. Between whom was it fought?
3. Which side won the battle?
4. What did the grandfather call the battle?
5. What had he always heard the battle called?
6. What did the children want to know?
7. Why could not the grandfather tell them of a single good thing this war accomplished?
8. Why were the children disappointed with the grandfather's answers?
9. What two classes of persons do the grandfather and the children represent?
10. What do people want to know nowadays before they go to war?

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

You have, of course, seen a "smithy" or blacksmith shop. You have seen the blacksmith, with his sleeves rolled up over his muscular arms, take a piece of black iron, poke it into the coals, and turn it over till he had it placed just to suit him. You have seen him take the long handle of his bellows and work it up and down, while the air from the bellows blew the coals around the iron into a fire so hot that soon the piece of iron showed white hot. Then you have seen him take the iron out of the fire with a pair of long pincers, lay it on the big black anvil and pound it with his hammer, while the bright sparks flew everywhere, like the chaff from a threshing floor when a farmer, in olden times, used to beat the grains of wheat out of the heads of grain, and let the wind blow the chaff away.

Such a smithy or blacksmith shop stood by the side of the street, under a great chestnut tree, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow used to pass every day on his way to Harvard College where he was a teacher or professor. In this poem, he describes the smith or blacksmith.

Let us now turn to the poem and in stanzas 1 and 2, read the description of the blacksmith. Let us *see* him. Let us see his "large and sinewy hands," as they grasp his tongs and his hammer. Let us see his powerful, brawny arms, whose muscles—

"Are strong as iron bands."

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Let us see his tanned face and his long, crisp, black hair. And let us notice that —

" His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

Mr. Longfellow intends to tell us in these lines that all honest work, faithfully done, is *noble*, and that this blacksmith is a *free* man, —

" For he owes not any man."

In the remaining stanzas of the poem, the poet tells us of the daily life of the blacksmith, — how " week in, week out, from morn till night," he keeps bravely at his work. The poet means us to see from this that only those persons who keep thus bravely at their life-task can be happy or do their duty. (Stanza 3.)

In stanza 4, see the —

" — children coming home from school
Look in at the open door."

Let us, with them —

" — catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

In stanza 5, let us go to church with the blacksmith and his family. Let us see him and his sons as they sit in their pew, listening to the sermon.

Let us watch his face as —

" He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice."

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Then (stanza 6), as he looks at his daughter, and hears her sweet voice as she sings, she reminds him of her mother, his wife, long since dead. The look of gladness fades from his face as he thinks of her, —

"And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eye."

And so, —

"Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes."

But his simple life, the poet thinks, is worth while as an example to us, for —

"*Each morning sees some task begin,*
Each evening sees it close; — "

and that is a necessary thing in the life of every one, if he wishes to find happiness, for —

"Something *attempted,* something *done,*
Has earned a night's repose."

By this, the poet means to tell us that only he who "*attempts* something" and who keeps on bravely working at it until it is "*done,*" can ever earn a "night's repose." Now by "repose," the poet does not mean a "night's sleep," for "repose" means something more than sleep. It means the perfect *rest* that can come only to him who *knows* that he has done bravely in completing the task which the day has brought to him. The lines, —

"Something *attempted,* something *done,*
Has earned a night's repose,"

are the keynote of the poem. And whoever lives daily these noble words is living a life worth while.

In stanza 8, the poet, deeply impressed with the noble lesson of the simple life of the blacksmith, whom he calls "*my worthy*

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friend," thanks him for "the lesson he has taught"; for each one of us must, "at the flaming forge of life," by hard and patient work, hammer out into "something *done*" —

"Each burning deed and thought."

It is not enough simply to read and to understand this poem. Unless it sets us to thinking seriously about *our own* lives, and causes us to ask ourselves whether *we* have —

"Something *attempted*, something *done*,"

the lesson that was intended for us has missed us, and we have not really read the poem. The lives of such men as "The Village Blacksmith" profit us little if they only excite our admiration. They profit us much if, in our daily tasks, we, too, —

"Each morning see some task *begin*,
Each evening see it *close;*
Something *attempted*, something *done*,
Has earned a night's repose."

Learn the meanings of the following words:

village smithy: the village blacksmith shop.

the smith: the blacksmith.

sinewy hands (sĭn′u-ĭ): strong, powerful hands in which the tendons or "cords" show plainly.

bellows (bĕl′ōz): a framework covered with leather, which, when compressed by a lever, forces air into a blacksmith's fire, thus making the fire grow hotter.

sledge (slĕj): a heavy hammer used by a blacksmith.

forge (fōrj): the place in which a blacksmith heats iron or steel.

sexton: a person who rings the bell of a church, and who has charge of the building and the churchyard.

parson: a preacher.

choir (kwīr): a group of persons who sing in a church.

Paradise (păr′ȧ-dīs): Heaven.

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W. L. Taylor

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

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The Village Blacksmith

1

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

2

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

4

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;

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They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

5

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

6

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

7

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

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8

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Where did this blacksmith shop stand?
2. Describe the blacksmith.
3. Why was the blacksmith not afraid? What is the meaning of the last two lines in the second stanza?
4. Read the stanza that tells us that the blacksmith was a hard worker.
5. What is his "heavy sledge"? How did it sound on the anvil? Read aloud the lines telling this.
6. Describe the picture in stanza 4. What is "chaff from a threshing-floor"?
7. Tell of his going to church on Sundays. What children did he have? How do you know? Read aloud the stanza that tells.
8. What was he thinking when he heard his daughter's voice in the church choir?
9. How did he spend his days? (Answer by reading aloud stanza 7.) What was his toil or work? What do you suppose he "rejoiced" about? What do you suppose he "sorrowed" about?
10. Explain why "something *attempted*, something *done*," makes one sleep well. Tell whether you feel comfortable when a day has passed and you have "*attempted*" and "*done*" nothing good. How do you feel at night when you *have* "attempted" and *have* "done" some good work?
11. For what does Mr. Long-

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fellow thank the blacksmith?

12. What is "the flaming forge of life," and how must our fortunes be wrought (or worked out) at it? Do "deeds" and "thoughts" as well as horseshoes have to be hammered out by hard work? Explain this.

13. Tell how the Village Blacksmith, by his simple, dutiful daily life, without ever thinking about it, taught the world a great lesson. How did the world find out about it?

From labor health, from health contentment springs.

JAMES BEATTIE

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

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